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Jagger lips it up. Pic: Anton Corbijn

Maya

ROLLING AWAY THE STONE

THE MICK JAGGER INTERVIEW BY PAUL MORLEY

NME CHARTS

Week ending June 28, 1980

UK SINGLES

This Week	Last Week	Title	Artist (Label)	Weeks	Highest
1	(2)	**Crying**	Don McLean (EMI)	6	1
2	(1)	**Funkytown**	Lipps Inc (Casablanca)	5	1
3	(5)	**Back Together Again**	Roberta Flack/Donny Hathaway (Atlantic)	6	3
4	(3)	**Theme From Mash**	The Mash (CBS)	7	1
5	(14)	**Everybody's Got To Learn Sometime**	Korgis (Rialto)	4	5
6	(10)	**Behind The Groove**	Teena Marie (Motown)	4	6
7	(4)	**Over You**	Roxy Music (Polydor)	6	4
8	(8)	**Let's Get Serious**	Jermaine Jackson (Motown)	6	8
9	(9)	**You Gave Me Love**	Crown Heights Affair (Mercury)	7	9
10	(6)	**No Doubt About It**	Hot Chocolate (Rak)	8	1
11	(29)	**Substitute**	Liquid Gold (Polo)	4	11
12	(25)	**Play The Game**	Queen (EMI)	2	12
13	(20)	**Breaking The Law**	Judas Priest (CBS)	3	13
14	(16)	**Messages**	Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark (Dindisc)	2	14
15	(7)	**Rat Race/Rude Boys Outa Jail**	Specials (2 Tone)	5	6
16	(12)	**D-A-ANCE**	Lambrettas (Rocket)	5	12
17	(13)	**Midnite Dynamos**	Matchbox (Magnet)	5	13
18	(21)	**Six Pack**	Police (A&M)	2	12
19	(—)	**Simon Templar**	Splodgenessabounds (Deram)	1	19
19	(—)	**My Way Of Thinking**	UB40 (Graduate)	1	19
21	(27)	**The Scratch**	Surface Noise (WEA)	3	21
22	(10)	**We Are Glass.**	Gary Numan (Beggars Banquet)	5	3
23	(19)	**I'm Alive**	Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	5	18
24	(22)	**If Loving You Is Wrong**	Rod Stewart (Riva)	2	22
25	(26)	**Jump To The Beat**	Stacey Lattisaw (Atlantic)	2	25
26	(18)	**You'll Always Find Me In The Kitchen At Parties**	Jona Lewie (Stiff)	6	17
27	(—)	**I'm Not Your Steppin Stone**	Sex Pistols (Virgin)	1	27
28	(—)	**King's Call**	Phil Lynott (Vertigo)	1	28
29	(—)	**Could You Be Loved**	Bob Marley & The Wailers (Island)	1	29
30	(—)	**Police & Thieves**	Junior Murvin (Island)	1	30

BUBBLING UNDER

Waterfalls — Paul McCartney (Parlophone)
Use It Up And Wear It Out — Odyssey (RCA)
Xanadu — Olivia Newton-John (Jet)
Della And The Dealer — Hoyt Axton (Young Blood)
Theme From The Invaders — Yellow Magic Orchestra (A&M)
To Be Or Not To Be — B. A. Robertson (Atlantic)

Splodge etc actually earn some genuine publicity with their paean of praise to the Saint. Highest new entry. Pic: Neil Anderson.

US SINGLES

This Week	Last Week	Title	Artist
1	(1)	**Funkytown**	Lipps Inc
2	(3)	**Coming Up (Live At Glasgow)**	Paul McCartney & Wings
3	(3)	**The Rose**	Bette Midler
4	(8)	**It's Still Rock and Roll To Me**	Billy Joel
5	(6)	**Little Jeannie**	Elton John
6	(7)	**Steal Away**	Robbie Dupree
7	(4)	**Cars**	Gary Numan
8	(9)	**Against The Wind**	Bob Seger
9	(5)	**Biggest Part Of Me**	Ambrosia
10	(12)	**Cupid/I've Loved You For A Long Time**	Spinners
11	(10)	**Call Me**	Blondie
12	(14)	**Let's Get Serious**	Jermaine Jackson
13	(17)	**Magic**	Olivia Newton-John
14	(15)	**She's Out Of My Life**	Michael Jackson
15	(19)	**Tired Of Toein' The Line**	Rocky Burnette
16	(18)	**Let Me Love You Tonight**	Pure Prairie League
17	(21)	**Shining Star**	Manhattans
18	(11)	**Lost In Love**	Air Supply
19	(13)	**Don't Fall In Love With A Dreamer**	Kenny Rogers/Kim Carnes
20	(16)	**Hurt So Bad**	Linda Ronstadt
21	(22)	**Should've Never Let You Go**	Neil and Dara Sedaka
22	(26)	**I'm Alive**	Electric Light Orchestra
23	(20)	**Sexy Eyes**	Dr. Hook
24	(23)	**Brass In Pocket (I'm Special)**	The Pretenders
25	(24)	**Ride Like The Wind**	Christopher Cross
26	(33)	**Gimme Some Lovin**	Blues Brothers
27	(30)	**All Night Long**	Joe Walsh
28	(29)	**Two Places At The Same Time**	Ray Parker Jr & Raydio
29	(25)	**Stomp!**	The Brothers Johnson
30	(35)	**More Love**	Kim Carnes

US ALBUMS

This Week	Last Week	Title	Artist
1	(1)	**Glass Houses**	Billy Joel
2	(2)	**Against The Wind**	Bob Seger & The Silver Bullet Band
3	(5)	**McCartney 2**	Paul McCartney
4	(4)	**Just One Night**	Eric Clapton
5	(3)	**The Wall**	Pink Floyd
6	(11)	**The Empire Strikes Back**	Original Soundtrack
7	(7)	**Mouth To Mouth**	Lipps Inc
8	(9)	**Empty Glass**	Pete Townshend
9	(6)	**Women And Children First**	Van Halen
10	(8)	**Off The Wall**	Michael Jackson
11	(12)	**Middle Man**	Boz Scaggs
12	(13)	**Let's Get Serious**	Jermaine Jackson
13	(10)	**Mad Love**	Linda Ronstadt
14	(16)	**Scream Dream**	Ted Nugent
15	(27)	**Urban Cowboy**	Original Soundtrack
16	(17)	**Christopher Cross**	Christopher Cross
17	(18)	**The Rose**	Original Soundtrack
18	(20)	**21 at 33**	Elton John
19	(14)	**Duke**	Genesis
20	(15)	**Go All The Way**	The Isley Brothers
21	(21)	**Pretenders**	Pretenders
22	(19)	**Gideon**	Kenny Rogers
23	(22)	**Sweet Sensation**	Stephanie Mills
24	(43)	**Diana**	Diana Ross
25	(24)	**Mickey Mouse Disco**	
26	(26)	**Departure**	Journey
27	(29)	**The Up Escalator**	Graham Parker & The Rumour
28	(31)	**After Midnight**	Manhattans
29	(32)	**Roses In The Snow**	Emmylou Harris
30	(23)	**Go To Heaven**	Grateful Dead

US Charts courtesy 'Cash Box' magazine

UK ALBUMS

This Week	Last Week	Title	Artist (Label)	Weeks	Highest
1	(3)	**Peter Gabriel**	Peter Gabriel (Charisma)	4	1
2	(15)	**Hot Wax**	Various (K-Tel)	2	2
3	(1)	**Flesh & Blood**	Roxy Music (Polydor)	4	1
4	(2)	**McCartney 2**	Paul McCartney (Parlophone)	5	1
5	(11)	**Me Myself I**	Joan Armatrading (A&M)	5	4
6	(7)	**I Just Can't Stop**	The Beat (Go Feet)	5	3
7	(9)	**Magic Reggae**	Various (K-Tel)	5	7
8	(10)	**Sky 2**	Sky (Ariola)	10	2
9	(4)	**Champagne & Roses**	Various (Phonogram)	4	4
10	(5)	**Ready & Willing**	Whitesnake (UA)	3	5
11	(6)	**Off The Wall**	Michael Jackson (Epic)	37	3
12	(7)	**The Magic Of Boney M**	Boney M (Atlantic/Hansa)	11	1
13	(27)	**Shine**	Average White Band (RCA)	4	13
14	(14)	**Greatest Hits**	Rose Royce (Whitfield)	16	1
15	(21)	**The Great Rock & Roll Swindle**	Soundtrack (Virgin)	2	15
16	(—)	**Diana**	Diana Ross (Motown)	1	16
17	(—)	**Chain Lightning**	Don McLean (EMI)	1	17
18	(13)	**Duke**	Genesis (Charisma)	13	1
19	(16)	**Regatta De Blanc**	Police (A&M)	36	1
20	(—)	**The Photos**	The Photos (CBS)	1	20
21	(—)	**Dreams**	Grace Slick (RCA)	1	21
22	(12)	**21 at 33**	Elton John (Rocket)	4	10
23	(—)	**Roberta Flack & Donny Hathaway**	(Atlantic)	1	23
24	(20)	**Sometimes When We Touch**	Cleo Laine/James Galway (RCA)	3	20
25	(—)	**Defector**	Steve Hackett (Charisma)	1	25
26	(28)	**The Up Escalator**	Graham Parker & The Rumour (Stiff)	3	17
27	(23)	**Sometimes You Win**	Dr Hook (Capitol)	21	7
28	(19)	**Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark**	(Dindisc)	2	19
29	(17)	**Just One Night**	Eric Clapton (RSO)	7	5
30	(—)	**The Wanderers**	Soundtrack (GEM)	1	30

BUBBLING UNDER

Killer Watts — Various (CBS)
Elvis Sings Lieber & Stoller — Elvis Presley (RCA)
Scream Dream — Ted Nugent (Epic)
The Blue Morning — Toyah Wilcox (Safari)
Saved — Bob Dylan (CBS)
New Clear Days — The Vapors (Liberty-United)

UB 40 and you be joint highest new entry in the singles chart. Pic: Justin Thomas.

INDIES

Singles

No.	Title	Artist (Label)
1	**Love Will Tear Us Apart**	Joy Division (Factory)
2	**Final Day E.P.**	Young Marble Giants (Rough Trade)
3	**Just Like Eddie**	Silicon Teens (Mute)
4	**Girls Don't Count**	Section 25 (Factory)
5	**Holiday In Cambodia**	Dead Kennedys (Cherry Red)
6	**Terror Plane Fixation**	Animals and Men (Strange Days)
7	**Did You See Her**	Pink Military (Erics)
8	**Final Solution**	Pere Ubu (Rough Trade)
9	**No Room**	Athletico Spizz 80 (Rough Trade)
10	**Whole World's Down On Me**	Mark Perry (Deptford Fun City)

Albums

No.	Title	Artist (Label)
1	**Colossal Youth**	Young Marble Giants (Rough Trade)
2	**Half Mute**	Tuxedo Moon (Ralph)
3	**Totales Turn**	Fall (Rough Trade)
4	**Do Animals Believe In God**	Pink Military (Erics)
5	**Rock and Roll Resurrection**	Jayne County (Surfari)
6	**Music From The Deaf Club**	Various (Walking Dead)
7	**Dome**	Dome (Dome)
8	**Heathen Earth**	Throbbing Gristle (Industrial)
9	**Retrospective**	Pop Group (Rough Trade)
10	**Songs For Lord Tortoise**	Cramps (Illegal)

Chart by: Bonaparte Records, 284 Pentonville Road, London N.1.

REGGAE

No.	Title	Artist (Label)
1	**I Wanna Be With Jah**	Sugar Minott (Black Roots)
2	**A1 Sounds**	Captain Sinbad and Little John (Youth Progress)
3	**Why Girl**	Earth and Stone (Crazy Joe)
4	**Drunken Master**	General Echo (Powerhouse)
5	**Girl Friend**	Barry Brown & Jah Thomas (Midnight Rock)
6	**Love Jah With All My Heart**	Big Youth (Nagas & Najest)
7	**Racket Girls In Jacket**	John Wayne (Roots 1)
8	**New Market Town**	Rankin' Spanner (Big Dan)
9	**Rastafari Cold**	Hugh Mandell (Man Music)
10	**Creation Rock**	Michael Prophet (Yabba You)

Chart by: Joe Gibbs, 29 Lewisham Way, London S.E.14.

DISCO

No.	Title	Artist (Label)
1	**Funky Town**	Lipps Inc (Casablanca)
2	**Keep In Touch**	Freeze (Pye)
3	**Hanging Out/Open Sesame**	Kool & The Gang (Phonogram)
4	**Oops Up Side Your Head**	Gap Band (Phonogram)
5	**Let's Get Serious**	Jermaine Jackson (EMI)
6	**Sunset People**	Donna Summer (Pye)
7	**Use It Up And Wear It Out**	Odyssey (RCA)
8	**Whistle Bump**	Deodato (WEA)
9	**Feels Like I'm In Love**	Kelly Marie (Pye)
10	**Is This The Best**	The L.A. Boppers (Phonogram)

Chart by: HMV Records, Oxford Street, London W.1.

5 YEARS AGO

No.	Title	Artist (Label)
1	**I'm Not In Love**	10 cc (Mercury)
2	**Tears On My Pillow**	Johnny Nash (CBS)
3	**The Hustle**	Van McCoy (Avco)
4	**Three Steps To Heaven**	Showaddywaddy (Bell)
5	**Misty**	Ray Stevens (Janus)
6	**Whispering Grass**	Windsor Davies/Don Estelle (EMI)
7	**Moonshine Sally**	Mud (Rak)
8	**Disco Stomp**	Hamilton Bohannon (Brunswick)
9	**Doing All Right With The Boys**	Gary Glitter (Bell)
10	**Listen To What The Man Said**	Wings (Parlophone)

Week ending July 1, 1975

15 YEARS AGO

No.	Title	Artist (Label)
1	**I'm Alive**	Hollies (Parlophone)
2	**Crying In The Chapel**	Elvis Presley (RCA)
3	**Looking Thru The Eyes Of Love**	Gene Pitney (Stateside)
4	**The Price Of Love**	Everly Brothers (Warner Bros.)
5	**Colours**	Donovan (Pye)
6	**One In The Middle (EP)**	Manfred Mann (HMV)
7	**Got Live If You Want It (EP)**	Rolling Stones (Decca)
8	**Mr Tambourine Man**	Byrds (CBS)
9	**Heart Full Of Soul**	Yardbirds (Columbia)
10	**To Know You Is To Love You**	Peter & Gordon (Columbia)

Week ending June 30, 1965

10 YEARS AGO

No.	Title	Artist (Label)
1	**In The Summertime**	Mungo Jerry (Dawn)
2	**Alright Now**	Free (Island)
3	**Groovin' With Mr. Bloe**	Mr. Bloe (DJM)
4	**Cottonfields**	Beach Boys (Capitol)
5	**Sally**	Gerry Monroe (Chapter One)
6	**Goodbye Sam Hello Samantha**	Cliff Richard (Columbia)
7	**It's All In The Game**	Four Tops (Tamla Motown)
8	**Up Around The Bend.**	Creedence Clearwater Revival (Liberty)
9	**Yellow River**	Christie (CBS)
10	**Honey Come Back**	Glen Campbell (Capitol)

Week ending July 1, 1970

20 YEARS AGO

No.	Title	Artist (Label)
1	**Good Timin'**	Jimmy Jones (MGM)
2	**Ain't Misbehavin'**	Tommy Bruce (Columbia)
3	**Three Steps To Heaven**	Eddie Cochran (London)
4	**Cathy's Clown**	Everly Brothers (Warner Bros.)
5	**Robot Man**	Connie Francis (MGM)
6	**What A Mouth**	Tommy Steele (Decca)
7	**Please Don't Tease**	Cliff Richard (Columbia)
8	**Cradle Of Love**	Cliff Richard (Columbia)
9	**Made You**	Adam Faith (Parlophone)
10	**Down Yonder**	Johnny & The Hurricanes (London)

Week ending June 29, 1960

NEWS

News Editor: Derek Johnson

ELVIS, MADNESS SUMMER POP TV

ELVIS COSTELLO, The Selecter, Madness, Squeeze and Lene Lovich are among top acts lined up for an impressive series of summer concerts at the Theatre Royal in Nottingham, a city which has long been deprived of major rock shows.

The venue is being taken over for two months by ATV, who are filming all the gigs for a projected in-concert series to be networked in the autumn or early next year — but the shows will still be open to the public.

The line-up so far includes Elkie Brooks and Richard Digance (July 14 and 15), Matchbox and Johnny and The Jailbirds (16), The Denny Laine Band and The Sinceros (21), Sad Cafe (22), The Lambrettas and Billy Karloff & The Extremes (23), Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark (28), Squeeze (29 and 30), Average White Band (August 4 and 5), Martha & The Muffins and Any Trouble (6), Madness (11 and 12), The Selecter (13), Elvis Costello & The Attractions, Dave Edmunds' Rockpile and Carlene Carter (18), Lene Lovich (19) and The Joe Jackson Band (27). Headliners for August 20, 25 and 26 have still to be confirmed.

Tickets are on sale now at the box-office for the shows up to July 23, and they go on sale next week for the rest of the July dates — and subsequently at regular weekly intervals. Prices for the most part are £3, £2.50 and £2 — but the exceptions are Elkie Brooks and the Average Whites (£5, £4 and £3), Sad Cafe (£3.50, £3 and £2.50), The Lambrettas (all at £2), Orchestral Manoeuvres (£2.50, £2 and £1.50) and The Selecter and Elvis Costello (still undecided).

Mo-dettes a la mode

THE MO-DETTES are playing a series of dates to celebrate their new record deal and promote their second single. They've switched from the independent Rough Trade label, and all their future releases will appear on Decca's Deram outlet, the first of these being tomorrow (Friday) — a re-working of the Stones' classic 'Paint It Black', coupled with the band's own number 'Bitta Truth'. As a bonus, the first 20,000 copies include a free flimsy disc featuring the girls' version of 'Twist And Shout'.

They'll be playing a series of dates over the next few weeks, and the first five to be confirmed are at Middlesbrough Rock Garden (this Saturday), Darlington Arts Centre (Sunday), London Marquee (July 7), Coventry General Wolfe (9) and London West Hampstead Moonlight Club (10).

BIKERS RIOT AT STONEHENGE

A NIGHT of violence all but wrecked the weekend's Stonehenge Festival. The trouble erupted late on Saturday night when a group of middle-aged bikers went on the rampage, attacking every punk they could lay hands on, and effectively preventing Crass and Poison Girls from playing their sets.

The evening began peaceably with music from Nik Turner's Inner City Unit, The Mob and The Snipers, but when punk band The Epileptics took the stage they were greeted with a hail of flour-bombs, cans and bottles. Their lead singer was knocked to the ground by a bottle.

The bikers then set fire to The Epileptics' banner, attacked members of Crass and Poison Girls, damaged the generator and took over the stage. Crass and Poison Girls decided not to play "to avoid a blood bath", and spent the rest of the night trying to break up fights and ferrying their punk fans to the safety of the nearest railway station.

Crass drummer Penny Rimbaud said it was "a four-hour nightmare", with punks being hunted down by bikers in "the most savage attacks I've ever seen."

Gurts DeFreyne, from Inner City Unit, described the scenes as "horrible — the bikers were pulling punks out of their sleeping bags to beat them up; it was really disgusting."

At least two people complained to the police but one of them, John Loder, a sound-man at the festival, claimed that the police were "totally uninterested" and refused to take any action. At Salisbury Police Station, a Superintendent Maddock told *NME* he had no knowledge of the violence or the complaints. He did say that 67 arrests had been made, mostly for drug offences or stealing wood, and added that in the police view "the entire festival was illegal" as it was held on squatted land.

Penny Rimbaud, who was one of the people who started the Stonehenge Festival in the early '70s, was particularly bitter at the bikers' attitude. "They said they didn't want punks taking over *their* festival, they only wanted to hear 'real' music. This is supposedly an *open* festival, of peace and freedom. After this, I don't think Crass will play there again, we won't expose our fans to these experiences and these risks."

Gurts DeFrayne was even more pessimistic: "Maybe this is the end of Stonehenge."

● A former Cabinet minister, Lord Peter Melchett, is planning to raise in the House of Lords claims that 300 people at the festival were strip-searched by police in view of passers-by.

Dexys re-run

● **DEXY'S MIDNIGHT RUNNERS** have re-vamped the July dates in their current 'Intense Emotion' tour, dropping eight of their previously announced gigs, but adding seven new venues — with more still to be finalised. The band say they felt that many of the original venues were unsuitable for "the character of the show".

Out go Blackburn King George's Hall (July 3), Stoke Kings Hall (4), Bradford St. George's Hall (5), Guildford Civic Hall (7), Wigan Casino (11), Manchester Apollo (12) and Birmingham Cedar Ballroom (16 and 17) — though their July 18 gig at the Cedar remains unchanged. Cash refunds are obtainable at the point of ticket purchase.

New dates are London Hornsey Town Hall (July 2), Blackburn Golden Palms (3), Merthyr Tydfil Tythe Ballroom (7), Manchester New Century Hall (11), Stafford Top Of The World (14), Liverpool Original Club (16) and Birmingham Gay Tower Ballroom (17). The rest of their July schedule, reported two weeks ago, still stands.

Jail sentence for Stranglers?

THREE OF The Stranglers were still in a French jail at the time of going to press, after being charged with inciting violence at their Friday night gig at Nice University.

The show ended in a riot which caused £10,000 damages.

The three, Jean Jacques Burnel, Hugh Cornwell and Jet Black, were picked up by police early the following morning (Saturday) — along with organist Dave Greenfield, who was released 36 hours later, when the others were charged.

The concert was brought to an abrupt close when The Stranglers walked off after a power cut disrupted their gig — the third during the performance. They returned to the stage to explain why, and then students started fighting, breaking windows and furniture.

The police claim the violence broke out at The Stranglers' instigation. They told reporters they had heard a tape recording of the concert, which shows one band member saying to the students: "You will not be reimbursed and if you don't like it you can smash everything."

Dave Greenfield, who was released because he didn't speak on stage, says otherwise. From his Riviera hotel, he told *NME*: "Jet explained the situation, saying, 'If you want your money back get it from the local promoter, and if you have any complaints, see people at the university'."

He added that the promoters hadn't provided enough generators for the concert, but the band decided to play anyway, because their roadcrew had set everything up. It was only after the third power failure that they decided not to go on. Complaining of The Stranglers' treatment by the university and the police, Greenfield said they weren't allowed into the dressing room, and later the police wouldn't let them see anybody or contact solicitors for 36 hours.

Meanwhile Stranglers manager Ian Grant spent Monday in Paris trying to raise bail set at £10,000 (the damage caused) at EMI, the band's French label. Suitably funded, he continued to Nice but failed to secure his boys' release. The last we heard, they weren't expected out before Friday.

Concerts in Italy and Athens have already been cancelled because of the incident and more cancellations in Britain will probably follow, as the terms of the band's bail are not yet known — providing of course that it's granted.

NME understands that the offence carries a minimum sentence of one year's imprisonment, maximum five years.

Not new to international incidents, The Stranglers once had to smuggle themselves across Queensland state line in Australia, when Burnel laid out some people who invaded the stage. In Sweden the band were visited by the law when Jet Black put a table though a hotel window, after staff refused to serve him food. And Cornwell was only freed three months ago from Pentonville Prison after serving two months for possession of cocaine, heroin and marijuana.

Dave Greenfield, Hugh Cornwell, Brian Duffy (stage name: Brian Duffy) and Jean-Jacques Burnel leave Nice police station, cuffed but not gagged. Pic: AP Wirephoto.

Squeeze join Police at M. Keynes

SQUEEZE have now been added to The Police's big open-air bash at the Milton Keynes Bowl on Saturday, July 26, making an already-strong bill even stronger — with UB40 and American band Skafish already confirmed for the event, and the likelihood of a fifth act being added. Promoter Jack Barrie is certain that all 35,000 tickets will be sold in advance, and that none will be available on the gates; at press-time, it was still possible to buy tickets (£6.50 each), but the remainder are unlikely to last much longer.

Reason for Squeeze's appearance in the concert is that a vacancy suddenly occurred a few days ago, when Fashion — who were the first support act to be named — dropped out of the line-up. They are unable to perform because Luke Sky has gone missing — the seven-foot guitarist (it says here) walked out last week saying that he was "fed up and heading for New York". The other two members are using session musicians to complete their second album for Faulty Products.

● **THE PLASMATICS** — the New York heavy rock band who've already created a substantial impact in some sections of the UK rock press on the strength of their publicity pictures — are coming to Britain to play a one-off concert at London Hammersmith Odeon on Friday, August 8 — tickets on sale now priced £3.50, £3 and £2.50.

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OFF THE RECORD

Vicious interviews

CHARLY RECORDS this week launch a series of three-track singles called Triple Dynamite, featuring classic '60s R&B and soul. The initial batch includes releases by **Lee Dorsey, The Meters** (original '60 line-up), **Betty Wright** and **Jimmy Reed**. In the next few months, Charly will be issuing other material that's long been unavailable, from such sources as Vee Jay, Sansu, Jewel and Minit.

● Four albums out this week on Chiswick's Ace Records label are 'Kings Of Rockabilly Vol. 1 and 2' (featuring **Sleepy La Beef, Link Davis, Gene Wyatt** and **Glenn Barber** among others), 'Sounds Of The Gulf Coast' (with **Johnny Winter, Andy Charles, The Velvetones,** etc.) and country artist **Eddie Noack** with self-titled LP of his own songs.

● West Coast band X arrived in Britain this week for a promotional visit, tied in with the release of their album 'Los Angeles' on Scratch Records. They'll be playing a special gig at London Camden Dingwalls on Independence Day, July 4.

● **The Paranoids,** currently supporting Steve Harley on tour, have their new single 'The Love Job' — produced by Roy Wood — out this week on Hurricane Records.

SID VICIOUS interviews are featured on both sides of a new single, set for imminent release on the Wonderful Records label, with national distribution by Pinnacle. Titles of the two dialogues are 'Naked' and 'I'm Ashamed'.

● **The Korgis,** currently figuring strongly in the singles chart with 'Everybody's Got To Learn Sometime', have their second album 'Dumb Waiters' issued by Rialto Records this weekend.

● More oldies from the Immediate catalogue, recently acquired by Virgin, this time two singles. **The Small Faces** are first with 'Tin Soldier'/'Rene' on July 18, followed on August 1 by **Rod Stewart** with 'Little Miss Understood'/'So Much To Say, So Little Time.'

● **Laurel Aitken** follows up his 'Rudi Got Married' single with a new release this week on Secret Affair's I-Spy label — 'Big Fat Man' coupled with a re-working of his 1971 song 'It's Too Late'. He was backed by some of The Ruts, who were helping him (and themselves) out, while their singer Malcolm Owen was indisposed.

● Dublin-based band **The Blades** release their first single 'Hot For You' on July 11 on the recently formed Energy label, and they'll be coming over in late July to tour.

● CBS are launching a new series of compilation cassettes, each playing 30 tracks. The first three, due out on July 25, are 'Chart Breakers' (featuring **Abba, The Nolans, David Essex, The Mash** and many others); 'Super Soul' (with **The Three Degrees, Isley Brothers, Dorothy Moore,** etc.); and 'Country Number Ones' (including **Johnny Cash, Charlie Rich, Tammy Wynette** and **Lynn Anderson**). The series is called '30 Track Pack' and the cassettes sell at £4.99.

JAPAN have been signed by Virgin to a long-term worldwide deal, and are about to start work on a new single and album for autumn release, to coincide with a series of selected British dates.

● **Black Uhuru** — one of Jamaica's best young groups already praised by *NME* — have their first album 'Sinsemilla' issued by Island on July 4. It was produced by Robbie Shakespeare and Sly Dunbar, who also play on all the tracks.

● **Praying Mantis,** currently touring Britain with Iron Maiden, have been signed to Gem Records. Next week they start recording their first album for the label, but meanwhile a new single is released on July 4 — titled 'Praying Mantis'.

● Next release from reggae band **Capital Letters,** issued on the Greensleeves label this weekend, is a four-track EP titled 'Bread & Water'. Price is 99p, and distribution by Spartan, Jetstar and Rough Trade.

● New independent label Superstition Records have their first single out this week — 'Routine' by **Screen Idols,** who were previously signed to EMI's ill-fated Cobra label. Distribution is by Spartan, who are also handling Secret Records — and the latest single on that label is 'In America' by London Band **The Civilians**

● A 20-track compilation set called 'Skinhead Reggae' is now available on Trojan. Titles include many chart hits from the late '60s and early '70s, by such names as **The Pioneers, Desmond Dekker, The Harry J All Stars** and **Dave & Ansell Collins.** It sells at £3.95, and the first 5,000 include a free copy of the single 'Skinhead Moonstomp' by **Simaryp.**

THE MERTON PARKAS are back with a new single titled 'Put Me In The Picture,' issued by Beggar's Banquet on July 4. And they'll be previewing it at London Marquee this Sunday (29).

Magazine double pack

MAGAZINE have a double-pack single issued by Virgin on July 18, with the first 15,000 selling at a specially reduced price. It features 'Sweetheart Contract' from their current album 'The Correct Use Of Soap', plus the band's first-ever live tracks. They are 'Feed The Enemy', '20 Years Ago' and 'Shot By Both Sides'.

● The German version of **Peter Gabriel's** current hit album is being issued in the UK next week, in a limited edition of 10,000. For this LP, Gabriel has re-recorded all the vocals in German and re-mixed four tracks.

● The long-awaited debut album by London reggae outfit **Black Slate,** titled 'Amigo', finally sees the light of day this week on the TCD label. And they are lining up a tour to promote it.

● **Mikael Rickfors,** lead singer and guitarist with The Hollies for two years, has his first solo single 'Dancing On The Edge Of Danger' released by Sonet.

● **The Buzzcocks** are using brass and strings in sessions for their new album, being recorded in London for autumn release. It's being produced by Martin Hannett, who was also responsible for their classic 'Spiral Scratch'.

● Latest compilation LP from K-Tel is **Gordon Giltrap** showcase called 'Performance'. The 15 tracks are drawn mainly from his three albums for Electric Records.

Blondie in studios

● A&M have picked up the world rights to the soundtrack of the film *Breaking Glass,* starring **Hazel O'Connor** (who wrote the score) and **Phil Daniels.** The LP is due out next month, followed by the movie in mid-August.

BLONDIE are back in the recording studios cutting tracks for a new single, to be rush released as quickly as possible. It'll be the first time in almost two years that a Blondie single hasn't been culled from an album.

● An MCA single this weekend is a reissue of two of **Steppenwolf's** most popular tracks, 'Born To Be Wild' / 'The Pusher,' with the additional track 'Magic Carpet Ride' on the limited edition 12-inch version. At the same time from MCA comes the first solo single by ex-Roogalatorkeyboards man **Nick Plytas,** titled 'To Be Is To Buy.'

● **Andde Leek,** who left Dexy's Midnight Runners shortly before they hit the No. 1 spot in the charts, has his own single 'Move On (In Your Maserati)', rushed out by Beggar's Banquet this weekend.

● Sheffield-based band **The Comsat Angels** have their second single 'Independence Day' issued by Polydor on that very day — July 4.

● A 12-inch EP by **Bram Tchaikovsky,** to be issued by Radar next month, contains six tracks and sells at £1.99.

● **Amii Stewart** and **Johnny Bristol** combine forces on an Atlantic single released tomorrow (Friday). It's a combination of two songs, 'My Guy' and 'My Girl,' both written by Smokey Robinson — and Amii and Johnny duet them simultaneously!

● The first **Cuddly Toys** single on Fresh Records, out this weekend, is 'Madman.' It's an unreleased composotion by Marc Bolan and David Bowie, written only days before Bolan's death.

THE COCKNEY REJECTS' latest single on EMI's Zonophone label is 'We Can Do Anything'. It's issued tomorrow (Friday), the same day as their headliner at London Camden Electric Ballroom.

● German heavy metal five-piece **Accept** are to have their product issued here through Logo Records. Their album 'I'm A Rebel' comes out on July 11, with the title track issued as a single the previous week. The band are planning to tour here shortly.

WYNDER K BACK — MINUS FROG

MICK WEAVER returns to the recording scene this week under the name of Wynder K, and thereby hangs a tale. In the late '60s keyboards man Weaver ran a successful club band called Wynder K Frog, who also recorded for Island. After they split up, Weaver joined Traffic for a while — subsequently working with such luminaries as Joe Cocker, Keef Hartley, Frankie Miller and Ian Matthews. He was also writing consistently — including the theme for Granada TV's *World In Action.*

Now Weaver has gone back into the studios to record some of his new material, with the help of Blockheads drummer Charlie Charles and guitarist Neil Hubbard. The first fruits of these sessions are a single titled 'Frenetic' issued by Rockburgh this weekend, and attributed to Wynder K (no Frog).

There's a possibility of gigs to promote the single.

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NEWS WAVES

● **THE LAMBRETTAS** headline another string of dates next month, tied in with the release of their debut Rocket album 'Beat Boys In The Jet Age'. Their schedule takes in London Marquee (July 1), Portsmouth Locarno (15), Torquay Town Hall (16), Bournemouth Stateside Centre (17), Cardiff Top Rank (18), Bath Pavilion (19), Norwich Cromwells (21), Birmingham Top Rank (22), Nottingham Theatre Royal (23), Skegness Sands Show Bar (24), Withernsea Grand Pavilion (25) and Bradford St. George's (26).

● **MARTIN ATKINS,** who quit as Public Image Ltd's drummer two weeks ago, is already busy putting together his own band with a view to going on the road as quickly as possible — he's currently rehearsing with ex-Cowboys International bassist Pete Jones and, at the same time, auditioning guitarists. He'll be going out as Brian Brain, the name under which he released a solo single 'They've Got Me In The Bottle' earlier this year. Now signed to new independent label Secret Records, he'll have his second single 'Another Million Miles' issued early next month, with an album to follow in late July.

● **THE VIP's** take time out from recording their new Gem Records single to play a string of gigs in the London area — at Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle (this Saturday), Clapham 101 Club (July 5 and 26), Old Kent Rd. Thomas A'Beckett (16), Kingston Three Tuns (18) and Hammersmith Swan (19).

● **UK SUBS** have been decimated by the loss of bassist Paul Slack and drummer Pete Davis, whose departure from the band is attributed to the usual "musical differences". The split comes at an awkward time for singer Charlie Harper who, as reported, releases his first solo single 'Barmy London Army' next week — and is now unable to promote it. Harper and guitarist Nick Garrett have already started auditioning for replacements, but don't expect the new-look Subs to emerge for a couple of months or so. Meanwhile, Gem are planning to issue a live album by the old line-up, recorded at their last London concert.

● **THE PHOTOS** have added three dates to their current UK tour, announced two weeks ago — at Manchester Middleton Civic Hall (July 17), Sheffield University (18) and Brighton Jenkinsons (20) — and a major London show has still to be finalised. The band's new single 'Friends', taken from their debut album, is issued by Epic on July 4.

● **THE RELUCTANT STEREOTYPES,** who've been supporting The Specials on their seaside tour, have their own London gigs in July at West Hampstead Moonlight Club (3), Covent Garden Rock Garden (4), Fulham Greyhound (8), Herne Hill Half Moon (10), the Marquee (12), Clapham 101 Club (17) and the Kensington (22). The band's second single 'Confused Action' is released by WEA on July 11.

Extra Roxy show

ROXY MUSIC have added a third night at London Wembley Arena to their upcoming UK tour, due to exceptionally heavy ticket demand. Their arena shows on August 1 and 2 have sold out, so they have now slotted in the extra gig on Thursday, July 31 (NOT August 3 as incorrectly reported elsewhere last week).

Tickets are again priced £5, £4 and £3, and they are available by post from Wembly Arena Roxy Box Office, Wembley, Middlesex HA9 0DW — cheques or postal orders to "Wembley Stadium Ltd." and enclose SAE. They are also on sale to personal callers at the box-office.

● THE OTWAY-BARRETT tour, reported last week, has an unusual admission policy. Entry at all dates is only by producing a copy of the duo's latest single 'DK 50/80' (which can't be bought on the night at the gigs). If you've got a copy of the single with you, admission is free — otherwise you can't get in.

Ultravox back in action

CONCERTS IN AUGUST

ULTRAVOX undertake their first major tour for almost two years in August, aiding promotion of their new album 'Vienna', their first for the Chrysalis label — it was produced by the band and Conny Plank, and it's released on July 11. This will be their first outing with their new line-up, now comprising Midge Ure (vocals and guitar), Chris Cross (bass, syntheisers and vocals), Warren Cann (drums and electric percussion) and Billy Currie (synthesisers, piano, violin and viola).

More dates are still in the process of being finalised, but those confirmed so far are Lincoln Drill Hall (August 2), Blackburn King George's Hall (3), Doncaster Rotters (4), Liverpool Rotters (5), Torquay Town Hall (6), Newport Stowaway (7), Wakefield Unity Hall (8), Brighton Jenkinsons (10), Manchester Rotters (13), Birmingham Cedar Ballroom (15), St. Albans City Hall (16) and London Strand Lyceum (17).

H'Wind marathon

HAWKWIND headline a special seven-hour concert at London Strand Lyceum on Sunday, July 13 (starting 3.30 pm), to mark their signing with Bronze Records and the release of their new live album. They'll be presenting a two-hour set with their full light show, and past members of the band will be taking part in addition to the present line-up of Dave Brock (vocals, guitar and synthesiser), Simon King (drums), Hugh Lloyd Langton (guitar and vocals), Harvey Bainbridge (bass and vocals) and Tim Blake (synthesiser, keyboards and vocals).

Support acts are Nik Turner's Inner City Unit, Wah! Heat, The Beat Nixs and The Androids Of Mu — promoters are Straight Music, and tickets priced £3.50 are on sale now at the box-office and usual agents. The band's first Bronze album 'Hawkwind — Live 1979', recorded on their tour last autumn, is set for July 11 release and includes such classics as 'Silver Machine' and 'Master Of The Universe'. It's preceded this weekend by a single coupling 'Shot Down In The Night' (an edited version of one of the LP tracks) and a live version of 'Urban Guerilla' (not on the album).

● Prior to the Lyceum show, Hawkwind play a warm-up gig at Cromer West Runton Pavilion on July 11.

NAMES IN THE NEWS

CREATION REBEL

are playing a series of selected headliners, aiding promotion of their critically acclaimed album 'Starship Africa'. They visit London Brixton Little Bit Ritzy Cinema (July 2), Folkestone Leas Cliff Hall (5), London Victoria The Venue (9) and Bath Moles Club (16). After a 14-day Italian tour, the reggae band return to play London Fulham Greyhound on August 8, and further dates are being arranged.

JIMMY CLIFF

makes one of his rare London appearances next Wednesday (July 2), when he plays two shows at The Venue in Victoria (8.15 and 10.45 pm). Other upcoming Venue bookings, not previously reported, include a special reunion gig by The Strawbs (July 6), Jo Jo Zep & The Falcons from Australia (17), Rockin' Dopsie & His Cajun Twisters (29) and Don Everly (August 1).

SLEDGEHAMMER

play a series of July gigs between recording sessions of their new album, which is being produced by Gillan bassist John McCoy. With their original bassist Terry Pierce now back in the line-up, they visit London Strand Lyceum with Budgie (this Sunday), Richmond Brolley's (July 6), Slough Alexander's (7), Croydon Greyhound (11), Retford Porterhouse (12), Hull Wellington Club (14), Peterlee Festival with Samson (19) and Camberley Agincourt (28).

MATCHBOX

are among the headliners of the third annual Brighton Country Music Festival, being staged at the 5,000-seater Brighton Centre for three days from July 11. Among the many other acts appearing are Poacher, The Hillsiders, The Duffy Brothers, Malcolm Price, Pete Stanley, Little Ginny, Pete Sayers, Patsy Powell, Kelvin Henderson and Grass Roots. Full booking details from the Centre Box Office, Russell Road, Brighton BN1 2GR (Brighton 202881).

JUNIOR WALKER

and The All Stars arrive in the UK for a one-nighter tour next month, with their only London appearance set for Camden Dingwalls on July 31. Their visit spearheads a mini-invasion by a number of U.S. "verterans" during the late summer and early autumn — including Del Shannon, Bobby Vee and Roy Orbison. And The Drifters will be back again for their usual lengthy autumn tour.

THE I-THREES

are to headline their own shows in Britain for the first time, when they play two nights at London Victoria The Venue on July 15 and 16 (tickets £3.75). The trio — comprising Rita Marley, Macia Griffiths and Judy Mowatt — are, of course, Bob Marley & The Wailers' vocal team. And they'll be playing the Venue gigs after Marley's UK tour, in which The I-Threes will be featured in their own set, ends at Stafford on July 13.

SPLODGENESS

celebrate the success of their first single 'Simon Templer'/'Two Pints Of Lager And A Packet Of Crisps Please' by playing a string of dates at Coventry Warwick University (tonight, Thursday), Slough Merry Maker (Friday), London Crystal Palace Hotel (Saturday), Neath Talk Of The Abbey (July 3), London Woolwich Tramshed (6, 24 and August 21), Scarborough Penthouse (July 25), Edinburgh Nite Club (26), London Camden Music Machine (31), Dudley J.B.'s (August 9), Leeds Fforde Green (10) and Folkestone Leas Cliff Hall (23). They're all headliners — providing their name will fit on the posters!

STEVE HILLAGE

is looking for musicians to form a new band. He specially needs a singer-guitarist to share lead vocals (and who ideally can write), and a bassist is also required. Any bona fide genius who reckons he qualifies should contact Steve Lewis at Virgin — (01) 727 8070. Hillage will be recording a new album in September over in the States and, providing his band comes together in time, intends to play some British dates later in the autumn.

MICKEY JUPP

ventures out of London to play gigs in the colonies at Southend Shrimpers (this Sunday), Brighton New Regent Club (July 3) and High Wycombe Nags Head (5). Back on the London circuit, he visits St. Bartholomew's Hospital (tomorrow, Friday), Victoria The Venue (Saturday), Kensington Nashville (July 10), Islington Hope & Anchor (12), Kensington Arms (16) and Woolwich Tramshed (24).

STEEL PULSE

headline two nights at London Victoria The Venue on Monday and Tuesday, July 7 and 8 — advance tickets £2.50, on the night £3 — and they have a hometown gig at Birmingham Top Rank on July 10. These tie in with the release of their new Island single 'Caught You Dancing' and album 'Caught You'. A few more dates will be added before they leave for a European tour at the end of next month.

IRON MAIDEN

officially end their massive UK tour next Tuesday — but not content with playing 45 dates nationwide, they've decided to wind up the proceedings with a three-night stint at London Marquee Club next weekend. On July 3 they'll be supported by Raven, and on July 4 and 5 by Fist. After their appearance in the Reading Festival on August 23, already reported, they leave for a nine-week tour of Europe.

THE LAST ROUND–UP

JOURNEY, one of America's hottest box-office attractions, are coming to the UK in the early autumn. They are so far confirmed for two nights at London Hammersmith Odeon on October 2 and 3. The band's new album will be issued by CBS to coincide.

● VOYAGER promote their new RCA album 'Act Of Love' with London gigs at Fulham Greyhound (July 7), Victoria The Venue (10), Fulham Golden Lion (15) and the Marquee Club (21).

● MARVIN GAYE follows his recent concerts at the Albert Hall and the Rainbow by playing another London show — at The Venue in Victoria on July 4. It's part of an Independence Day celebration at The Venue, and tickets are £10.

● ROY SUNDHOLM has July residencies in London at Canning Town Bridge House (every Tuesday), West Hampstead Moonlight Club (Wednesdays) and Fulham Greyhound (Thursdays) He also plays at the Marquee on August 2.

READING FEST

Rory tops on Friday

RORY GALLAGHER has now emerged as the bill-topper on the opening night of this year's Reading Festival — Friday, August 22. Other acts confirmed since the first line-up was announced last week are Samson, Praying Mantis, The Helions, The Pencils and The 01 Band. Negotiations for The Ian Hunter Band are not now looking very promising, but among acts now being sought by the organisers are The Gary Moore Band, Steve Harley & Cockney Rebel and The Blues Band — plus several more support acts. The present running order, with other attractions still to be slotted in, is:

FRIDAY (22) 3-11.30 pm: Rory Gallagher, Gillan, Krokus, Nine Below Zero, Fischer Z, Praying Mantis, The Helions.

SATURDAY (23) noon-11.30 pm: UFO, Pat Travers Band, Iron Maiden, Angel City, Q-Tips, Samson, The Headboys, Trimmer & Jenkins, The Pencils.

SUNDAY (24) noon-11.30 pm: Whitesnake, Wishbone Ash, Ossie Osbourne Band, Def Leppard, Magnum, Girl, Tygers Of Pan Tang, Sledgehammer, The 01 Band.

August gigs by Barbara

BARBARA DICKSON headlines a short 11-date summer tour in August, prior to going into the studios to cut a new LP — this will be issued in the autumn to coincide with a full-scale tour she'll be undertaking at that time. Recently awarded a Gold Disc for sales of her 'Barbara Dickson Album,' she is now busy promoting her new single 'In The Night,' the follow-up to her smash hit 'January February.'

Her summer dates are Kenilworth Showground (August 1), Sheffield Crucible (2), Southport Floral Hall (3), Irvine Magnum Centre (4), Edinburgh Playhouse (5), Motherwell Civic Centre (6), Falkirk Town Hall (7), Gloucester Leisure Centre (9), Taunton Odeon (10), Poole Arts Centre (11) and Jersey Gloucester Hall (13).

TED NUGENT ADDS

TED NUGENT had added a third night at London Hammersmith Odeon to his UK tour, reported two weeks ago. It's on Sunday, August 3, and tickets are on sale now priced £4.50, £3.40 and £2.50.

Knebworth reprieve

KNEBWORTH will continue as an annual event, say the new promoters Capital Radio, despite the relative disappointment of the 1980 concert last Saturday — when less than half the hoped-for 100,000 attended, with estimates varying between 30,000 and 45,000. Capital say that, as festival promoters, they're still learning — and they learned a lot from this year's show. But it seems likely that in future years they'll revert to the tried and trusted formula, of a major rock band topping the bill.

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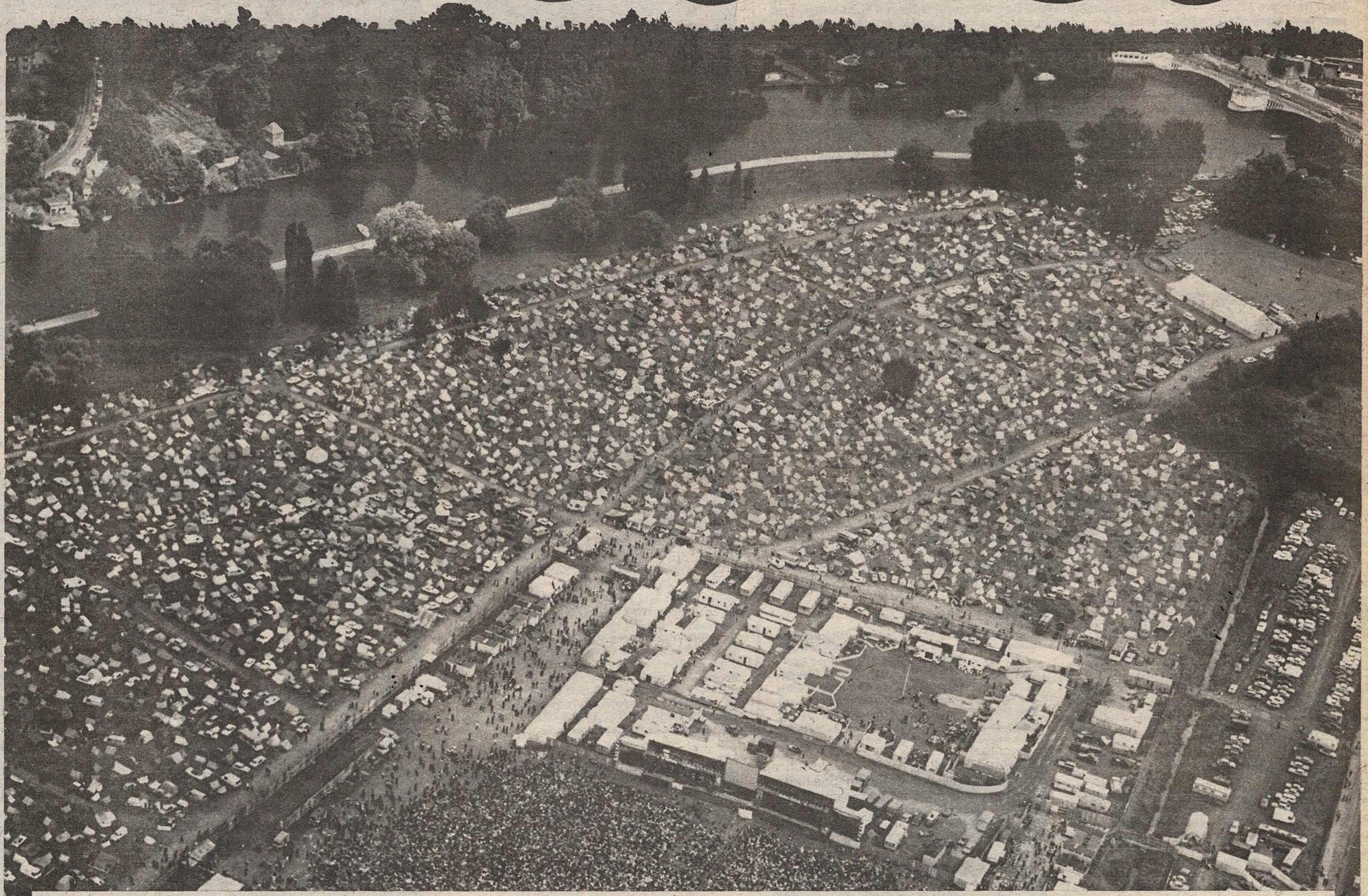

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NME1

Ian McCulloch : a positive or negative force?

ECHO AND THE BUNNYMEN

Bright-eyed and bushy-tailed

Remember what the white rabbit said? No? Well, never mind, there's worse things to worry about — like the return of psychedelia.

HERE WE go round again. There's a word in the back of some people's minds these days. Now and then events bring it to the tip of their tongues, where the sour taste causes it to be swallowed back down or else spat out whole like a lump of phlegm from the sub-conscious.

Once out, it assumes its own horrendous proportions, hanging in the air, sliding down the wall, slithering across the floor. . . causing feelings of embarrassment, confusion, trepidation and helpless resignation. But this nausea soon passes, and then the worst thing of all happens: the word begins to make sense. It fits. It's time to get *psychedelic.*

This isn't the cue to start another stupid tribe though someone's bound to try. And it doesn't mean another dead teen sub-cult has risen again to join the zombies already traipsing around Limboland, though again it could happen. Beyond the obvious, beyond the sheer historical imperative of a long-feared hippie revival, there is an odd glimmer. Behind the enormous uncoolness of it all is a little imp of the perverse. It's been prodding away at various cerebella of my acquaintance.

There's all this weirdness and insanity going on around you, the imp is saying. *All this fear and conservatism, everybody clutching at the past with one hand and groping for the future with the other! The only way to fight this insanity is with more insanity. Rub the bastards' noses in it! Show them how weird things can really get!*

Go ahead and laugh if you want. My face isn't exactly straight either. The hippies have been utterly discredited, right? Of course they have. All that cosmic hogwash. . . Acid in the water supply. . . Peace and love, etc. It's hard to believe people ever took Donovan seriously in the first place. But this is something new we're dealing with. It arises, out of a small problem of descriptive language.

Time and again of late one of the new crop of English bands presents itself to a reviewer. Time and again the reviewer begins to feel that lump of phlegm forming. It applies too well to so much of the music these bands are making to be kept down for long, but the pejorative connotations force the effort. It's such an unhip word, and these bands are, by and large, pretty hip. So are the reviewers. But eventually it comes out. *Psychedelic.*

Suddenly all sorts of hoary old concepts attach themselves as if someone had switched on an electromagnet. These bands are underground, for instance, because they don't have hits; they mean nothing to the kind of person who buys Costello and Pretenders albums, and very little to buyers of Specials and Vapors singles. They are progessive in that they try to bend the old musical forms or invent new ones. Perhaps they even like to jam on the quiet.

Oh *Gawd!* Suddenly I dread the consequences of this. Extending the boundaries of music, exploring the frontiers of the mind, and other such nonsense. . . It's not all Martin Hannet's fault either, because not all of these bands have had records produced by him, although it helps.

Look, pretend you never read this. It wasn't real, it was just a momentary nightmare flashback, it'll pass. Pretend that names like The Teardrop Explodes and Echo And The Bunnymen don't recall the time when groups had names like The Grateful Dead or Lothar And The Hand People. It's such a pat, easy, obvious comparison to draw.

Pretend that Echo And The Bunnymen don't make the sort of sound you'd expect to find on a 13th Floor Elevators album. They've never even heard of them. They like the Velvets, sure, but the *what* Floor Elevators? Echo And The Bunnymen are just a promising new group from the north of England, that's all. It's not their fault that people try to squeeze them into absurd theoretical clothes.

And look what they have to put up with because of it. . . Driving through Liverpool in the obligatory run-down Transit on their way to Southport, they pass some friends at a set of traffic lights. One of them flashes a peace sign at the occupants of the van. It's a joke. The Bunnymen squirm in their seats.

"I told you the psychedelic revival is on," says Ian McCulloch, who must be used to these annoying little jibes. He scratches his head wearily, making his hair look even more dishevelled than it did a moment ago.

"It certainly is in our area. But I haven't got any strong memories of that period at all. We never got into it, we were all too young anyway. The only records I can remember from that time were the cliched ones like Scott McKenzie rather than the heavy psychedelic things, which I still haven't heard."

What about drugs; done a lot of them?

"Er. . . I get drunk occasionally."

THE BUNNYMEN came into being about two years ago; part of the welter of groups who had heard events in London calling. Echo was the name of their tape recorder, recently replaced by a real drum kit. Real drummers are in short supply in Liverpool, but the Bunnymen found Pete DeFraites, who was about to go to University but was glad to have a good reason not to.

His recruitment wrought a change from the thin, haunting, resonant semi-acoustic sound of their first Zoo single, 'Pictures On My Wall', to fluid electric rock overdrive with plenty of vitality and few inhibitions.

Will Sergent and Les Pattison, guitar and bass respectively, allow Ian McCulloch the prominent role both onstage and off. It was he who first pulled the group together; it is he who gives it its most marked characteristics. On the evidence of a gig at London's Lyceum some months past I expected to find him full of pompous conceits, such was the contempt he sullenly displayed when the Bunnymen were offered to the culturati as a little morsel of things to come, alongside Teardrop, Manicured Noise, A Certain Ratio and the often ludicrous Psychedelic Furs.

Apart from beating the Furs at their own billing, the Bunnymen turned in such an arrogant, moody, disdainful and almost fearsome performance that I had to find out if they really thought they were as good as they actually were that night.

So, here we are in a pre-fabricated polyvinyl seafront cafeteria at Southport that The Bunnymen have inexplicably chosen as the venue for the afternoon, about to find out.

Ian, wearing an angst-ridden old overcoat with his shirt buttoned to the top against the chill existential winds — attesting to the fact that he's seen *The Man Who Fell To Earth* six times — scratches his head for a moment or two before explaining what was going through it on the Lyceum stage. . .

"I was fed up with all these. . .um. . . *hard* groups knocking around like The Psychedelic Furs and even Joy Division, that I just felt were shallow. I even quoted lines from other people's songs. It was just frustration, I suppose. People *are* told what to like a lot of the time, and I quoted from Joy Division, a band whom people are told to like. That audience was really. . . what's the word? They weren't reacting at all. Perhaps it was our fault, but I think it was something in the audience there, a cool aspect. I quoted Joy Division because if they'd been up there, playing a bad set, they'd have got the reaction that nobody else got.

"It was supposed to be some sort of hip bill of bands, and I hate that kind of thing. We tried to shock them out of that in a way, by going on and playing pretty straight-ahead rock without the airs. The Psychedelic Furs are quite straight-ahead but they try and cover it up with certain poses. I mean if that's psychedelic. . .

"People who like us normally didn't like us that night, but I thought we were miles better. We could've played safe but we didn't. I did see something then. . . That perhaps we should be doing something like antagonising people. . ."

Will has been looking increasingly bemused. "I dunno," he says. "I wasn't into it

■ *Continues over*

Mind-expanding words: PAUL RAMBALI

Mind-expanding pics: ANTON CORBIJN

More Bunnies

Will Sergent. Why not?

Pete De Fraites, Will Sergent, Ian McCulloch, Les Pattinson

McCulloch comes from the Shadows

■ *From previous page*

at all. Mind you, I didn't even know what was happening with the audience. I had sunglasses on."

"Yeah, but you didn't like it on a playing level. There's more to playing live than just getting the notes right and everything. What annoyed me about the Lyceum thing was that there were a lot of real idiots there who were trying to feel like they weren't idiots, they were in on something. They're not in on it. There's nothing to be in on.

"A lot of people say it's post-modernist. What is that? It doesn't exist. It's just a tag, and that's what the whole night was about. Categories."

Les decides to interrupt this diatribe: "Categories are inevitable, but you can fight back. Wait till our new ska single comes out!"

"If people come along expecting something," continues Ian, "it's perfectly okay to use things like arrogance to tell them you're not that thing. . . The Liverpool thing, for instance. All these wacky bands. There's nobody *wacky* in Liverpool. It's no more *wacky* than anywhere else."

The word is actually *quirky*, but the point is the same. I bet there are times when Echo And The Bunnymen wish they'd called themselves something else.

Incidentally, since Ian mentioned Joy Division, it ought to be pointed out that the two groups do have a lot in common. And this time it isn't Martin Hannet. It's Iggy Pop.

THE MUZAK in the cafeteria is slowly sending everyone to sleep. At least I hope it was the muzak. It might have been the drowsy off-season resort town instilling itself into its visitors, or the dutiful recollection of past exploits, such as the fact that Les used to be a boat-builder while Will was a cook and Ian was on the dole. And the fact that they're all about 20 and this is their first group. These and other faint incidental details add to the mounting torpor.

Time to get serious. What's your motivation, what does it all mean?

"I don't know," replies Ian. "It gets harder as we go along to be motivated."

Oh. Where's the fun in it, then?

"There is no fun in it," says Will. "Anyway, we'll all be in the army soon."

Ian misses this joke because he's been gazing thoughtfully at nothing at all. Suddenly he mutters a single word. . .

"Ego".

"Yeah. . . ego. It's all kinda gratifying your ego. We want to do things that are valid; good songs, that mean something sincere. But ego's always at the back of it."

There you have it! This question has been asked in a lot of different ways of a lot of different people and Ian McCulloch has just given it the straightest answer it's ever had. He wasn't being particularly ironic, nor was he apologising. Just giving an honest answer. There's no message, no crusade, no need to tell you what's wrong with your life, no burning purpose. . . Being in a group is a good way to travel and experience things, thinks Ian. And Will?

"This tour we're doing now; I'm hoping that by the end of it I'll like playing live, and I'll feel less tense on stage. That's about the only thing I'm hoping for."

"Sometimes," says Ian, "you go on stage and you feel that you have got something to say, and you want them to listen and understand, but other times. . . you just want to be great at what you do. There is a need to be great at what you do, whatever it is, but that doesn't mean you have to have a mission or a message of some sort. Although we do analyse what we do, and we think, a lot of the time, that it's not that good. Our ego's aren't big enough to disregard self-criticism. . . I've got to go for a piss."

Ian gets up from the table. I turn to Will and ask if he agrees with all that's been said.

"I think all this arrogance business that you two were talking about earlier is a load of crap!"

The silence that follows this declaration is so pregnant that someone should really get up and offer it a seat.

". . .I like the quirky groups, basically."

So do I.

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EDITED BY CYNTHIA ROSE

TRUE Thrills!

KID MAKES GOOD!

NOW he lives on the 19th floor of the tallest council block in Britain. But *then* he was a callow youth studying tree surgery. He had to give it up — couldn't stand the sight of sap.

Even so, Danny Baker, 23-years-old last Sunday, dreamt of appearing 'on the box'.

"If Michael Miles can do it, why can't I?" he used to say to his fellow bark scrapers. Amidst hoots of derision, he put on his best tie and went to fight in Angola as one of the dogs of war. But his visa was out of date and Danny Baker, ten months older than Paul Weller, was forced to accept a job as receptionist with *NME*, a best-selling music paper.

"Well, it was better than making tea for Mark Perry when we was doing *Sniffin' Glue,"* he said to ITN News. Amidst gales of laughter, he peppered his writing with old Max Miller and Les Dawson-jokes and became the least reliable of *NME*'s writers. But his time was up and Danny Baker, four years younger than Tony Parsons, was called unto London Weekend TV to front the dynamic youth-orientated show *20th Century Box*. That catchy theme, by the way, is the work of John Foxx — better than poncing around in pop groups, eh John?

"Television is the last challenge," Danny says, demurely adjusting his pink blouse. (Fact: Last January Danny Baker, at least two decades younger than Bob Monkhouse, got married because he thought it would be "better for my TV image".) "We've shot *20th Century Box* in black and white because colour's so passe, dear. Besides, it's much cheaper."

The programme goes out on Sundays at 2.00 pm, in the London area, well clear of the football, true, but still too close to closing time for comfort. "But our exciting line-up will speak for itself," says Danny. A sentiment heartily echoed by the show's producer, Janet Street-Porter. "Yus," she said.

The first show's on hang-gliding, to be followed by penetrating insights into nesting, teaching ravens to fly under water, and across the board entertainers Spandau Ballet, the Barron Knights of the art chic circuit.

Remember: BBC2, Tuesday nights. Enjoy it.

MARCO TARDELLI

Thrills!

Jeremy 'Danny' Baker-Smythe

The official 'working-class lad' picture from LWT

Pic: David Corio

REAL MEN:

NO Ramoaning in the camp of the Forest Hills Four when brother Marky Ramone briefly carried out a threat to leave the order. Instead, even older disagreements were summarily set aside and the three remaining leather boys rang up ex-brother Tommy, two years retired from drumming. Tommy volunteered a little time, and Marky was eventually wooed back — who's a happy family? — leaving DeeDee free to tell all to writer Frank Rose for a new coffee table opus, *Real Men*.

Ominously subtitled 'Sex and Style in an Uncertain Age', *Real Men* profiles DeeDee (photographed with his blonde wife Vera) as one of three 'sample' New Yorkers. The others are gay interior designer Norm Rathweg and pro hockey player Pat Hickey. Now under new management (new whizzkid Gary Kurfirst, who manages Talking Heads and The B-52's, has replaced older whizzkid Danny Fields), The Ramones finally allow DeeDee to reveal to the reading public: "I wanna be normal real bad."

Pic: Pennie Smith

Not that critics of the book will let him off the hook with that: "None of these men is a father," complained *People* magazine, "which makes this group a misleading sample." More sex and style soon in this uncertain age however; The Ramones will be with us again in August.

CYNTHIA ROSE

KLARK KENT IN KOLLUSION?

OWN UP, Klark Kent. How much longer are we supposed to believe in the ridiculous 'Stewart Copeland' — or, for that matter, in his equally implausible fantasy band, 'The Police'?

Lured around to the superstar recluse's Shepherd's Bush retreat by the promise he'd be marking release of his debut ten-inch albumette with a full public acknowledgement of the hoax, *Thrills* was disappointed to find Kent persisting in his tired old game of charades.

Heavily disguised as his fictitious alter-ego Copeland, the singer insisted that he, KK, was really away in Beirut with his private army and devotees from the Church Of Kinetic Ritual.

OK, we said wearily (best humour him), couldn't you just 'impersonate' yourself — that is, Klark Kent — for our photo?

"That would only confuse the issue and cause further scandal. It would be a pointless exercise, it would be like interviewing the guitarist of Blondie and saying 'Look, what we really need is a picture of Debbie, so could you put on this wig . . .'"

Give Kent his due: he sure takes his publicity stunts seriously. Still posing as the improbable Copeland (son of a CIA man, so the yarn goes, yawn, brother a financial wizard etc etc), Klark — well known, of course, for his scientific work, his ballet, his Armenian writings and Portuguese poetry — explained why the new album is an entirely solo effort.

"Well, there is the problem there of Kent's relationship with other musicians, which is dominated by the fact that as his physiology responds to his accentuated artistic output, his body chemistry is thereby affected in an unnatural way.

"The pong that comes off of him, the stench, makes it very difficult for him to work in a close confined atmosphere with other musicians. This is probably the main reason why he works alone in the studio, although it does require that the engineer wear lead underwear."

Other details of KK's career, from his original discovery in Minnesota as boy-genius Klerk Kunt ("we had to change that for obvious reasons") through to his works of global manipulation with the shadowy Kent Foundation, are too familiar to need recounting here.

But what of this dumb gimmick, the whole far-fetched 'Police' project, the joke he's been running as a sideline to his own career for three years now?

I mean, let's face it — three ageing musicians that dye their hair and conquer America masquerading as New Wave, featuring a retired schoolteacher called (wait for it) 'Sting' who becomes a sex-symbol from Bombay to Basingstoke simply by singing like Bob Marley with a peg on his nose . . . a jolly jape, to be sure, but doesn't Klark realise no-one can believe they're for real? Why doesn't he just pay off the two hired stooges and come clean?

More to the point, who'd give a shit about 'The Police' if it weren't for the (carefully leaked) Kent connection?

PAUL DU NOYER

★ SWINDLE UPDATE ★

THE 4Be2s, the world's dodgiest band, puppeteered by the planet's biggest blagger Jock MacDonald, have found a home at WEA for their notorious second single 'Frustration', which is backed with their idiosyncratic version of 'I Can't Explain'.

The company must hold out high hopes of a large return on the product, bearing in mind the band's earlier record company dealings. Formerly signed to Island on a one-off basis for the release of the John Lydon-produced 'One Of The Lads', the boys didn't like the way it or they were handled, and subsequently vented their displeasure by trashing an office, causing damage running into thousands.

Unsurprisingly they didn't find it easy convincing another label of their peaceable intentions. And their future might have been further hampered by the departure of their best musician Youth Martin, the bassist they shared with Killing Joke, if musicianly ability were a prime consideration.

As it was, the group was formed by Lydon's younger brother Jimmy with malingerer MacDonald, as a bizarre joke in celebration of their Pistols connection. And Youth's uncanny resemblance to Sid Vicious got him the job.

However, the joke's since backfired on a gullible public, whose hearty response has encouraged the boys to take themselves seriously. The Lydon connection aside, we at *Thrills* find it difficult to understand the public's fascination after witnessing their packed Venue concert, which consisted largely of PiL-like instrumentals blotched by MacDonald's ugly rugby songs, and Jimmy amiable covers of pop standards.

It would seem that the rock'n'roll swindle continues.

TOUCH N. GO

Thrills!

Pic: Tom Sheehan

The Lydon set seen outside Holloway Prison at the start of their Don't Free The Stranglers campaign.

GIRLs ABOUT TOWN

NOTHING could be camper than the sight of Ms. Elisabeth Welch singing 'Stormy Weather', regally swanning round in a neck ruff surrounded by neo-Busby Berkeley chorus lines of pirouetting sailor boys at the end of Derek Jarman's controversial (I fell asleep/the editor loved it,) film of *The Tempest*.

The amateur sailor boys look on adoringly, hanging on her every note. With good reason; Ms. Welch's delivery, at age 71 or above 80, depending on whether you believe her or her P.R. — is a flawless gem. Elisabeth was the first chanteuse of 'Stormy Weather' in this country, in a 1933 review called *Dark Doings*. Four shows a day, starting 11.30 a.m. Her emotion is restrained, but affecting. As she sings, "I'm weary all the time," a refined languor creeps over the listener's senses — refreshingly different from the more usual 1980-style "I'm really shattered."

Ms. Welch would prefer to think of herself as Miss. She thinks the Women's Movement's about burning bras, and likes men to light her cigarettes. A self-confessed moody loner, living in an exquisite mews house full of fine carved antiques and memorabilia of her successful half-century as a singer. A coffee-table book on Cole Porter lies on her glossy baby grand piano, a reminder of her association with the devastating wit of many '30s musicals. Porter wrote a song specially for Elisabeth, called 'Solomon.' She begins to sing it, her vibrato resonating like a flicked crystal glass: "Solomon had a thousand wives. . ."

"What comes next, Elisabeth?"

"Oh, he looks after them very well, and in the end he has to kill them all," she answers, then delivers her special fruity trooper's laugh, richer than the average giggle.

When she was a small girl in New York, Elisabeth was already a romantic. She rushed to bed at night and dreamt about her latest crush — the church organist, or the priest. "I used to dream these dreams, but the fade-out was always the kiss. That's all I knew." Miss Welch still believes you can fall in love across a crowded room — she's proved it.

Her mother would find her huddled in a ball at the foot of the bed, under the sheets. She never told her off, because that would have killed the character. "And I certainly am a character, no doubt about it," cracks Elisabeth.

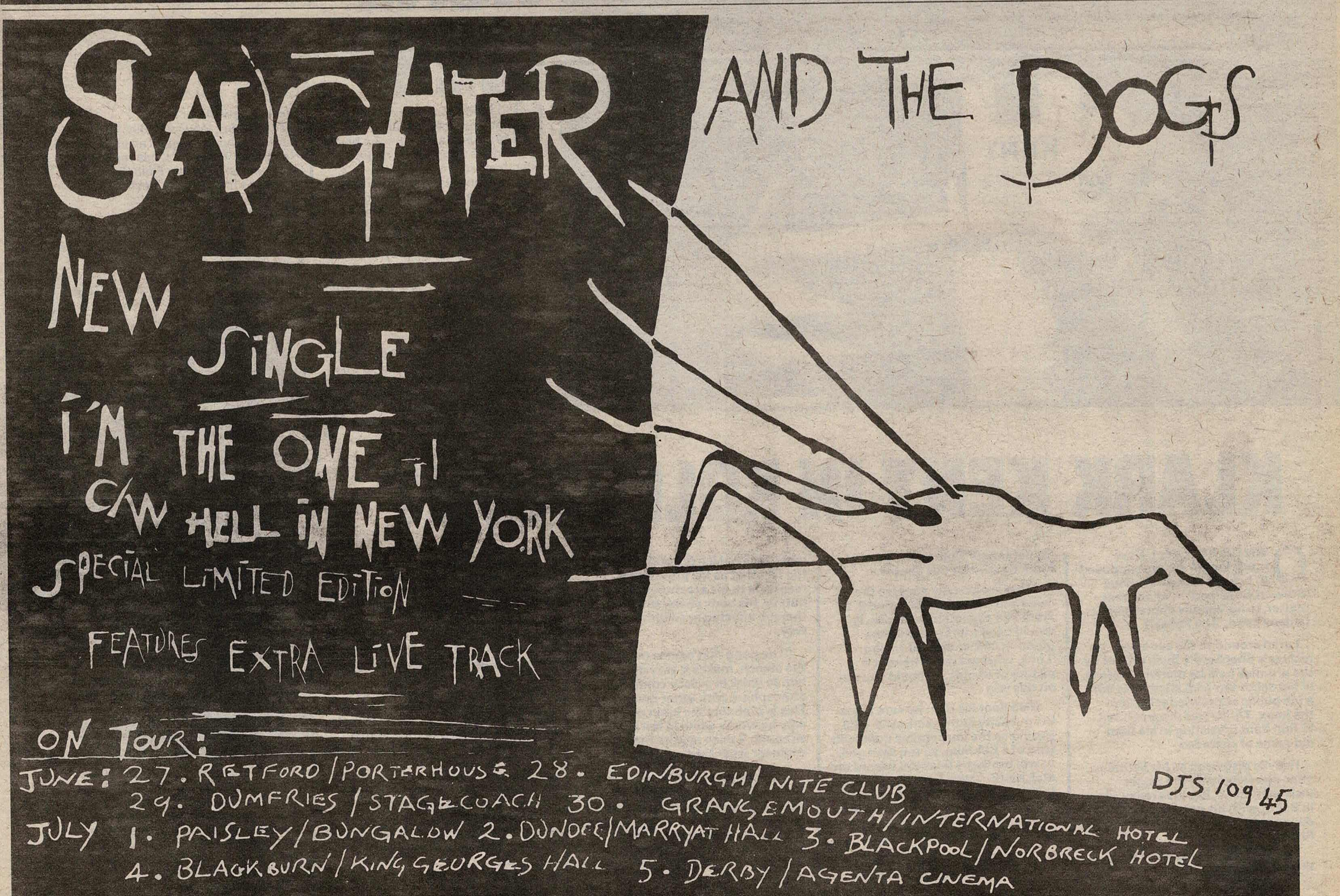
She accosts her landlord's agent in the courtyard — he still hasn't fixed the damp in the bedroom.

"I saw your name in the papers," ventures the agent.

"That's right," Elisabeth purrs, "I killed seven people — *you'll* be the eighth."

Definitely a character.

In fact, Elisabeth has weathered the many changes in the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entertainment business remarkably well. As the age of musicals died, she was already working in the fledgling days of radio, alongside luminaries like Arthur Askey and Stinker Murdoch. She had her own show back in '34: *'Soft Lights And Sweet Music.'* In those days, radio personalities all wore evening dress — gowns for women and black tie for gents, lack of vision notwithstanding.

Elisabeth was in at the start of TV at Alexandra Palace, too, "till the war came, of course, and the Americans started to beat us". The cameraman had his head under a big cloth and performers stood stock still for their head shots.

Even when she was crippled for years with chronic arthritis (she's now got two new hips,) Elisabeth delivered the goods in *Pippin,* directed by Bob Fosse.

Now she worries about rising rents, like everyone else . . . "All I ask is not to be a begger. No, I'm not always in work, but . . . I manage to pay my way. I never feel lonely, as long as I've got a telephone."

Miss Welch thinks the sailors in *The Tempest* were all lovely, but she hasn't seen the film. Her rendition of 'Stormy Weather,' backed with the equally charming 'You're Blase', has been released by Industrial Records, independent home of Throbbing Gristle. Miss Welch has never met the Industrial mob; I tell her about T. G.'s Genesis P. Orridge and Cosi Fanni Tutti. *"Genesis?"* says Elisabeth thoughtfully. "Really . . . ." Not that a funny name would phase her; Elisabeth's motto is taken from lines she sang in 'Pippin': *"I believe if I never grow old, I'll stay young till I die."*

"Theatre people have always lived as they wanted to live. It's an old-fashioned word — bohemian."

VIVIEN GOLDMAN

Bebe (centre) waits to pick up ... the cheque.

TO SAY that Bette Midler's *A View from a Broad* is the acceptable face of from-the-bottom-up rock journalism these days may drive you straight to stories of truly greater grit *("Teacher Leaps to the Rescue and Saves 42 Dying Frogs With Kiss of Life")*. But hang on in there, remembering what the Divine Bette counsels ("The only thing I put above sentiment is revenge") and lend a thought to Bebe Buell, 'friend of the stars'. Bebe ("There is absolutely one thing that I want you to understand: I am not and never have been, a groupie") talks it up about her rock star relationships in a recent issue of *Oui*.

And better to lend a thought now than an ear later; Bebe's LP 'Covers Girl' is still very much an ongoing situation, with Ric Ocasek and Rick Derringer roped in to add a little class to production. (Tunes are rumoured to include BB's versions of "Little Black Egg' by The Nightcrawlers and 'Little Red Book' by Love).

Once dubbed by *New York* magazine the *"fillet mignon of rock"*, Ms Buell has multiple claims to fame. The mignon metaphor has been cooking for awhile; and Bebe's personal history combines notes of irony (her first modelling job was for *Brides* mag) with prophecy (one stint as cover girl on *Girl About Town,* the truly free magazine). In November '74 she was looking wistfully naked in the centrefold of *Playboy* and she graced the cover of *Oui* itself in January of '76.

None of this, though, is what made Bebe Buell a name to conjure with in the rock consumer's world. In the music biz gossip mill, Bebe is renowned for her celebrated friendships with Todd, Rod, Mick, Jimmy, Elvis (the live one), and now — Stiv Bators. Apparently it all started at age 10, when a preteen Bebe went with her Mom to see the Stones at the Virginia Beach Civic Centre:

"I wanted to run up and take a picture of Brian Jones. Finally, my mother went to the bathroom, and I ran to the very front row. I was kneeling there, looking up like I was in church, and this cop grabbed my arm. So Keith walked over to the edge of the stage and kicked him! It was great. He said, 'Leave her alone, she's only a little girl'."

At 14, Bebe's first boyfriend was one Paul Cowsill (how many remember The Cowsills?). He blew the deal when he unchivalrously announced that he had "met this other girl and she takes birth control pills, and we do stuff and I like it". Bebe was crushed, but life went on. Eventually there was a move to New York, where she became a feature of Max's Kansas City in its heyday, and met Todd Rundgren.

"He was my very first."

Alas, though, in the upper strata of rockdom life and love rarely run smoothly.

"It got weird when he went cosmic. I was into the fun of the rock and roll lifestyle, and he became not boring — he's never been boring — but sort of monogamous with himself. He started reading books like a maniac; the whole house turned into a book — and he started doing fifteen projects at once. I just got to the point where I needed more affection. Liv, our baby, was two months old when we broke up. He left me for another girl in Texas."

The pieces, however, are picked up and Ms Buell goes on, sparing *Oui* and thee few of the details.

On Mick Jagger: "He's got the only phone book with Marlon Brando in it."

On Jimmy Page: "Jimmy looked great on tour when he wore riding pants and boots up to his knees, but Dirk Bogarde pulled off that Nazi - domination - I'll - beat - you - later - look better than anybody."

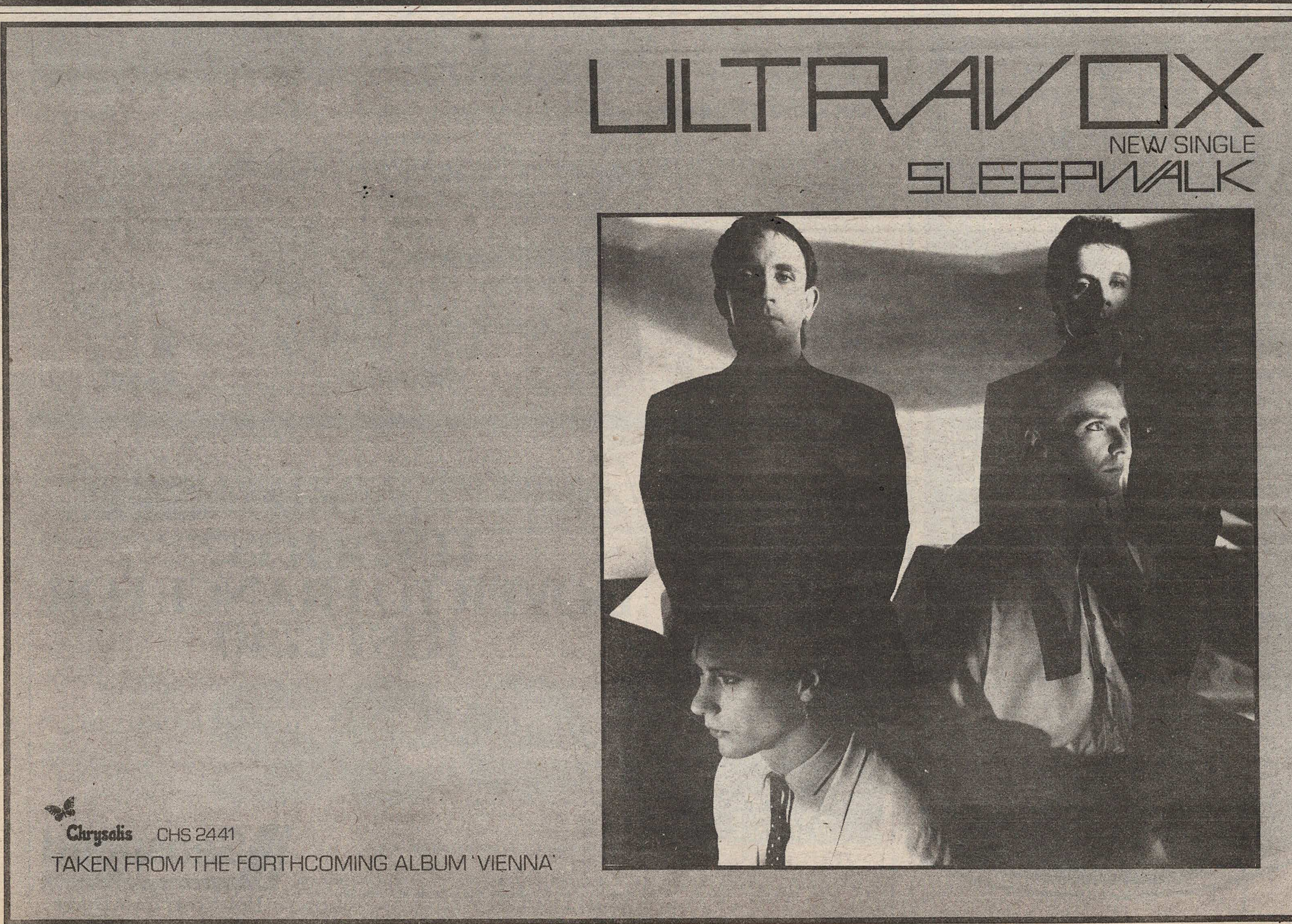
On sex: "I'm kind of like Audrey Hepburn — I'm very old fashioned. I'd rather kiss and pet for three or four hours than hang from chandeliers."

On Real Life: "I really love to clean house. I vacuum when I get nervous. That was one of the things that drove Todd crazy."

But before we all say aaaaahhhh, spare a thought for the fact that Bebe is not disrespected by her own sex. Her looks have inspired such picky lensladies as Marcia Resnick and Lynn Goldsmith. And Patti Smith has patched up more than one fight between the muse and Smith's old friend Todd. "Patti was always real sweet to me. She never treaded on anybody's turf and she was one of the first people to give me confidence. She said, 'Bebe, you've got a really risque mouth'."

"I did these really sexy underwear pictures for *Playboy* and Patti told me she jerked off to them. I was flattered."

MICK FARREN



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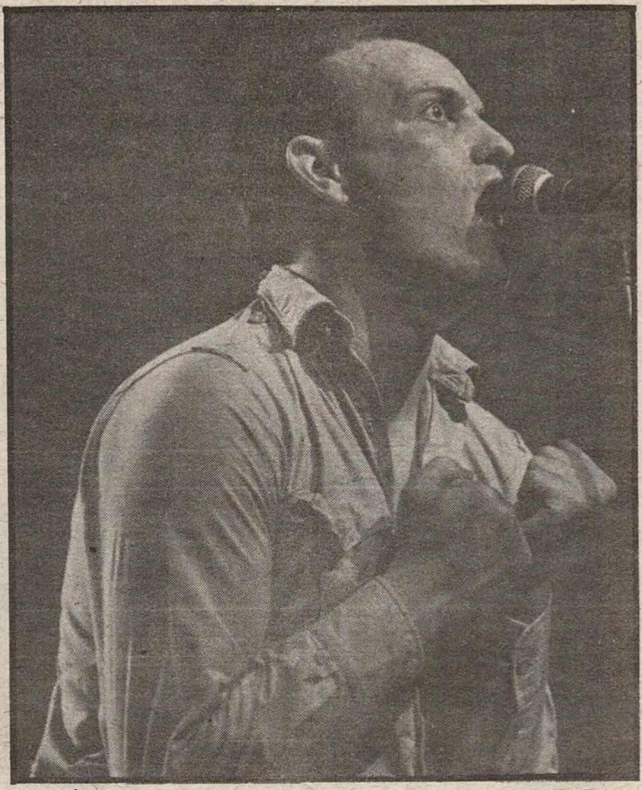


Mensi: the prodigal returns. *Pic: Kel Edge*

THE FRIDAY Mensi had a bath because his mum was going to see him on the telly was a once a year day in more ways than one. The long standing ban on The Angelic Upstarts appearing in their native North East was temporarily lifted. Tyne-Tees Television had invited them to take part in their *Friday Live* programme, play a couple of numbers and then join in a debate entitled, 'Violence, an illusion or a reality?'. Other participants would include senior police officials, a Tory MP and a judge, amongst others of note. Light the touch paper and stand well back.

The reason for the Upstarts' banishment from their own kingdom is politically controversial and suspiciously sinister. Trouble at their gigs, Mensi has always insisted, was seized upon by the police as an excuse to silence a band that was making too much noise about the Liddle Towers' affair.

The programme began with a fact: Crimes of violence increased by 24% over the last year in the North East. Sir William Elliott, Tory MP for Newcastle North knew why: "There's not enough discipline in schools!" — A passionate assertion. "Bring back conscription!" proclaimed a caller during a phone-in spot. But local headmaster, Ken Dyos, had formulated his own personal hypothesis: "Violence amongst school-girls was at its worst at the time of the platform shoes." Thank God society is rid of that menace once and for all.

Things only began to get interesting when the accusation was finally made: The Angelic Upstarts use violence to enhance their image. Why else would the programme's producer choose to superimpose flames onto the film of the band's first number? A trite and hackneyed attempt to present the Upstarts as hellish demons from some subversive underworld. But the propaganda was eagerly swallowed by Basil Griffiths, vice chairman of the Police Federation. He looked on in disgust: "Violence should not be popularised . . . there is never an excuse for it."

Mensi's first contribution to the debate then betrayed the real reason he came: "Blair Peach's wife wouldn't think it was a good thing either."

The fuse was lit and the sparks began to fly. On once side we had the conservatives of traditional authority, on the other side the radicals of the new society (half a million people under the age of 24 are out of work) of suppressed youth. Neither side would make the slightest concession, they were whole worlds apart; a massive culture gap was exposed.

And Mensi continued to attack the law; his feelings are deep rooted but often based on fact; "Forensic evidence said Blair Peach was killed with a heavier weapon than a truncheon." So what were the police fighting with that day? But the bait wasn't taken.

Sir William Elliott was as broad in his condemnation of working class 'delinquent' youth as Mensi appeared to be in his condemnation of all police. He described the Upstarts' fans in the audience as "moronic people", their violence stems from their own lack of confidence. Mensi was puzzled, "How do you know we're violent? How do you know . . . ?"

"Because you're interrupting me now," interrupted Sir William.

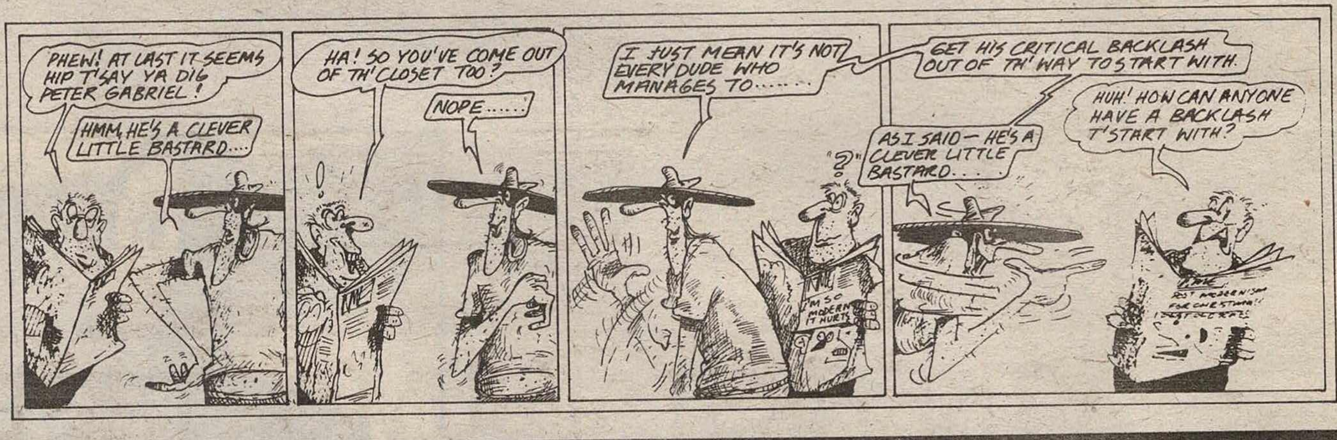
Thankfully, the articulate skills of psychologist Peter Ward often saved Mensi from the sharp tongue of this petulant MP. He provided intellectual substance to the passionate, but less articulate reasoning of the Upstarts' leader. He also told the most illuminating story of the evening. That day he had witnessed 30 Oxford undergraduates rioting in the streets of their university town. The police stood by and watched. They were prepared to tolerate post-exam antics of celebrating students; they were prepared to bend the law, to make an exception. Ward went on to say that if these students had been working-class kids, belonging to some recognised sub-culture, e.g. skinheads, then he would no doubt have a different tale to tell.

So are the police guilty of blatant social class discrimination? Mensi's own story, not fully covered by the show, suggests this might well be so.

A little while ago, after the QPR v Sunderland match in London, he was walking along with 30 of his best chums when he was arrested 'on sus', taken down to the station and later charged with threatening behaviour. Mensi, unsurprisngly has many grievances about the way he was treated but *sub judice* law prevent us from detailing his account of events.
His case is heard on June 27.

MICK DUFFY

The Lone Groover — Benyon


PHEW! AT LAST IT SEEMS HIP T'SAY YA DIG PETER GABRIEL!
HMM, HE'S A CLEVER LITTLE BASTARD....
HA! SO YOU'VE COME OUT OF TH' CLOSET TOO?
NOPE......
I JUST MEAN IT'S NOT EVERY DUDE WHO MANAGES TO......
GET HIS CRITICAL BACKLASH OUT OF TH' WAY TO START WITH.
"?"
AS I SAID— HE'S A CLEVER LITTLE BASTARD...
HUH! HOW CAN ANYONE HAVE A BACKLASH T'START WITH?
I'M SO MODERN IT HURTS

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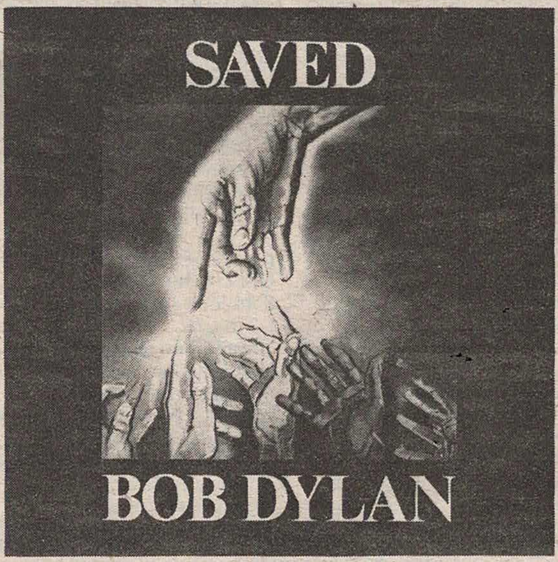

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Geneva?
Did you see the world around
decay, Geneva?
I could never raise the strength
to believe a
Single word of what anyone
said, Geneva.

Marry me and be my mouth,
Geneva.
Break away from the radiant
smile, Geneva.
Bang yet another dustbin lid
and lever
All our aims of anarchy,
Geneva.

Why on earth is heaven sent,
Geneva?
Why? Because the hand
placates, Geneva.
I could lay with you and whisper
fever.
I could love you more or less,
Geneva.

Sitting astride my hobby horse
I will rattle my empty spurs.
While plying my hocus willow
harp,
Somebody suddenly purrs.
I look up to the empty sky,
And down peer the cameramen.
How many miles to Babylon?
Threescore miles and ten!

I left Sutton hurriedly
And dashed about in a fret.
But soon I disregarded it and
sigh,
And now everything's upset.
I got harried, and that was that.
Stepping out amongst the
drains.
I wish I could love like I wish I
could love.
I wish I could be Jim Haynes.

By and by I will bide my time,
Geneva.
Now that the party is over and
lost, Geneva.
If I had lived in Kensal Rise, I
wouldn't have backed
Lefevre.
Now that it's lost I can face it
and grin, Geneva.

They are over the last and on
the long run in, Geneva.
Who do you think will win in the
end, Geneva?
They choose Brahma, you
choose Krishna, I lay odds
on Shiva.

Clatter those bins and shatter
that safe, Geneva.

I turn my eyes to you in vain,
Geneva.
I turn around and I look at me,
Geneva.
I couldn't sow the soil, but knit
my brows, and I am the
spinning weaver.
I couldn't till the land until I
killed Geneva.

If I could lay my hand upon a
place to stay forever.
Stabilise my galloping mind.
Rest my wayward weariness.
Press my creased
accomplishments.
Walk my mirror images.
Do you believe I could weave
my dreams
And stay my wandering hands?
Out of distance, beyond the
pale,
And limpid with fresh demands.

I couldn't really face the
marathon race
Until I killed Geneva.
I couldn't unbend from the
lingering sulk
Until I killed Geneva.
I couldn't break the amplified
bow.
I couldn't repeat the incomplete
throw.
I couldn't explain what I wanted
to know
Until I killed Geneva.

I couldn't chime in with a
knowledge of knolls
Until I killed Geneva.
I couldn't walk out without a
comical hat
Until I killed Geneva.
I never wanted the world to
know
That I didn't go to the show,
heigh ho!
I stayed at home with my
amplified bow,
Until I killed Geneva.

If anyone asks, I wasn't in,
Until I killed Geneva.
If anyone cares, I begin to
doubt,
Until I killed Geneva.
I couldn't see the mark on the
gentleman's head.
I couldn't join the dance in the
engineer's tread.
I got up and walked. I was
already dead.
Until I killed Geneva.

MIND AND BODY ROCK OUT, OK?

WORRIES concerning the financial health of Graham Wilson's Festival For Mind-Body-Spirit were relieved this week by the New Age entrepreneur himself.

The enterprise, he tells *Thrills*, is alive and healthy and will continue (June 21–29 at London's Olympia) in much the same fashion as before.

Alarm bells began sounding following receipt at the *Thrills* desk recently of a photocopy of a curious letter dated 11.1.1979. It was on New York Festival For Mind-Body-Spirit notepaper and signed in Wilson's own hand.

It is with much regret, the despatch opened, *that we have to inform you that the Festival For Mind-Body-Spirit Ltd is unable to meet current debts. The company has nil cash in hand, no assets and no prospect of future income.*

Recipients of this curt missive were "four or five" American businesses who were owed monies relating to work or services rendered towards the September 1979 Festival in the NY Coliseum.

"I suppose the letter was a little curt," Wilson acknowledged this week, "but we had suffered a financial loss in New York and no funds were available to pay the outstanding debts."

Asked why monies could not have been made available from the admittedly "healthy" British company Wilson says that this has been subsequently arranged, even though the British company "has nothing to do" with the American organisation of the same name.

In fact the two entirely independent bodies not only share a common title but also a director. Sole executive of the NY body being Graham Wilson while directorship of the British company is in the hands of Graham Wilson and his wife Gay.

A search undertaken at Companies House in London revealed that up until February 25, 1980, Festival For Mind-Body-Spirit Ltd had filed no annual accounts since its registration in 1976, an anomaly Wilson finds perplexing since, he says, "they have definitely been done. They are all bound, signed and sealed with copies here in the office."

What they reveal, he says, is that the British company is in a "very healthy condition" although it is not the aim of the firm to profit unduly from the Festival but simply to produce an exhibition beneficial to New Age thinkers.

A noteworthy absentee from this year's show is the Putney-based Emin sect, led by one Raymond Armin, better known to his followers as Leo.

The group has recently been locked in the sternest legal wranglings with *Private Eye,* following a series of articles in the magazine describing the 'sinister' nature of the sect and its description of a number of tragedies that have befallen Armin's disciples.

Thrills' own enquiries have uncovered two unsavoury episodes involving the sect that occurred at the June '79 Bristol Festival For Mind-Body-Spirit. One involved teepee expert and free festival vetern Syd Rawle who was reportedly "roughed up" during a demonstration by cult members after he had mounted the stage to deliver a stinging anti-Emin diatribe.

The other concerned a young lady visitor to the Festival who reports that she was approached by a proselytising Eminite who, in order to convince her of his occult powers, administered the 'Fizz' treatment — a naturally-induced charge of electric energy. The result was a three-hour migraine and an invitation to visit the Emin stand if she required quick relief.

Wilson reports that the group will not be taking part in the Olympia show. "I had some reservations about them before the *Private Eye* articles," he reports, "about whether or not they fitted into the context of the festival. "After discussions, it was mutually decided that they would not appear this year."

Despite the faintly nagging tone of the foregoing, the *Thrills* desk is happy to recommend the Olympia Festival as a stimulating and rewarding day out. While we remain vigilante in regard to the Aquarian spiv element, we also acknowledge Wilson's proud and honest boast that he is simply "trying to do a good job as conscientiously as possible."

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The Adventures Of Una Persson And Catherine Cornelius In The Twentieth Century *(Granada £1.25)*
by Michael Moorcock

"Appropriate (adj): belonging or peculiar (to); suitable or proper (to, for). Appropriate (verb, transitive): take possession of; take to oneself . . ." — Concise Oxford Dictionary.

IN THE neatest cultural heist since St Sid co-opted 'My Way' from Frank Sinatra, Michael Moorcock has appropriated (v.t.) the entire structure, plot, legend and *dramatis personae* of *The Great Rock 'N' Roll Swindle* from its owners and proprietors and fully subsumed it into the Jerry Cornelius mythos which has formed the basis of his best work over the past 15 years. This heist is nothing less than appropriate (adj).

Described variously as 'the newspaper of the novel of the book of the film of the record' and 'the cheapest novel of 1980', Moorcock's contribution to the *Swindle* has manifested itself in the unlikely form of a broadsheet newspaper containing numerous stills from the film, old stills of the Pistols, relevant newspaper clippings and a novelette in which well-known Moorcock characters slip in and out of the film synopsis mingling with the *Swindle* cast with sufficient agility to ensure than none of them clash with the events that appeared on the screen.

The one exception is Jerry's mum — the finest character Moorcock ever created — who is, of course, the cinema usherette portrayed on screen by Irene Handl, who was probably the inspiration for Mrs Cornelius in the first place. In a sense, Malcolm McLaren becomes another exception simply by not appearing in the novel at all except as the object of common pursuit. In Hitchcockian terms, McLaren becomes the McGuffin.

Otherwise, Bishop Beesley still guzzles chocolate, Frank Cornelius still endeavours to triumph by connivance and treachery, Lemmy's leather carapace still shields a heart of gold, Jerry Cornelius himself still gets the shakes, Miss Brunner is still nervous . . . all Moorcock's regulars have plopped into the plot as if they owned it, and the author's unashamedly partisan prose is by no means flattering to the film and its sponsors. Moorcock's participation in the *Swindle* has produced an artefact considerably more honourable (in its fashion) than much of what surrounds it.

The Adventures Of Una Persson And Catherine Cornelius In The Twentieth Century is more familiar Moorcock territory: Jerry's sister and her best friend indulge in recreational time-travelling through everything from post-revolutionary Russia to rock and roll London with diversions in all directions, geographical and temporal. Beg, borrow, buy or appropriate (v.t.) at your earliest.

Charles Shaar Murrav

PRINT

One of the several thousand shapes thrown by Debby in the Bangs' opus.

The Furniture Effect

Blondie

by Lester Bangs
(Omnibus Press £3.95)

OBVIOUSLY what we have here is a fast buck. Obviously. I'm not sure exactly how fast, but I've heard stories . . .

Actually, what we have here is a fast book. It lasts about two hours, it's 8 x 10 inches big, and roughly six millimetres deep. One thing it definitely isn't is cheap.

The author is Lester Bangs, a leading figure in gonzo rock journalism, but not normally associated with this type of enterprise. Being a bit of a novice at it, Bangs rather gamely pitches his efforts at the literate Blondie fan. One wonders whether the popsploitation market will stand it, let alone understand it. But to his credit, Bangs refuses to let circumstances get the better of him and asks at the very outset the question integrity virtually begs in the context of large expanses of photography set against small areas of type. He asks: "Can cheesecake keep you on the charts for 72 weeks?"

The answer seems to be: "Well, yes, maybe, and then again, no." Much research has gone into providing this answer. Granted a lot of it was confined to the group's press cuttings, but I still defy him to say it took less time to write this book than it does to read it, as I have a sneaking suspicion he one day might.

Fact is, Bangs has put a surprising amount of effort into explaining the Blondie Phenomena; pointless effort, considering who will buy the book, but effort nonetheless, and even a little localised legwork. He has scraped the bottom of the Bowery for anecdote and reminiscence, nostalgia and recrimination. He grapples with the Blondies' schizophrenic image of themselves, poised halfway between Pop and Art, and in the process comes up against their paranoia. He makes the case for their vymura appeal being pure Pop-Art, the unexpected essence of the Warhol avant-garde.

To paraphrase Bangs (who was himself paraphrasing someone else at the time): Blondie is just an item of furniture singing love songs to other items of furniture.

And, gosh, yes, it is the real thing between Chris and Debbie.

Paul Rambali

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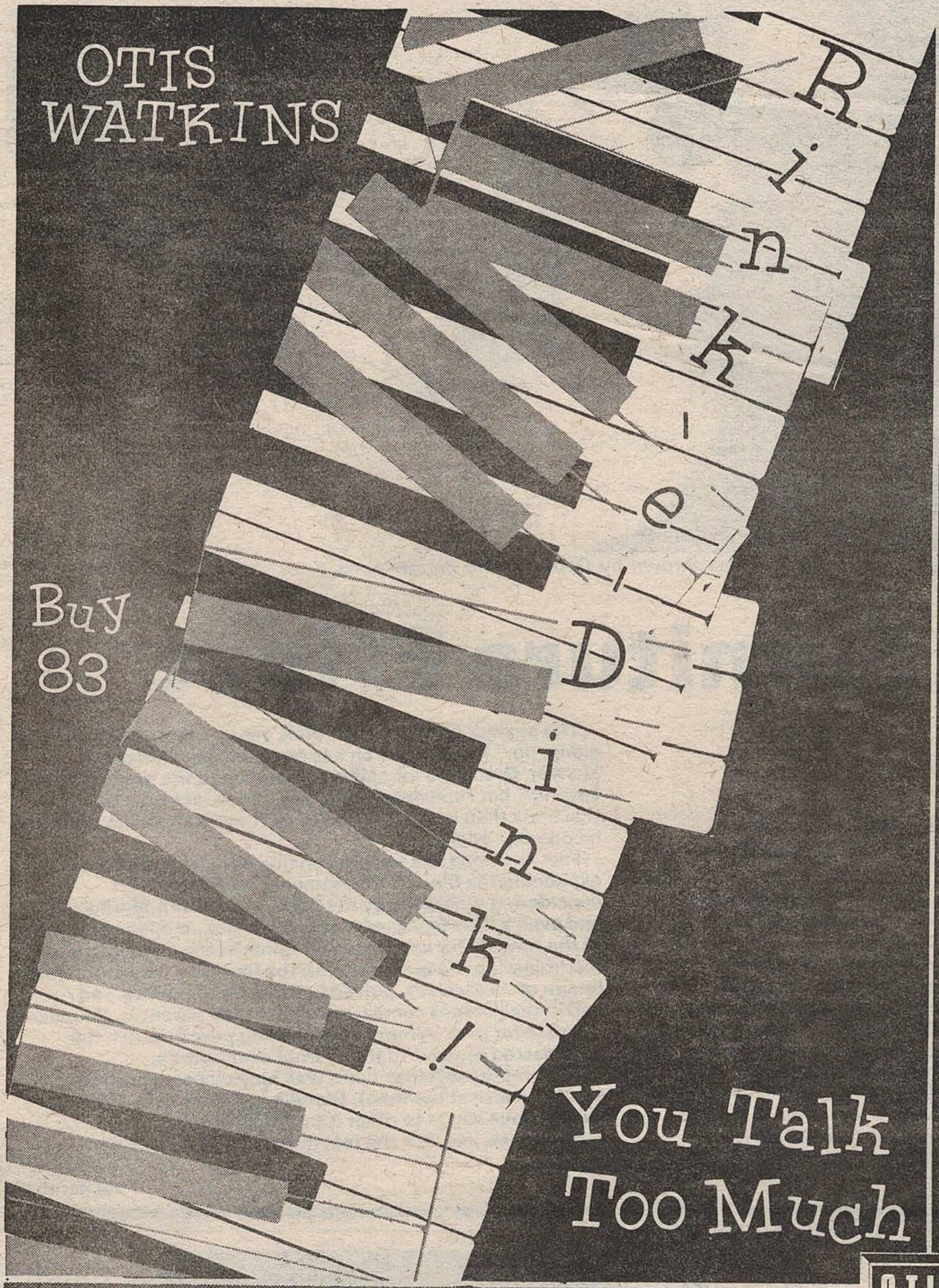

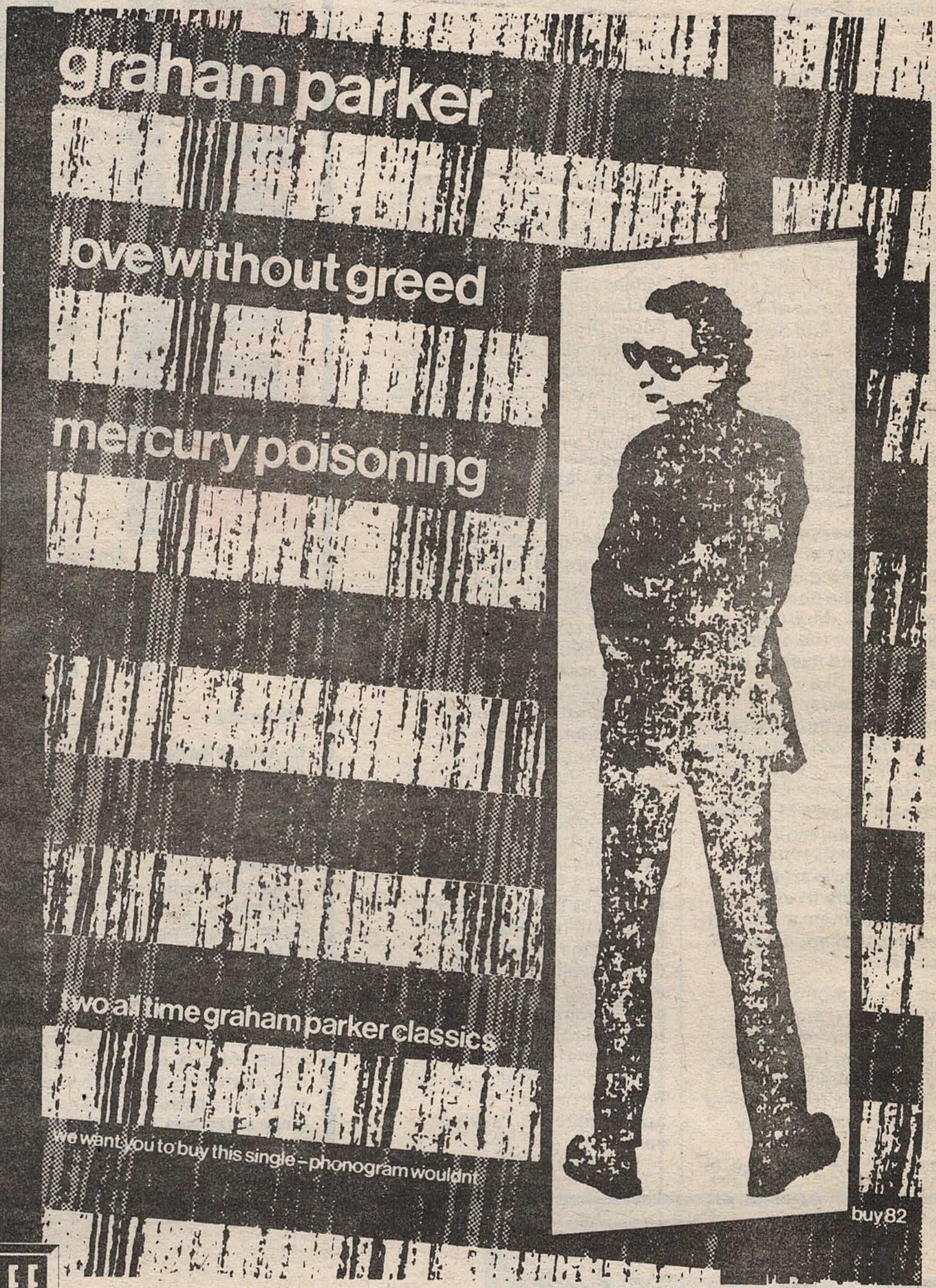
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'WHERE ARE ALL THE NICE GIRLS'

SINGLES

Reviewed by: PAUL RAMBALI

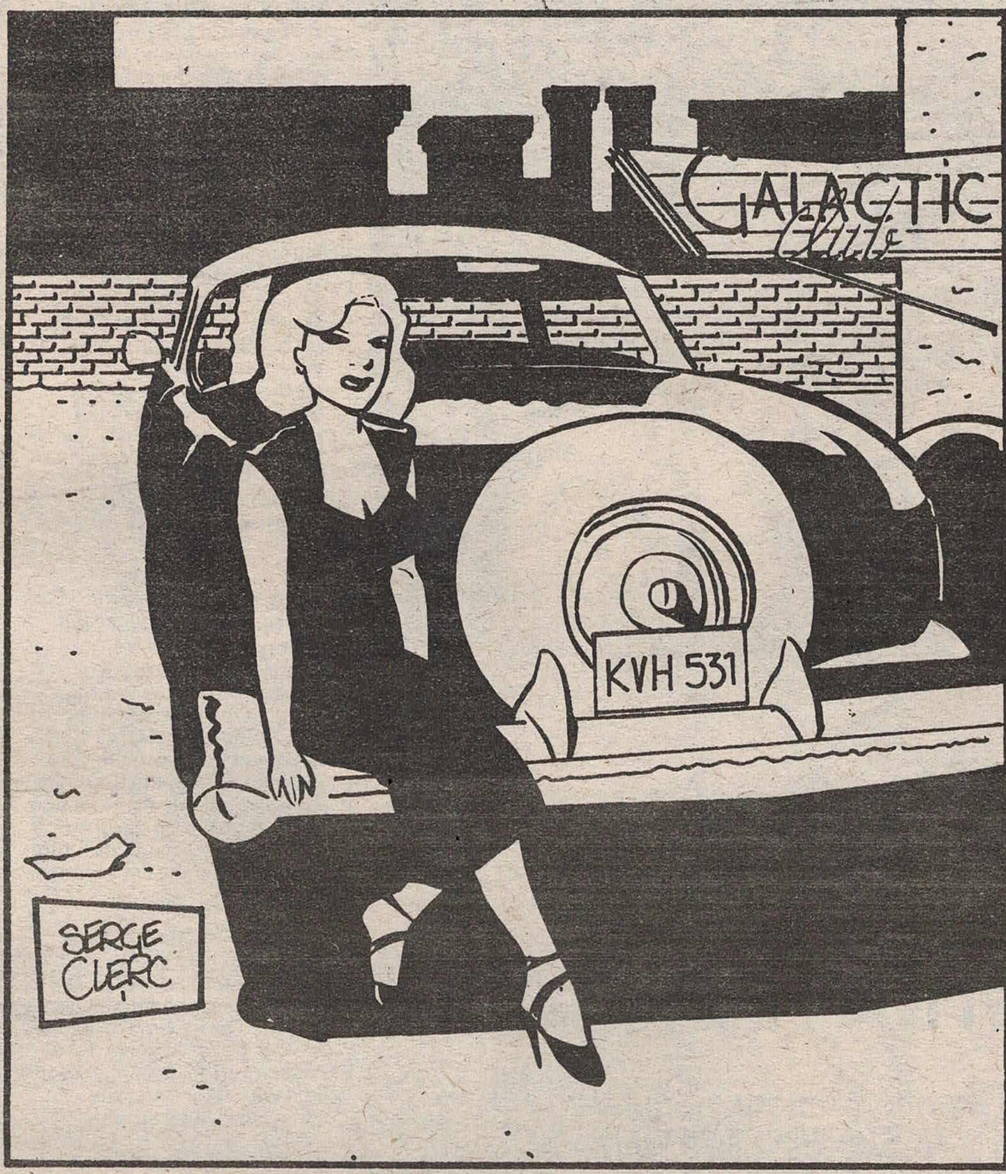


Illustration: Serge Clerc

Late at night, I park my car, Take my place at the singles bar

Apologies to Bryan Ferry

CHEAP TRICK: Found All The Parts (Epic import). Cheer up! There's still a place for robust rock fun, and I'm not apologising for that. Cheap Trick's 10-inch EP features an unissued track apiece from the four recorded years of their existence, two live and two studio, plus a bonus copy of their new single from the soundtrack of the film *Roadie*, called 'Everything Works If You Let It'. Here is a band that's not afraid of platitudes. . .

Cheap Trick belong in the crass, noisy mainstream, making the sort of crass noises that always accompany puberty rites, just like The Beatles did. Remember The Beatles? Forget The Beatles. Cheap Trick are a better band than the mainstream could possibly merit, with just the right combination of finesse and unsubtlety. Here's hoping they get even richer than they are already.

THE PLASMATICS: Butcher Baby (Stiff). The Plasmatics are a bunch of low-rent sleazo degenerate New Yorkers scumsurfing their way into the public consciousness on the strength of a highly visible pair of female mammary organs belonging to the 'colourful' Wendy O Williams. Wendy seems proud of her endowments, such as they are. Two old but still firmly-rounded orbs about the size of ripe Spanish oranges that jut out proudly from her fulsome torso and . . . It's no good, I can't go on. Confining this review to the salient features of the group proves beyond me. Let's discuss the music instead.

Better still, let's not. It could have come from a bad live recording of Devo in 1975, and sounds like The Tubes without a budget. The one inspirational moment comes about midway through with the sound of a guitar being sawed in half. But the pathetic prurient appeal of The Plasmatics will go far with the ever less discreet voyeurism of public appetites. What I mean is, if you want to see porn, why waste your money on this stuff? The real hard stuff is just as cheap, and just as squalid, and just as boring.

DEAD KENNEDYS: Holiday In Cambodia (Cherry Red). More strafings from the numb zone of U.S. sensibility. The Dead Kennedys rake over the ashes of 'Nam for their latest single, 'Holiday In Cambodia'. These miserably ineffective musical insurgents have been brushed off like a fly on the backside of the beast they want to provoke, but their titles are still good for a quick (very quick) chuckle.

They could be the Country Joe and the Fish of their generation, but as far as penetrating the psyche of their despised America goes, these guys haven't even reached Saigon. Regardless of which, I look forward to their comments on the despised Ayatollah.

THE UNDERTONES: Wednesday Week (Sire). Right about now this column needs a little innocent light relief, and who better to supply it than The Undertones? Almost my favourite group, barring about a hundred others. No doubt the fetching, plaintive tones of 'Wednesday Week' will be achingly familiar to those who already own their second album. No doubt its lack of overt jollity will come as a surprise to those who don't. Looks like the chums have got another mediocre hit on their hands.

THE Q-TIPS: Tracks Of My Tears (Chrysalis). Tired covers of tired old soul standards are getting to be one big drag. You may think it's nothing short of heretical to call 'Tracks Of My Tears' a tired old soul standard but it has passed through so many hands since it left those of William S. Robinson that it's virtually exhausted. Hold this up to the light of the original and it becomes almost transparent.

The Q-Tips made a smart move when they covered the relatively obscure 'Letter Song' for a burgeoning young soul enthusiast market. But if I didn't know this song at all I would still be unimpressed.

THE STEP: Love Letter (Direction). Similarly impotent pleading of the same lost cause on the re-activated CBS soul label (you didn't know CBS had a soul label, but you knew they would have). The Step — who relegate the covers to the flip side and strike out with a song that is largely their own work — are one of the insipid soul recreationist bands who ply their second-hand trade amongst the many middle-aged incumbents who infest the haunts of the musical business in this town (no Funkytown at all) trying desperately not to let go of the youth this sort of music reminds them of.

The thing to watch out for here is the element of burlesque. Soon memories of the original period will fade, and be replaced by a rosy, cherished affection for the trappings of the era. Then all that will be left will be a parody, which is what groups like The Step and The Q-Tips are working their way unwittingly towards. They could one day be the Black Bottom Stompers of soul.

NOEL McCALLA: Beggin' (Direction). In the meantime, groove on this. A cover of a minor English soul hit by a group called Timebox by an English soul singer called Noel McCalla, formerly of Moon. The period update is impeccable, the insistence of the riff is indisputable (it does, after all, belong to The Four Tops), and those involved show a measure of real class.

LAURA WARMAN: Impossible To Love You (DinDisc). My technical advisor tells me this is what's known as a big beat ballad. I trust his judgment in these matters, and would only add that the appropriate cathedral-like atmosphere has been achieved by the instrumentation but is let down somewhat by a lack of all-consuming passion in the vocal department.

THE BIRTHDAY PARTY: Mr Clarinet (Missing Link). The Birthday Party are an avant-garde Australian group (no sniggering at the back please). This is a very good record for the twisted few. Not a million light years away from Pere Ubu in its evocation of pain, fear, ugliness, confusion and alienation. Presumably there is a dark heart of the Australian psyche, up river from their own particular Saigon; at any rate, this group seem to want to reach it. I'm not sure that they live up to these pretensions, but they sound serious, and next time they appear in your dimension it would be worth going along to find out. The Birthday Party is an ironic misnomer; their kind of fun seems to verge on hysteria.

GRAHAM PARKER & THE RUMOUR: Love Without Greed (Stiff). Poor, worthy Graham Parker, one of life's Little Men, like Buster Keaton entering the department store and failing to notice the mob behind him. He's still struggling up the down escalator.

Parker has assimilated his contemporaries beautifully, or perhaps it's the other way around. Whatever, this surging, swirling, stern and portentous single leaves nothing to chance, based as it is on 'Between You And Me', which I always did think was the one indispensable thing he ever recorded.

The B-side is the never-before-released etc. 'Mercury Poisoning'. Is that the quicksilver nature of fame he's talking about? Don't answer that.

CRISTINA: Drive My Car (Ze). A fey, limp, feckless, android version of a song once recorded by The Beatles. Remember them? Forget it.

NICK PLYTAS: To Be Is To Buy (MCA). Far more eclectic, whimsical, cross-bred and drolly surprising than the improbable Ms Cristina. Difficult, on the other hand, to get a grip on Nick Plytas' chosen direction, as it used to be called. Definitely a very surreal record, which reminds me, if Elvis Costello is looking for a new keyboard player, here's a good place to start.

JOHNNY G: Night After Night (Beggar's Banquet).
JOE WALSH: All Night Long (Asylum).
Alcoholic tunesmith Johnny G is something more than a poor man's Joe Walsh; Joe Walsh, however, is not much more than a rich man's Johnny G. Both these records celebrate the benefits of oblivion but are too hung over to remember what the benefits are. Both view the subject from a wry, resolute distance, making it sound thoroughly unromantic and dreary. Indeed, they actually both *sound* very similar, surprisingly enough, although Joe Walsh's probably cost a hell of a lot more to make. Of course, they would both cost exactly the same for you to buy. (Johnny G to join Eagles shock?)

OTIS WATKINS: If You're Ready To Rock (Stiff). A very thinly disguised Geraint Watkins lets his feet take a stroll down the keyboards for your barrelhouse delectation. Barrel by Watneys. Themes by osmosis. Sung by default. A wap bam boom. Yeah!

THOMPSON TWINS: Squares And Triangles (Dirty Disc). A popular independent single in the frail offbeat mould. The Thompson Twins have either been paying a lot of attention to Talking Heads, or else to The Student Teachers, which is unlikely. Those who cherish the half-realised extrapolations of new rock might like this, but on the other hand some patience would be better rewarded.

SHAKIN' STREET: Solid As A Rock (CBS). Energetic, cliched hard rock from France with the almost obligatory female frontperson on hand to thrust it that bit further into the marketplace. The fake live production is by Sandy Pearlman, someone else who's not afraid to deal with platitudes (why do you think he wanted to produce The Clash?). This sounds uncomfortably like The Dictators without a sense of humour.

DION: The Wanderer (Phillips). Re-issue of a classic piece of foot-loose Italian-American rock'n'roll sexual braggadocio. Next time I find myself falling for some girl I'm going to heed Dion's words and *"jump right into my car and drive around the world."*

■ *Continues over*

SINGLE OF THE WEEK

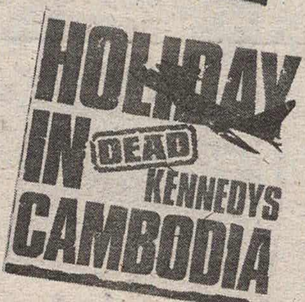
JOY DIVISION: Love Will Tear Us Apart (Factory).

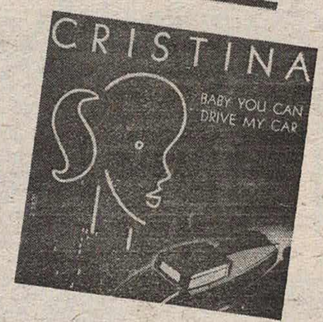
You knew this was going to happen. I make no apologies. It's impossible to suppress the legend that will come to enfold this group like the magnificent gothic shrouds of their music. Death can cast a terribly morbid spell. No wonder they themselves make jokes about it being all part of Factory Records' five year plan.

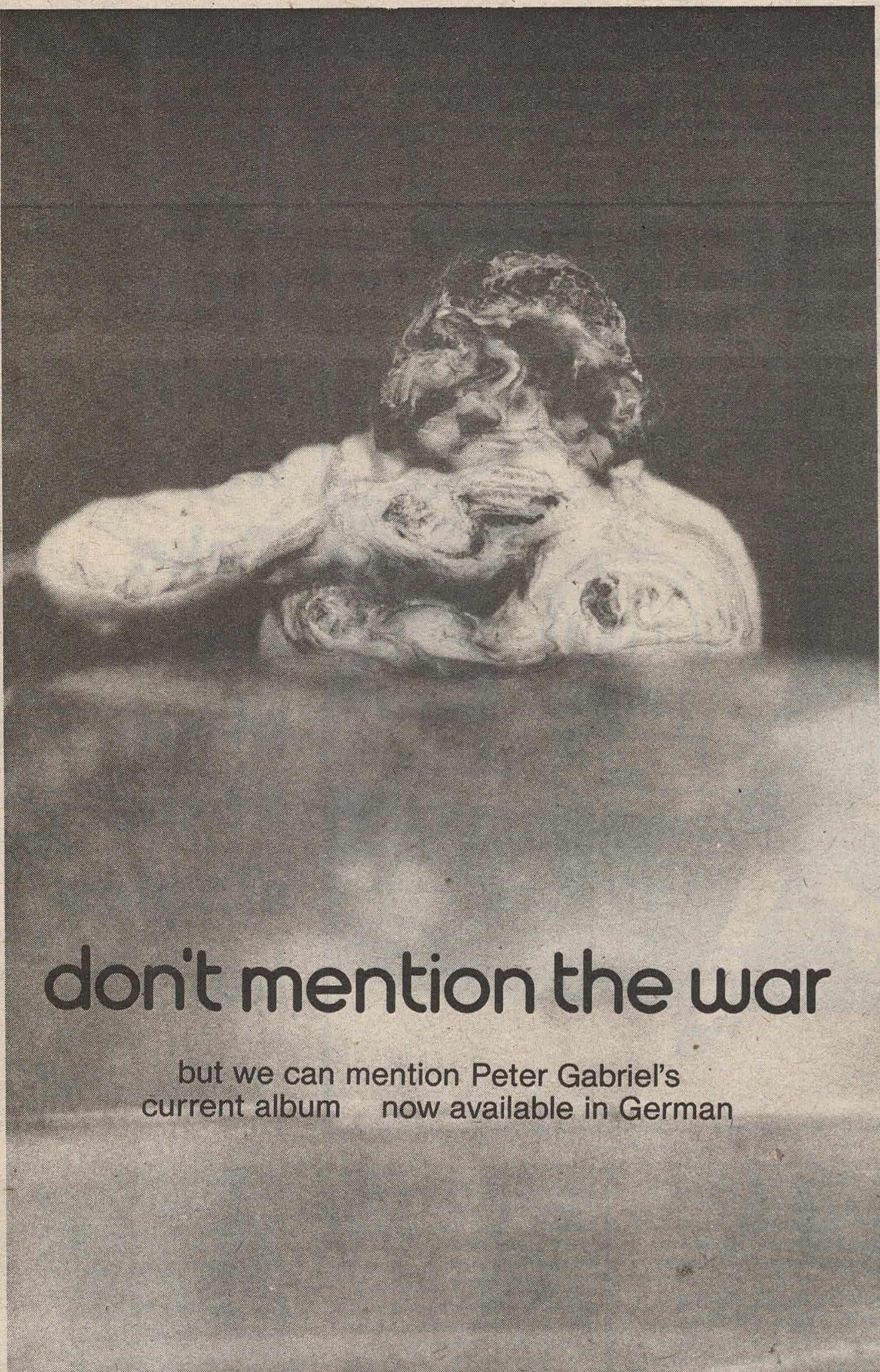
The night before this was recorded Ian Curtis was given a copy of Frank Sinatra's 'Greatest Hits' for reference. Apparently extraordinary amounts of time and money were spent getting the mix right, though still they weren't completely satisfied, and there are two slightly different versions on the single. I'm not all that fond of this particular song, as it happens, but I was of the group, and this deserves the praise that was coming its way anyway.

The title is more poignant than you could guess. The sleeve looks like a tombstone. It is a tombstone.

Ian Curtis. Pic: Anton Corbijn



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SINGLES

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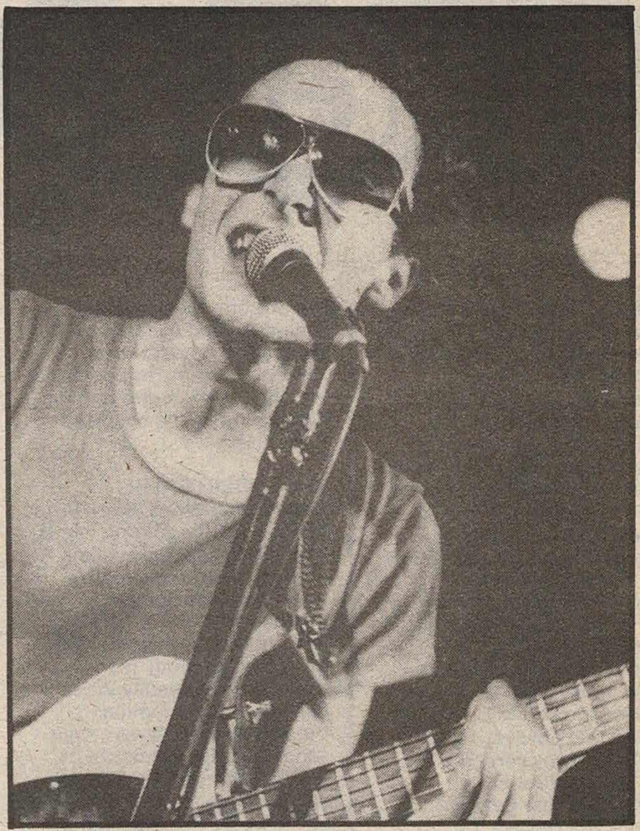

Buster Keaton of rock, anybody? *Pic: Godlis*

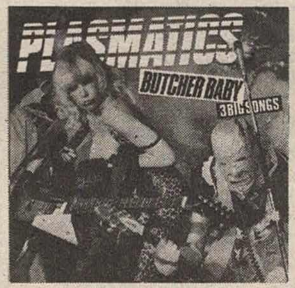
SHEILA B. DEVOTION: King Of The World (Carrere). Bernard Rogers and Nile Edwards give the auteurists among us a field day. This is another one of those endlessly cyclical Chic conceptions. You thought The Clash were chancing it when they set about building a career on three chords? Chic have more or less done it on two and nobody's even noticed. 'King Of The World' disguises the fact that Sheila can barely sing, with some gratuitous reverb devices — which also help enliven the well-worn formulae of the music. This is nowhere near as good as 'Spacer', nor a patch on the B-side of the latest Norma Jean single, whose title escapes me.

CLIVE LANGER & THE BOXES: It's All Over Now (F-Beat). This novelty treatment of the classical Bobby and Shirley Womack song adds more weight to the argument against Clive Langer ever succeeding as a pop star. Part of the trouble is his voice, which, if production work gets thin on the ground, would easily secure his future as understudy to Fred Emney.

SNIFF & THE TEARS: One Love (Chiswick). America has already taken to Sniff & The Tears in a mild, comatose sort of way. The lukewarm appeal of 'One Love' poses no threat to their further ascendancy. If and when it is a hit, Nils Lofgren will have to ask himself a few searching questions.

THE POP RIVETS: Back From Nowhere EP (M. T. Sounds). Five new cheeky, irresponsible noises from the unabashedly punky Pop Rivets, including the very timely 'Sit Back In Anger'. Something of a conceptual raspberry, I feel, as the Rivets are at pains to point out that they're going nowhere, and they think it's today, yeah. Oddly familiar configuration of words, that last bit . . .

THE BARRACUDAS: Summer Fun (Wipe Out). An almost passable frolic from The Barracudas, who must wish they all could be California boys. It's passable in that it's probably no better nor worse than hundreds of novelty surf records of the time, but The Barracudas have overshot by a long mile the line between innocence and inanity. They look more than a little bit stupid beached up there on their imaginary dune. The weather, at this point in time, is the least of their problems.



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NOT AS DAF AS THEY LOOK

Or so Chris Bohn claims in this study of Germany's most formidable new band

D.A.F. (L-R) Robert Gorl, Gabi Delgado-Lopez, Wolfgang Spelmans. Pic David Corio.

"Fear eats the soul" (R.W. Fassbinder)

AND ANGST eats at Germany's. Already living in dread of the communist bloc on its borders, the Germans have found additional cause for worry in the high influx of Turkish immigrants. Many of them taking advantage of West Berlin's open door policy to East Germany (as if not recognising the existence of a separate German state), have avoided detection by entering the city via the Eastern sector.

Unfortunately, because of Berlin's diminishing population, caused partly by Berliners fed up of being boxed in heading westwards, the Turks have become ghettoed in emptying areas like Kreuzberg. And, thus more noticeable, they've become ready scapegoats upon whom the usual blame for increased unemployment, and urban decay is heaped.

Which brings us to Deutsch Amerikanische Freundschaft, the Dusseldorf-based band whose first British single 'Kebabtraume', released earlier this year, so savagely satirised the aforementioned fears and attitudes.

Above a great jittery electronic rhythm pattern, punctuated by martial drumming and ugly, explosive guitar outbursts, an hysterical voice points to the hole in the barbed wire where all the Turks scramble through the kebab houses where they hatch soviet [illegible], bringing the song to the [illegible], when it rises feverishly to proclaim: *"Deutschland! Deutschland! Alles ist vorbei!"* ("... everything's over!").

It turns out to be even better when they perform it live, given the added visual impact of Gabi Delgado-Lopez, D.A.F.'s hinged beanpole of a lead singer, who accompanies the line with idiot John Cleese actions.

Not a band to tread warily around a subject, they breach German taboos further with *"The funny boots are marching over Poland!"*, which is basically the ambiguous title shrieked nursery-style ad absurdem, until the final delicate twist clarifies the band's position: *"The German children are marching over Poland / In funny heavy boots."*

And suddenly it's less a celebration of past Prussian might and more a sad, sorry tale of the war's final days, when ridiculously young kids were sent to defend the front. Probably proud to do so, too.

Combined with their compulsively exotic new noise, D.A.F.'s willingness to confront their state's neuroses and bare its people's more intimate fears and behaviour makes them one of the most exciting bands to come out of Europe. If English audiences aren't immediately cottoning on to what they're talking about, they're taking to the bump and grind of their music straight away.

Either that or they leave the hall promptly.

D.A.F. don't cater for the non-commital: it's all or nothing for them. Currently over here to accompany the release of their first British (but second) album 'The Small And The Bad', this writer met them for coffee and cakes in Holland Park the day after their opening London gig.

The band's core of Lopez (vocals), Wolfgang Spelmans (guitar) and Robert Gorl showed up, while their fourth, floating member Chrisco Haas (synth, electronics) didn't. Apparently his future with the band is uncertain, but the rest aren't too worried.

Spanish-born Lopez comments: "We three together are the base of D.A.F. We do many things together and now we are opening up a little bit. Maybe we work with different people a bit, perhaps with three trumpets. I mean, we've got our own style, so it's not necessary to use the same instruments to represent what we want.

"There's a certain spirit that we want to bring to people, and we don't want to limit it to just music. Maybe we make a film next or write things..."

THE BAND'S base town of Dusseldorf had a few years ago garnered a good reputation as a stronghold for interesting new German bands. One of its most popular was Mittagspause, who then featured singer Gabi Delgado-Lopez. They often visited Berlin to play places like punk club SO36, which was situated in the Turkish district of Kreuzberg. Hence Lopez' 'Kebabtraume', though it was earlier known and performed by Mittagspause as 'We're The Turks Of Tomorrow'.

Lopez: "The Berlin German population has two main fears — one is that the Russians are coming and the other is the Turks. So I've combined these and say that the Turks are infiltrating Berlin for the Russians, that in every kebab house there is a Russian spy."

But is its sarcasm clear enough?

"It's definitely not a discriminatory song," he counters. "It's the other way round, showing how stupid these fears are. Everything is deliberately exaggerated. It has nothing against the Turkish people. I mean, SO36 is in the Turkish area, and there the Turks work together with the New wave scene. That's why I sing at the end: *"We're the Turks of tomorrow."*"

The late Mittagspause split up a few months after Lopez left to join Spelmans and Gorl in D.A.F. But things weren't too easy for them either, so he left shortly afterwards, leaving the duo and their first synth player Kurt Dahlke to record 'Ein Produkt Der Deutsch Amerikanischen Freundschaft', an album of projected film music, the novelty being this time, says Gorl, that the director would take his ideas from the sound and not vice versa. The project has recently been completed and premiered in Dusseldorf, without the band having seen the results.

In between times Dahlke quit to record the very good electronics album 'Inland' under the name Pyrolator. Lopez returned and Gorl asked fellow Bavarian Haas to complete their lineup.

The present team complete, they went about further refining the sound started by early D.A.F. incarnations. The idea was to break the British/American stranglehold on pop'n'rock, seeing no point in repeating what had already gone before, as most German bands do. And then badly.

Spelmans: "In our first songs you could hear a lot of influence from other bands, but once we recognised it, we said OK let's throw that out'; and then we make new songs ..."

Lopez, their best English speaker, interrupts: "We realised we got no satisfaction making English-influenced new wave music. So we thought of this concept to try and make very German music. Yet apart from maybe early Can, there're no musical roots in Germany, but there's this sort of German spirit, and we try to get this. That was when D.A.F. started, when we got the name — it was very straightforward from then on."

Their rock'n'roll deconstruction included shedding themselves of a bass player, throwing the role of rhythm operator on sequencers and tapes, leaving drummer Gorl free to slap emphases down in most unlikely places. Meanwhile Spelmans takes his leads from Lopez' screaming and onstage actions. The resulting music is gloriously rich, a vibrant mockery of those German characteristics it draws from.

"The singing, too, isn't like rock'n'roll or pop singing," comments Lopez. "It's sometimes like in a Hitler speech, not a Nazi thing, but it's in the German character, that CRACK! CRACK! CRACK! way of speaking."

The irony of course being that he's Spanish.

"Yes," he smiles, "when we make love or dance songs normally they've got Spanish lyrics ..."

Which is not to imply that Germans don't make love.

TWO approaches to lovemaking are tackled on the album. [illegible] 'anzufassen', is about brutal straightforward lust: "German workers in pubs sometimes get really heavy sexually," points out Lopez, mimicking a leer. "'Let me touch you,' and so on — maybe in England too. It's very hard sometimes. Sometimes there's only lust and sometimes only emotions and sometimes there's no interest at all."

The other, 'I Am The Sexy Lola', is inspired by Marlene Dietrich's famous Blue Angel role. Behind Lopez' singing, erotic Spanish-American styled rhythms channelled through unlikely electronic sequences create a colourfully depraved new cabaret backdrop.

It's really what D.A.F. do best, allowing sly hints and German references to seep through their rigorously modern sound.

Lopez: "Yes, Dietrich is very German. I like her very much. The idea of that song was to use an old theme, but really take it over the top."

He expands the theme. "At the moment Germany thinks it's like a safe castle of the Western world. Germany's a bunker, but behind this bunker, this facade, there's a lot going on that has nothing to do with the image Germany wants of itself. It's not so straight as people think it is — it's very neurotic. People want to get excited and go over the top, but they can't because they're in this bunker, so they explode inside themselves instead ..."

Deutschland, Deutschland, everything's over, perhaps?

Lopez: "We are very cynical about all the things we do really (laughs). We haven't much respect for anything really. In Germany the Nazis are really taboo, so it's very hard to sing a song like 'The Funny Boots Are Marching Over Poland'. It hasn't anything to do with us being Nazis or anything. We are describing the feelings of some people, like the feelings of English skinheads maybe." (Laughs).

D.A.F. are apolitical in that they'd rather trip along the barbed wire of the Berlin wall and lash out both ways.

But more importantly they confront problems on a personal level, hence the heavy sexual politics of the songs on 'The Small And The Bad'. They see from one angle the useless cliched romance of American love songs, and from another rigidly unworkable ideologies. In rejecting both and, more importantly, mocking them, D.A.F.'s independence becomes particularly fruitful, and sometimes even fruity.

Continues page 59

THOSE ELUUUUUSIVE

What are Torch Songs? Who sings them? Why are they so upset?

Ian Penman flits like a lovelorn moth around the resurgence of an old and hallowed genre. Empirical and embittered, his study details all there is to know about heartbreak with and in lyrical finesse.

"The winds of March that made my heart a dancer,
"A telephone rings — but who's to answer?"[1]

A GRAMME of purest saccharin,
Something so very hookline—
Those elusive singing telegrams,
Remind me of who?

THAT'S HER secret. Still, appropriately enough, my subject tonight shall be the Torch Song, additions to and adaptations of . . .

Songs for and from the scorned and spawned in love, songs for the waltzing wounded: involvement, insecurity, indemnity. Torch Songs — what is it in them we require? The lineaments of petrified desire . . . and such celebration as attends to the language and materialism of (Mutual) celebration, such behaviour — from the mellifluous to the metaphysical — as perchance shall end up singed by the flames.

LOVE IS undoubtedly the tender trap; would that many potential crooners had kept theirs shut.

How many songs or singers can conjure up and combine both the ham and genuinely heartbroken Humiliated, to emerge with that essence rare? Convincingly composed convictions are few on the stoney ground: it's a lyrical finesse, a graft supreme, that converts and conveys . . . the stained-sheet, drained-glass, bleary-eyed psychosis . . . the shared shard of lust left. Some can. Most can't.

The fluffy, fluffed, 'natural' love song shudders like a pet, with all sexuality compressed sleeping within it. The works that cut through — light, lustful, lachrymal requia — moan aloud (if often a touch *sotto voce*). A regular rhythm, a blunt confessional, a blue box, an hysterical under-breath mutter — all the way from Tony Bennett in 'I Wanna Be Around' to Tom Waits' last ulcerous dying *why?*-ing breath, Life's sliced and spiked, pent up and lonely in imaginary lamplit lounges, on couches, on streets, always apart.

Disenchanted love sings itself free from the rocks — on the rocks, please — forlorn and crumpled in a *film noir* idyll oasis: shiny shiny tumblers on folded napkins, attentive to alcoholism, insatiable sentries along cigarette-smoke-waxed mirrors (oh! the mirrors) that reflect mutely or refract cruelly all the besotted diffidences and differences. The malevolent mood rings hollow: sentimental schizophrenic.

Sold out , again. A dupe, adieu.

In the successfully acid index of hedonistic reality — coupling and coping with it: obsessive, culpable in loss, dead drama, drama & and more drama! — detail is *de rigeur*: signs surrounding, shading or aiding the broken back of *amour*. Drained like last night's drug; the lost weekend. The empty space must be deliberated over, dressed up and helped home: first aid for the helpless style.

Rock & roll, needless to say, is generally incapable. Inacceptably cocksure — it can't dance or can't be danced to — all wrought in turd clumps of iron-refuse guitar and an iron resolve to stick to the tail of unimaginative rhythmic sway. What kind of night out, or in, is that?

It reviles its passed ships, rather than reliving them — it wholesails a cloying catalogue of rotten forbidden fruit (palliative druggery, psychological rape, motorway foodstuff), and then collapses into the sageful, safe and sorry sanctuary of guilt . . . the pique of post-prandial Morality, cf., patron(ising) saint of Dull Good Blokes Mr Everlasting Everlisting Pete Townshend.

"Christ! You don't know the MEANING of heartbreak."[2]

It deals not so much in the sweet, sweaty lines of spleen, sexiness and sin (rock & roll is never ever RUDE, only symbolically pornographic) but with levels of merest mean tolerance.

For the lure of a lore of bitter deconstruction we must seek out another's alleyway . . . olive-tanged allusion, a sneering snatch of harsher sensibility summoned upon. Try this for sighs:

"Handkerchief comforts me/But don't misunderstand/It's just an allergy/To cheap perfume/In private parts/And hypocrites who feed on broken hearts . . ./Tired smiles/Censored romance/Premature sighs/Now it all makes sense . . ./Nocturnal interludes/Like so many tsetse flies/Nocturnal interludes/Damaging merchandise/Make-me-believe-it solitude."[3]

I may be late in latching onto Dr Buzzard's Original Savannah Band, but still, I couldn't keep *that* to myself now, could I? And *recline* in their rhythm section: *yum yum!* All finger click, powdered nose and string bass. An essentially nocturnal music: the later phone call, the sharper stiletto, a more marginal melancholy, baby. And do they *know* about the socially stigmatised stylistic blows of words!

"If I choose to sleep with you/Don't mistake me for a whore/Let me leave my number on your wall/CALL ME/Goodness always calls for an encore . . ."[4]

Something is achieved beyond any *intended* effect. The language wins out over its usage: more than expected of it, an overflow in depiction. The song sings what the rational coda doesn't say. Explicit phrases and direct statements of its discourse, mediated through an heterogenous rhythmical accent. A thorough transcript of temporal thoroughfares — but that's not, not quite the *whole* story . . .

This peer-Chic-group fast-flounce pronounce a discreet frequency between straightahead enjoyment and stubborn thoughts — pockets of resistance — scattered through it. It's like a dream (metaphors at night). It's an always sleepy, but nevertheless vigilant machinery, distinguished from dream work by unexpectedly realistic reminders — the Savannah Band aim tiny arrows, carefully shot and implanted, which restitch the flat tableaux, the soapy and exposed saga: where the surface divulgence is broken off by the emergence of one of these flirty flights,,you get a glimpse of (its) unfounded foundation.

That's where the action of the *real* song takes place. (Find the styles).

The discriminating determinants (those who provide the driving seat for what the music says) behind Dr Savannah are Messrs Stony Browder Jnr. (arrangements, vocals, guitar, piano) and August Darnell (lyrics, vocals, bass) — the Nile-Rodgers with respect to this one.

August Darnell is also responsible for most of what makes up the recorded output of currently infamous (a fraction of fifteen?) NY disco pervert, Cristina Monet — whose recent adaptation of Leiber-Stoller's 'Is That All There Is?' was singles-paged out for praise in the *NME*.

Her style, not surprisingly, is not much of a divergence from Savannah Band territory — although it is *different* — with some askew, druggy-Lindsey de Paul vocals the only striking superficial dissemblance.

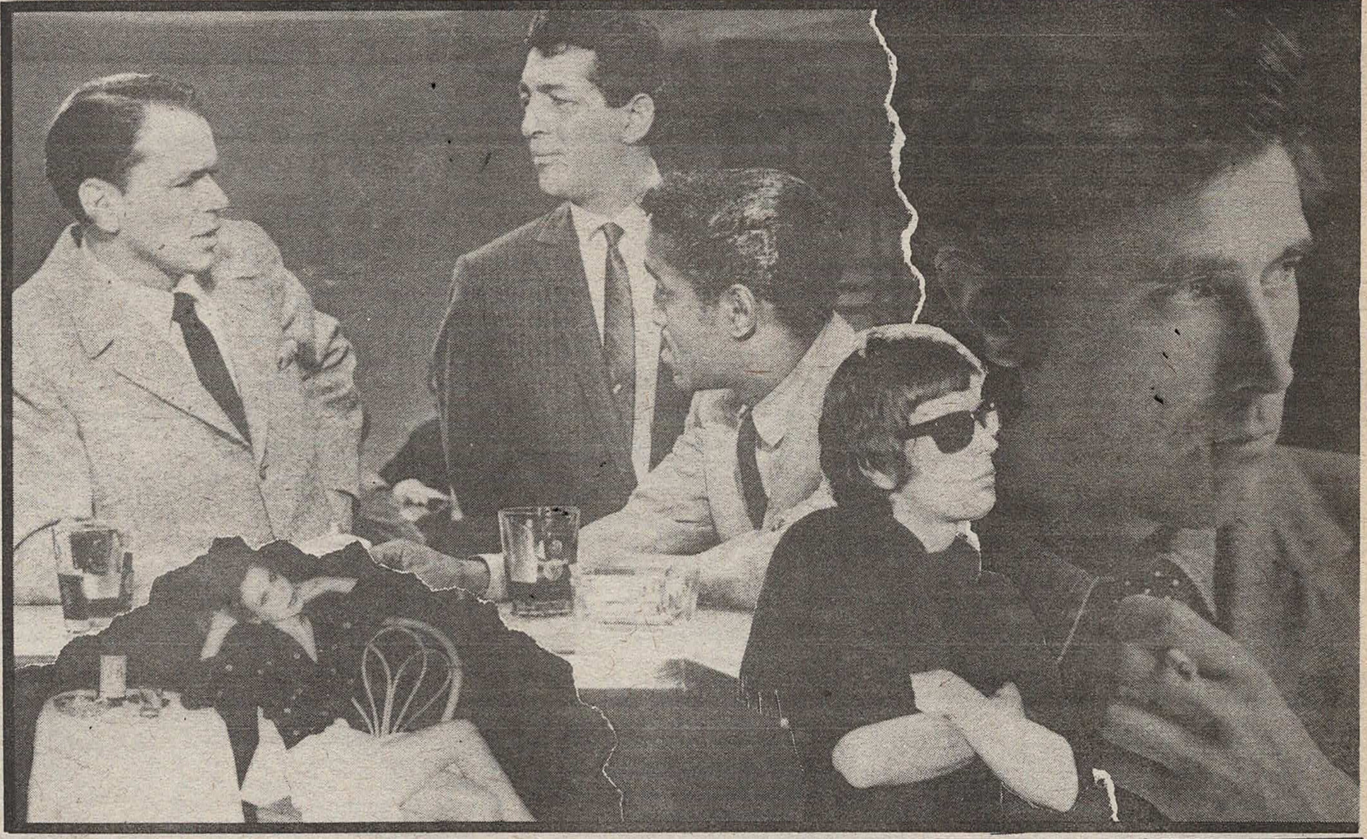
"I won't share you with another mate/I'm not that liberal/And you're not that great."[5]

Her French is excellent — another triumph for common marketing policy, another link in the (signifying) chain binding Cristina, wrist and lisp, to her Savannah mentors.

The 'Cristina' object d'artifice has a timbre, imprint, guile, presence most aptly equational to an opening whisper from one other Savannah samba:

"Parce que j'etais une femme solitaire . . ."

She bathes in a lighter cocktail than her backers, but the insolence pours from the same shaker. Not yet, yet one step (*un pas encore*). The 'Cristina' drama is most sensitively received as a bit of a one-off totality, a dizzily dropped calling card, a goofy 'b' movie — an erratic, even erotic, even parodying graft of musical veils and mimetic mascara. A contrived ballet, cute and too chic and childishly persuasive all the same. If you have (m)any morning



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SINGING TELEGRAMS

hours to idle away . . .

Failing such transparent reason, what is there but bedroom migraine?

OCCUPYING a less similar but not altogether stranded plot is Ms Lydia Lunch, of sufficiently changed cultural persona(e) to merit the loosely conceptual company of our aforementioned August (-Darnell) crew.

She now sits on the other side of the fence from her previous imaginary self: voice a shriek, body mute, image anathema to the 'seductive' devices of consumer-suck modern-popular-etc.

'Queen Of Siam' (Ze Records Import— come on Island, she's not more of a risk than Cristina or Suicide, is she?) is a proposition fixed on the tenderest of odd-IQ muzak, beautiful because it keeps alive defunct genres with a kiss, (voice not without affectation, stilted anguish cheering up on) the rhythms of words, tones, jokes of images.

She transgresses expectation, breaking with the permed set (of) fixed positions in current scrapbook mod.-pop.-sic. (old riffs strung around newer words signifying archaic sermons based on histrionic image prostitution; hiya Clash!), opening out a different tissue of meanings. The problem of doing something 'different' *and* crossing through hybrid formalisms, and pleasing yourself, aesthetically speaking, is surprisingly solvent.

Within the album the two sides stir a partnership of bongo-dip pop-choc sticks and post-'Horses'-ish-little-Catholic-girl-lost sonnets, as velvet nightclub caustic and calm and sensual as Patti S. might have carried on being had she read Goethe and aped Sarah Vaughan instead of running for president of the global rock & rifle village. Lonely tabs of piano and pines of sax accompany Lydia in concerted definition of *the* most offhand slouch of a voice, *pace* Dean Martin's comeback gig. Here are veils and crimes, rhymes and retribution worthy of a Sinatra reconstituted in gender . . .

"We had a date, 12th St & 8/'If you're gonna be there, don't be late'/Instructed as such, without a soft touch/If it would have mattered, it didn't, that much/I waited for you, a minute . . . or two." Great indignant twist of jive in her voice, now. *"Well, just what kind of girl do you think I am?"* Beatific horn section swoops, then calms. *"Fumbling around/Lit a cigarette/Smoked it to the ash, and then lit up again/Blew smoke rings, blind in the air/If you're coming baby, you're just TOO IN ARREARS/I'm too impatient/And you're just too late/. . . My attention span is just not that great."*[6]

An opera-ette that stops just a minute short of Chrissie Hynde's inflamed 'Private Life', itself just covered more than adequately by Grace Jones, whose reading transforms bitter invective into blank verse . . . even so, the traces of the track's tearing emotion cannot but inhabit Jones' (deliberately?) inhibited version. Whatever, it works to whatever effect you find in it, oh accomplice:

"Sentimental gestures only bore me to death/You've made a desperate appeal, now save your breath/Attachment, obligation, regret — shit, that's so wet/And your sex life complications . . . are not my fascinations."[7]

This new Jones arrangement of her projected shadowy outline is very much a popular music sidelines diary, in which she has noted and recorded her own purchases and purchase on events; or maybe it's a privileged tracing of some prevailing tendencies in rock textuality — a tautology if ever there was one? — if you care for a camphor dab of cynicism. Which might be 'in the spirit of' (as they say) the work. For what less can one say about an 'A' side which *begins* with our Daniel Miller's bristling post-*Outer Limits* 'Warm Leatherette' gem, and *ends* with your Bryan Ferry's some-might-claim prophetic pre-'Heart Of Glass' silver, 'Love Is The Drug'?

Where once Billie Holiday could glance back at Teddy Wilson, Lester Young and The Entire Count Basie Orchestra, Grace is luckily provided with the (en)tireless Sly Dunbar (drums, as they say) and Robbie Shakespeare (bass guitar), not to mention Chris Blackwell and his Compass Point Studios, Nassau, Bahamas. (If you look hard enough, you can hear The B52s).

Despite all that, and despite the *FACTORY SAMPLE NOT FOR SALE* sticker — which Winston Rodney has also had put on the latest Burning Spear album: odd, that — I nearly sold her album unheard. What a small bigot!

The lesson to be learnt here: be not dissuaded by names of their connotations — be a bit interpretative. The covered song is as enjoyable as its language — albeit covered, for you, in private associations. It is as acceptable or exceptional as its lyrical make-up, which has priority over any cosmetic contextual considerations. Good readings may have to adjust, to battle a bit, but in the end, it's the song not the singer. Although, of course, a voice like Smokey Robinson's doesn't happen every day, as they say.

Until recently I would have harboured unexpected empathy for that old tune our parents used to sing — *"they don't write songs like THAT anymore"*. Had they been referring to the songs written for my favourite (piss) artist Dean Martin, or for the unsurpassed, tranquil/speedy Sinatra then they were undoubtedly correct in their analysis:

"I would sacrifice anything come what might/For the sake of having you near/In spite of a warning voice that comes in the night/And repeats, how it yells in my ear:/Don't you know little fool you never can win./Why not use your mentality?/Step up, wake up to reality."[8]

Or the things Billie Holiday had to sing, her voice a register sparkling above dislocation and disbelief:

"Why was I born?/Why am I living?/What do I get?/What am I giving?/Why do I try to draw you near me?/Why do I cry, when you never hear me?/I'm a poor fool but what can I do/Oh baby, why was I born to love you?"[9]

Billie Holiday is played at the end of Nicholas Roeg's *Bad Timing,* ironically and tenderly, with a song called 'The Same Old Story'; the film begins with Tom Waits' 'Invitation To The Blues' — that's a rather tasteful trajectory. And in *American Gigolo* Paul Schrader uses Smokey Robinson and The Miracles' 'The Love I Saw In You' to perfection in a Travolta-mirror-gaze style scene:

"The way you wrecked my life was like sabotage/The love I saw in you was just a mirage."

— a nice choice, where that all-time epitaph 'Tracks Of My Tears' would equally have fitted the bill:

"In the close-up it's easy to trace, the tracks of my tears."[10]

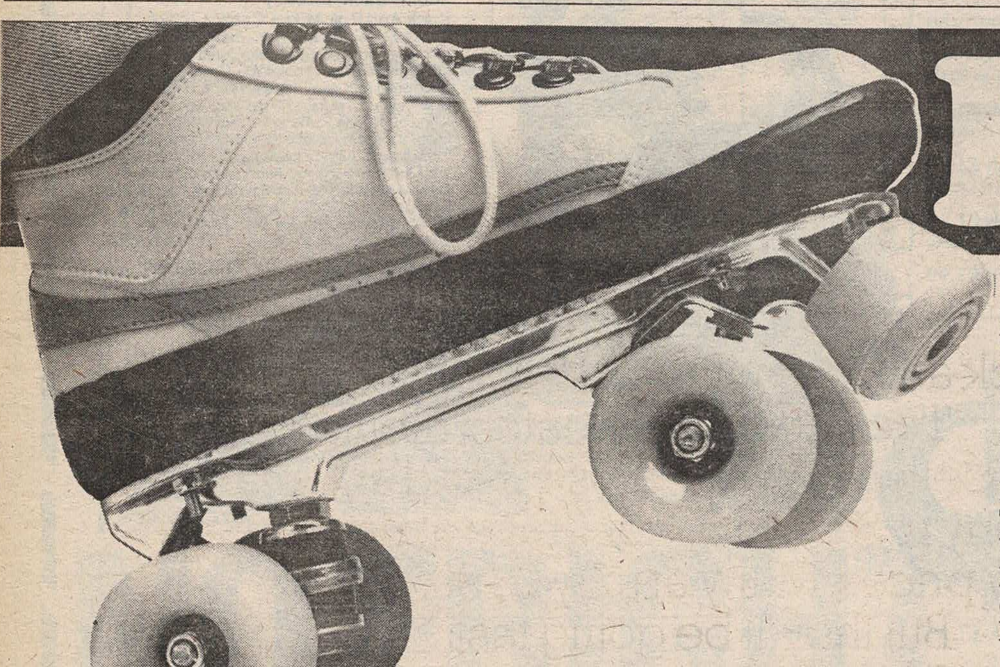
Nothing — genre-al or single song — is simply contained within the limited representational company prescribed it by a dull, rational criticism — which calls it 'soul' or 'new wave' or so forth. Something like — what we might call — the Torch Song is a "differential network, a fabric of traces referring endlessly to something other than itself . . ."[11]

Cooler, more alert criticism redefines with (in) difference, over and above staid boundaries, prepared for the risk of splitting up, at any moment. It has its heart in displacement.

"Those stumbling words . . .
"That told you what my heart meant."[12]

Those Churlish References . . .

1. &12. 'These Foolish Things' (Marvel-Strachey-Link). Pick your own version. Mine was by Billie Holiday, but for someone else.
2. 'Step Right Up' (Waits). From 'Small Change' (Asylum) which also contains 'Invitation To The Blues', as heard in *Bad Timing*. The Ghost of Dean Martin.
3. 'Nocturnal Interludes' (Browder Jnr.-Darnell). From 'Dr Buzzard's Original Savannah Band Meets King Penett' (RCA). Tip the record store that stocks them.
4. 'Call Me' (Browder Jnr.-Darnell). From 'James Monroe H.S. Presents Dr Buzzard's Original Savannah Band Goes To Washington' (Elektra import). Fly the flag for this.
5. 'Don't Be Greedy' (Darnell). From 'Cristina' — *conceived by and starring* Cristina Monet — (Ze/Island).
6. 'Knives In The Brain' (Ver Planck/Grant-Lunch). From 'Queen of Siam' (Ze/Buddah import). No sleeve notes.
7. 'Private Life' (Hynde). From either 'Pretenders' (Real) or 'Warm Leatherette' (Island). Buy us all a Guinness with the royalties, Dan.
8. 'I've Got You Under My Skin' (Porter — who else?). Try 'Frank Sinatra. Twenty Golden Greats' (Capitol). *Too* sartorial!
9. 'Why Was I Born?' (Hammerstein-Kern). This and 'These Foolish Things' are on a surplus of Holiday compilations. But do get one with a decent cover.
10. The same applies here. Try and get their 'Greatest Hits' for side two's immaculate listing together of 'The Love I Saw In You Was Just A Mirage', 'The Tracks Of My Tears' and 'What's So Good About Goodbye' — which has the classiest line of all: *"How can farewell be fair?"* Awww!
11. *Deconstruction and Criticism,* Various (Routledge, 265pp, hardback £8.95). I lifted the quote from a review and do not actually possess a copy myself — but if anyone at Routledge cares to send me a *review copy* . . . For fans of Derrida and dubwisdom.
13. The trace of one who is absent, but of course.



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WHSMITH

Nice Up The Summertime Blues Dance

ROCKERS TIME

Reggae Roundup by Vivian Goldman

DENNIS BROWN *sits, watches, smiles.*
Pic: Fin Costello

REGGAEDELICALLY speaking, it's currently all too easy to turn into one of those old buffers with hardening of the aural arteries — remember the good old days? More and more, sound systems seem the salvation, so sisters, stretch your ears and your imagination, pretend your bedroom Dansette's a big dub station.

Just for the novelty, here's the good news to chase away those blues. Despite the endless why-bother stacks of appalling dull records, a few goodies slip through and this week is devoted to the nice times. Call it ostrich entertainment week, when all about us reggae labels (e.g. Dennis Brown's DEB) are folding, and reggae shops too.

DENNIS BROWN: Sitting And Watching (Taxi). Teaming the master singer with the classic killer rhythm section of Sly and Robbie, on their own label is like pairing Diana Ross with Chic. Kick your heels and point your toes to Sly's new syn-drum pattern, a whip-poor-will call that bounces cheekily round the flat-of-the-hand snare, and Robbie's dipping, stepping bass. Grind up close, then pull away, and listen to what Dennis has to say — actually, his sound moral edicts about not giving your heart and soul to vanity aren't as important as the way he sings them: ooh-ooh cooing, like a Lorelei luring you with melody. Everyone in the room's humming along. Instant party, with an elegant dub.

THE TAMLINS: Baltimore (EMI). Oh, Baltimore, ain't it hard just to live . . . at the neighbourhood blues dance, Weasel hitches his socks higher as he starts another sort of skank. The Tamlins are a sob-sweet male trio, and Randy Newman's song suggests untold sadness in observations snappy as film clips. The rhythm here's a hip-sucker, and the room seems to sway to the steady tidal ebb and flow. Must be a hit sound, it deserves radio airplay. When this record's on, hug a little closer, maybe rub cheeks.

FREDDIE McGREGOR: Joggin' (56 Hope Rd pre). Bought at first for kitsch value, then discovered to be an irresistible charmer, the face you're surprised you're still glad to see the morning after. A literal description of the youth of today keeping fit for the fire by jogging (through the streets of Kingston? Across sandy beaches? Through sandy gullies, perhaps?) nicely togged up in the right gear. Very important, this: *"They're wearing Adidas, they're wearing de Puma"*. Check it out.

JENNIFER LAURA: Consider Me (Studio One). This same woman sang back-up with Prince Lincoln Thompson of the Royal Rasses recently, that same man who's currently wandering round London Town in a downcast state, hit by the recession in the record industry. One of the greatest individual talents to come out of Jamaica in the last five years, it's a shame. Jennifer Laura sings low and full of fire. Her talents are thrown away on the lyric — platitude after platitude, regardless of whether they're true or not. Still, she makes a succulent sound over a pneumatic Studio One rhythm which exudes class if not originality. Let's hope she gets access to more studio work, with more chance of self-expression.

SEXUAL POLITICS SECTION

LITTLE JOHN McMORRIS: Modelling (Youth In Progress). This precocious tyke sounds as if he's a husky voiced eight year old. Cradlesnatchers / paedophiles please line up on the right, as Little John details his immense pulling power because he's *"so sexy"*. As to his *"sister princess"*, she's the best in east *and* west. The delivery is a counter-key to the chugging rhythm, nicely out of tune. The flip's a toast ordinaire, contents-wise, but Captain Sinbad rides the rhythm well, daring to utter words when all the music's suddenly pulled away from under his tongue, dub-wise. Good Sound System Sound (G.S.S.S.).

BARRY BROWN: Girlfriend (Midnight Rock). Barry Brown obviously sees no irony in singing a reggae song (a school of music which some associate with songs about truth and rights and liberty et al), which pre-supposes that woman is the property of man: *"Lend me one of your girlfriends you have them from one to ten. You only see some now and then, when it's weekend."* Still, his sociology's accurate; there's many people floating round the planet whose harems are extensive enough to warrant a social secretary or lots of embarassing encounters. Alternative scenario: The woman with the tight dress and high heels rushes into the blues dance. She stops at the door, looks round anxiously, fiddling with her high-piled hair-do. Spots a man in the far corner, hidden in the shadow of the speakers, and swiftly winds her way to him, through the jam-packed dancers. He looks down at her seductively, casually hands her a spliff. She takes a deep drag, and hands it back with money. He pushes the money deep in his inside pocket. She has one quick, close dance with him, then it's back on the streets again. Everybody has to earn a living somehow there is a recession on.

DHAIMA: Don't Feel No Way (Ninakupenda pre). Dhaima is a dreadlocked American woman who tuned into the Dread way a couple of years back and cut a classic, 'Inna Jah Children' with Joe Gibbs. This is another class tune and worth seeking out, but remember to chortle wryly at the lyrics. On the A-side, Dhaima confines herself to running after the feller; on the flip she really lets rip: *"O Rastaman, I want to cook your ital meals for you, stay here and have your child, patience is a virtue that I must learn, you must direct I the right way"*. Strictly ego-stroking time. Those horns riffing free as bird song enchant and make you want to dance. An A–1 sound.

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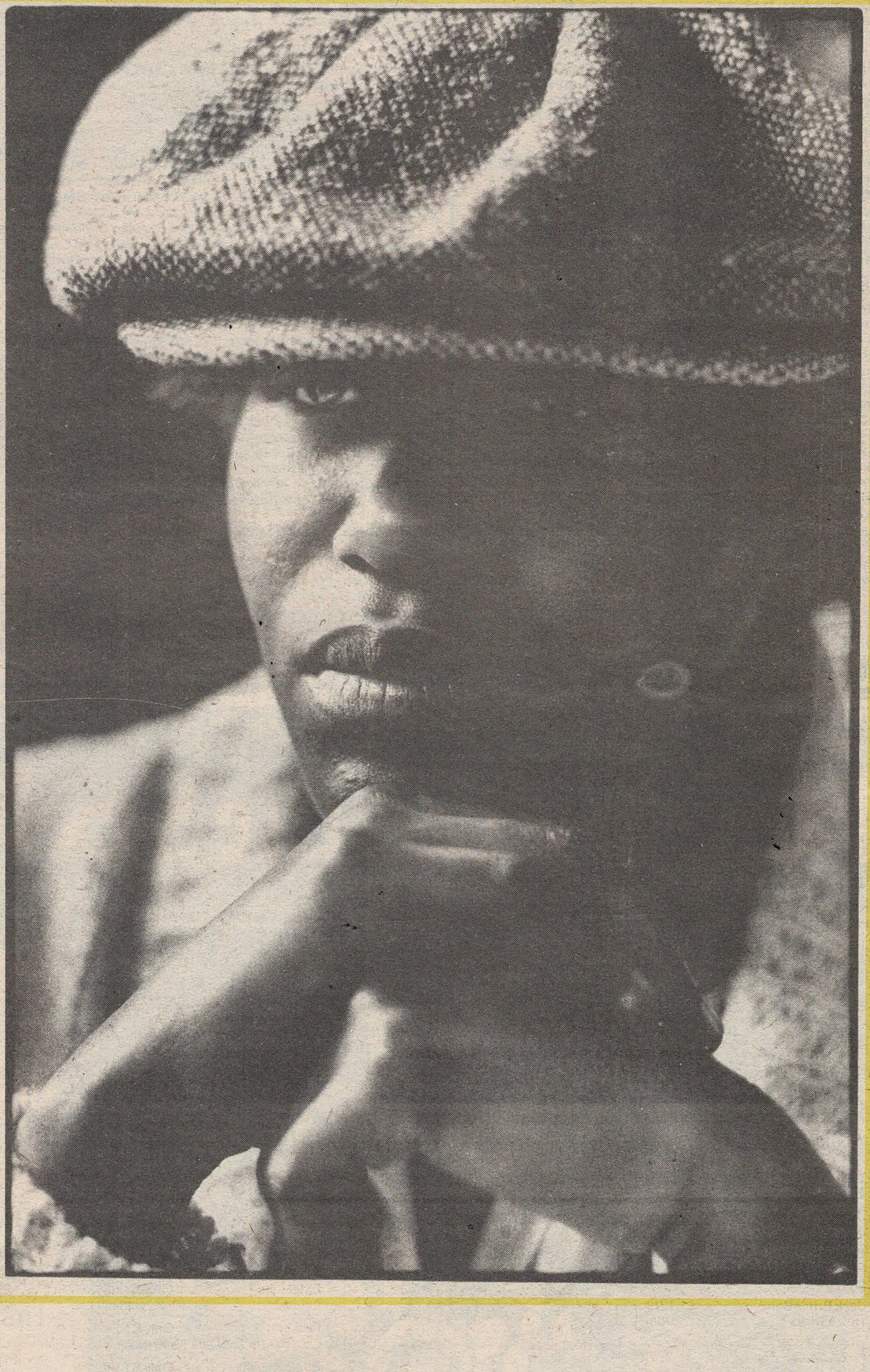

Photographs Anton Corbijn

A conversation with Joan Armatrading

by Lynn Hanna

ON A LIGHT summer evening groups of concert-goers are threading through the gardens surrounding Leicester's De Montfort Hall, and I'm waiting at the back of the building, at the foot of a flight of concrete steps, just inside a door that divides two worlds.

In the real world on the other side of the stagedoor, many women rightly refuse to allow the existence of sexism any influence on the way they live their lives. But backstage the scene has nothing to do with post-punk modern music where women musicians, women advisers, women friends and well-wishers are becoming commonplace.

This is the physical working of an early '70s-style travelling rock circus. And it's a man's world.

Loud laughter comes from the kitchen off the corridor where members of the male support act are cooking chips. Archetypal roadies wearing worn jeans and that dazed, slightly desperate expression that comes from a rootless, desolate existence wander through the rooms. Hard, hurried conversation takes place between the harassed men who are responsible for the mechanics of the show's success. A harsh manager briefly berates a young representative of the record company as a bearded local radio reporter recounts his recent interview with Genesis.

This is a world that rests on a rigid, ridiculous division of the roles of the sexes that still runs through this age group and strata of rock. The atmosphere is sordid and cynical; it epitomises everything I hate most about the rock industry. And as I lean back against a bare brick wall, I'm trying not to feel intimidated.

At last a large man with an affable, battered face comes to collect me.

"You're not Lynn Hanna are you? Oh, sorry. I though you was just wiv someone."

He leads me up the stone stairs. At the top he stops, hesitates and knocks deferentially and very gently at a green door.

This bastion of male organisation, cliched male caricatures and outmoded male values is built around a woman.

JOAN Armatrading is regarded as reserved, a person who jealously protects her privacy. For the past eight years she has been making her own individual music; and she has an awesome reputation that depends not only on her continuing commercial success.

This year she will be 30. Throughout her career she has insisted that the industry takes her entirely on her own terms. Yet she's a woman who describes herself as not strong but "stubborn".

She opens the door, we shake hands and I step into a cool, cream room where the colour from a bright bank of flowers is bounced back by the dressing table mirror. Joan Armatrading is wearing jeans, a check shirt and there's a calmness about her that makes me feel insubstantial.

She's a sturdy, solid woman who radiates the composed serenity of self-respect. She has a disconcertingly direct gaze, a careful way of concentrating on questions but a slight hesitancy in speaking that at times tips over into the inarticulacy of someone who communicates through another medium.

As I sit on the edge of my seat and talk far too fast, her face folds frequently into the heavy curves of a huge grin. She has a lively laugh and a way of ending answers with that steady, honest smile.

YOU'RE back touring again. People used to say that you were nervous on stage. Has that changed? Or is it still something you view with trepidation?

Yes, I still get nervous. But it's not as bad as it used to be. Or it doesn't last as long, put it like that.

One of the things about your new album 'Me Myself I' is that all the songs on it were written in under an hour. Is that another indication that you feel more natural about things; that you feel more confident?

I don't think so. I think it just says that those songs were written very quickly. I wrote them all pretty close together. You'll probably find that the next ones I write will take about three days each or something. It's just that that batch went really well, flowed really easily. It doesn't mean to say that that's what's going to happen all the time.

So you think it was probably just coincidence?

Yes. And it was probably because I was really in the mood for writing songs because I was ill and I had to take time off. I had a lot of time to think about what I wanted to write. And I had a lot of ideas saved up. I knew pretty much the style of the songs I wanted to do. So I'd sort of prepared it in my mind without actually going to the guitar or the piano. Then once I felt well enough to get up and start it was all there and it just came out. Whereas usually a song wouldn't flow so easily because I wouldn't have had so much time to think about it.

Is that something that affected you, spending three months in hospital?

Yeah. It wasn't three months. I can't remember how long it was. But I was six months getting better. It's um . . .well, it was alright (she laughs).

Did it give you time to think? That's the thing that's supposed to happen when you have enforced time off.

No, I was just thinking about getting better. I didn't use my time worrying or re-thinking what I'm doing. I was just thinking about the songs I wanted to do.

THE TITLE of 'Me Myself I' sounds very self-assertive. I think that what interests a lot of women about your career is that you've never become packaged for a male world and yet you've succeeded in it. It seems that the album title says that. Do you still feel that you're fighting things? Or is it easier now to be yourself?

It's easier for people to take me as they find me, if you know what I mean. I don't find lots of people telling me, or trying to tell me, what to do so much. If people give me good advice then I'll take it. I'm not so stupid as to believe everything I think is

Continues over

Her Again

From previous page

automatically right. But about certain things people know it's no good saying 'Joan, I think you should do this' because they know I'm not going to do it.

But the song isn't an ego song. A couple of people have said that, but it isn't. It's written about things I'd really like to do. I'd love to go to Japan and China and have lots of cars and stuff like that. And I do enjoy being by myself. Not all the time. But there are times when I really enjoy it.

From a feminist point of view, some women would say that they need to spend time apart from men for a while to develop their own identity. For instance some women's aid centres won't let men in.

I think it's not even from men. I think it's just from other people in general. A lot of girls get led by other girls just as easily as by men. You see girls dressing exactly the same. They're not twins or anything . . .

No, I just think that people should try and be individuals. It doesn't stop them getting involved with other people. It's not saying 'stand apart'. It's just that if you don't want to do something and you really don't want to be persuaded then you should try and stick up for yourself.

Do you think women have more pressure on them to conform? That's what I meant about the title 'Me Myself I' — it's almost like saying: "I am myself so take me on my own terms." I don't know whether you read NME *but Deanne Pearson did a piece on women in rock and she started by saying that you were probably an inspiration to today's new wave of women writers because you refused to be stereotyped. Was it hard for you? Were there pressures on you when you started?*

There were a few. But I'm a bit blinkered as well. I was especially at the beginning. But if you know what you want and if you know how you want to be then it's a bit easier.

Some people maybe don't quite know how they want to be. I'm not saying that I know myself so well, but even right at the beginning, if anyone tried to suggest how I ought to dress or maybe that I wrote singles instead of songs, I'd have to say 'If that's what it is, then forget it."

It didn't bother me because I didn't listen.

Was it anything to do with being black?

No. It just came from me, just from how I am. And how I am is how you could be.

I mean, I'm not trying to tell you to be like me. But it's just because of how I grew up. Although I had brothers I always spent a lot of time on my own. And when you go to the pictures on your own and you ride your bike on your own, you tend to learn to rely on yourself. It's from that, it's not really from anything else.

Over the past couple of years there's been a tremendous upsurge of women in rock that I think is one of the most encouraging things about it's future.

Yeah. There's a lot of women leading bands now and I think that's great. They used to say that women couldn't do rock. That's certainly not true. And there's different styles.

I think Blondie's great. She seems really strong too. She seems to know what she's doing and what she wants out of it.

That's interesting; to some people she'd seem the exact opposite of you.

She *looks* the exact opposite! But I don't know if a lot of her ideas are the same as mine in that she knows what she wants to be and how she wants to be presented.

Do you think she has chosen to be presented as she is?

I think a lot of it, yeah. Because she's so natural with it. I've seen women — I won't mention names but I'm thinking of someone specifically and she's been told exactly what to wear, when to move, how to hold the mike and it's really stiff. Whereas Blondie just gets on with it.

I could be really wrong but it just feels as if she's got some control over what's happening.

IN YOUR career have you achieved what you wanted? You've got a lot of respect but perhaps not as wide an audience as you could have.

What I want to achieve I think will take a long time. I hope I'll be writing a long time. I don't know about performing and stuff but certainly writing.

Do you see success in terms of record sales?

You don't have to see it as a fullstop. But you need it to measure what's happening. If you make a record and only five people buy it, you know that somewhere along the line something isn't quite right. A hit single's alright, but I like to think of the album selling because it's more important that people hear many songs rather than just an A and B-side.

I write because I really enjoy it. But it's also my living. I need to make some kind of money from it, otherwise I'll have to do something else for it. You have to be realistic. It's not just art for art's sake — although of course it is in a way. But you're also doing it to run a car and stuff. It's like working in an office in that sense.

You seem a strong person to me. I think you must be to have succeeded so well in the way that you have.

I don't think I'm strong, although people say that. I think I'm more stubborn than strong. Stubborn and blinkered.

What do you mean by blinkered? You've used the word before.

Because when I saw myself I sort of looked like this (she holds her hands to her face and looks straight ahead). I didn't see those bits (she gestures at either side of the room) which were people saying 'Well, maybe you should do this or come here and be this' or whatever. You know?

You wouldn't be distracted?

Yeah.

So how strongly do you feel feminism has touched you and your work. Do you feel it's something in some way natural in yourself that you haven't had to think about?

I haven't had to think about it. The movement is there to make you think about it. But I was trying to get the same things without somebody saying I should be trying to get them. Like they say 'Well, you should join this or join that.' Well, I don't feel I need to because I'm doing my bit anyway. It's great that they're there to make certain women aware that they don't have to be something they don't want to be.

But then things get confusing because people start telling women what they shouldn't do. If a woman wants to stay at home and have kids then there's nothing wrong with that — it's great.

I find feminism is something that you tend to have forced upon you. You're going along with your own life without really thinking about it then something happens that forces you into a realisation of the issues.

For instance, it seemed strange to me waiting downstairs amongst the paraphenalia of a big rock star. There's male roadies, male organisers, things being done in a traditional way. Yet you're up here representing almost the complete opposite of the old male rock world.

Yeah. But that's what happens. You need all that lot to make it work. I think I did have one girl roadie once. And I suppose I could have more women. But you'd still need the same sort of people. You need the record company, you need the manager, you need all this . . ."

She stops as the door opens and a slightly desperate manager apologises but reminds her it's time to change. "And you need him coming in saying 'Excuse me'.

"You see?" she turns to me. "It all works."

BACK IN the bar I watch Armatrading's audience arrive. They look respectable, established, very socially acceptable. A small but significant proportion are black. And although there's many more women at most concerts these days, a large percentage is female: some sit with men, some stand in pairs, some circle in slightly self-conscious groups, trailing coats, handbags, perfume, the paraphenalia of conformist femininity.

When the curtain goes up I notice the same strange disparity that I saw backstage. It's the difference between Joan Armatrading's ideals and the methods she employs to achieve her aims.

An elegant and expensive stage setting is lit by a large lighting rig. A selection of male musicians with impeccable rock pedigrees (ex-Clapton, ex-Little Feat) frame a woman in a white shirt, black pants and flat pumps whose strength spills out from the stage and runs in a rich vein through her remarkable voice.

In conversation she gives no indication of the range of feeling she explores when she sings. She can hold a hall in utter silence while her voice drops to a wounded whisper, cause a fierce shiver of unaccountable elation as her songs strip a sudden sharp passion.

From a distance she has the same quiet confidence, the same warm charm that she projects in person. But her voice seems almost set apart from her — a naked expression of total soul that bares all the shades of emotion.

She was right: for her, it all works. She's a realist who has refused to be corrupted; a pragmatist who has used the available material, yet made it work for her own ends. A subversive who doesn't shout about the revolution she helped to start, her concert is a celebration of uncompromising individuality. And when she leaves the stage, this polite and restrained looking audience storms into the aisles and screams for more.

In a world where it's still simpler to live by the rules and play the roles, Joan Armatrading will only act herself.

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SEX PISTOLS

Silver Screen Special

Odd socks, please — I'm British

***NEIL NORMAN** talks to **DEREK JARMAN**, the man who's brought Shakespeare into the '80s. **TOM SHEEHAN** poses.*

"MY ONE criterion for making movies is that it ought not to be possible to show them on television." With a self-mocking smile, Derek Jarman — whose three films to date, *Sebastiane, Jubilee* and *The Tempest* are unlikely candidates for the small screen in the immediate future — delivers statements like this in a truly effervescent and disarming manner, laughing easily, gesturing like an actor and punctuating sentences with "Do you know what I mean?"

At our first meeting over lunch he alternately defended the work of contemporary independent filmmakers and regaled me with stories of the making of *The Tempest.*

Of the latter my favourite concerned the playwright Heathcote Williams (Prosper) who, as a member of the Magic Circle and natural raconteur, found himself entertaining the crew every night over supper. On one occasion, he decided to pass the responsibility over to a hapless technician with neither the ability nor the inclination to perform. Having himself threatened to do so if the man refused, Williams climbed on to the refectory table at which all were seated, undid his flies and proceeded to decant the results of nine pints of cider over the assembled company, victuals and all.

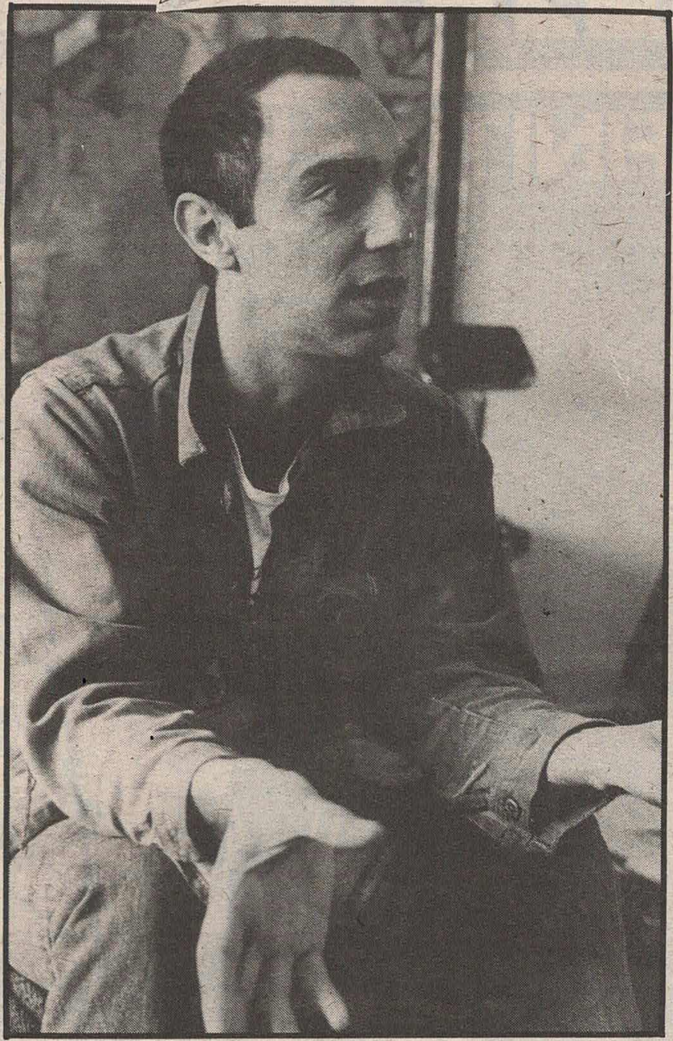
Like the novelist William Kotzwinkle, Jarman's artistic versatility defies classification, and despite the lack of any formal training in films, his reputation as a director grows stronger with each film he makes.

A painter who began working in theatre design, his first professional involvement with the movies was when Ken Russell invited him to create the sets for *The Devils.* The result illustrated not only his experience in stage design but also his attraction towards the German Expressionist cinema; the symbolic, towering walls of Loudon to some extent recalling the erotic construction of *Metropolis.*

At about the same time he began experimenting with Super 8mm, producing home movies about his friends and colleagues, and the remainder of that period was spent working with Russell on *Savage Messiah* and the unfinished *Gargantua.*

Always the outsider, regarding himself as an amateur amongst professionals, he drifted briefly into the Film Coop where serious film-makers like John Duncane and Tony Rayns continually discussed the semantics of film. Finally, he turned down the offer of designing *Tommy.*

Regarded as a Sunday Painter by his former associates and a film dilettante by the Coop, he literally had no home to go to, and as in many cases of artistic displacement, he found himself knocking on the doors of the Arts Council. The critical success of *Sebastiane,* which was the result of that approach, surprised him as much as anyone, and when asked why the actors spent most of the time naked, his customary reply is that the budget didn't stretch to include costumes.


Derek Jarman: "Budget? What budget?"

Inspired by the punk movement in the same way as David Mingay was to make *Rude Boy,* he assessed the situation, saw the potential and put *Jubilee* together with breathtaking speed. Too fast for some, including Nick Kent, who saw it as little more than spurious exploitation, though viewing it now and understanding the philosophy behind the project does, I think, allow the film to rise above further accusation of that kind.

A violent melange of documentary speculation, inflammatory statements and extreme reactions, it characterises the entire punk movement. But due to the structure, it also conveys humour, sadness and in conclusion, an appalling sense of loss.

Loss of innocence is also a major theme in *The Tempest,* a project he's been working on for ten years. The finished article is a version of the fourth script, and despite heavy cuts, the one that remains most faithful to the text.

One early script had the imposed framework of Prospero, as an old man, being interviewed by a reporter about the events of his life, and the story told in flashback. He abandoned that in the end in favour of a more straightforward narrative.

"I really like the play, and if you really like something you are very reticent about altering it. I knew that to make it into a film — a completely different work — I was going to have to rearrange it.

"But I never wanted to cut up Shakespeare as Marowitz might have done. I mean *Jubilee* is a cut up film, deliberately constructed like a fanzine, with some original information, some secondhand information, speculation, a bit of this and a bit of that, rather like a fanzine cover.

"We made *The Tempest* more relevant by taking it visually out of period. Some actors might be Victorian, some might be in Rennaissance costume, someone else might be in a white boiler suit like Ariel — you are not really aware that this is a modern dress production or of any period, and it keeps the whole thing shifting. The setting and the lighting also help wonderfully in achieving this.

"I really like the lighting in Expressionist films. If you have dark areas on film it leaves room for the audiences' imagination to take off . . ."

Although pleased that *The Tempest* has been received so well, he is aware of the trap of repeating a successful formula and would rather court the challenge of being disliked. I wonder if there wasn't a temptation to react to criticism purely for its own sake?

"We'll see. I could tell you I planned *The Tempest* down to a tee but it seemed to me that it just happened when we actually did it. And it seemed to me that decisions were communal rather than personal, although I did make decisions as to who was to be involved in it. But when you've got fifteen people in a room together in Stoneleigh Abbey, the situation takes over and becomes the film. Especially if you are making a low budget film.

"With £150,000 to make a film you accept the situation you're in and you work with it rather than against it. If you've got £150m then you say 'The Eiffel Tower's not big enough for the shot, we'll add another 30 feet' . . . I can almost see them doing that in some of those Hollywood movies. 'Well dear, you're perfect for the part, but you're going to have to have a nose job.'"

Jarman calls the current situation of film-making and financing "horrid", especially the way British money is pumped into "Yoghurt films for LA". Idealistically, he yearns for a time when directors like Roeg and Schlesinger can "get hold of their own futures and make English films . . . Hitchcock said that after *Psycho* he became his own master . . . One would love to see more English films.

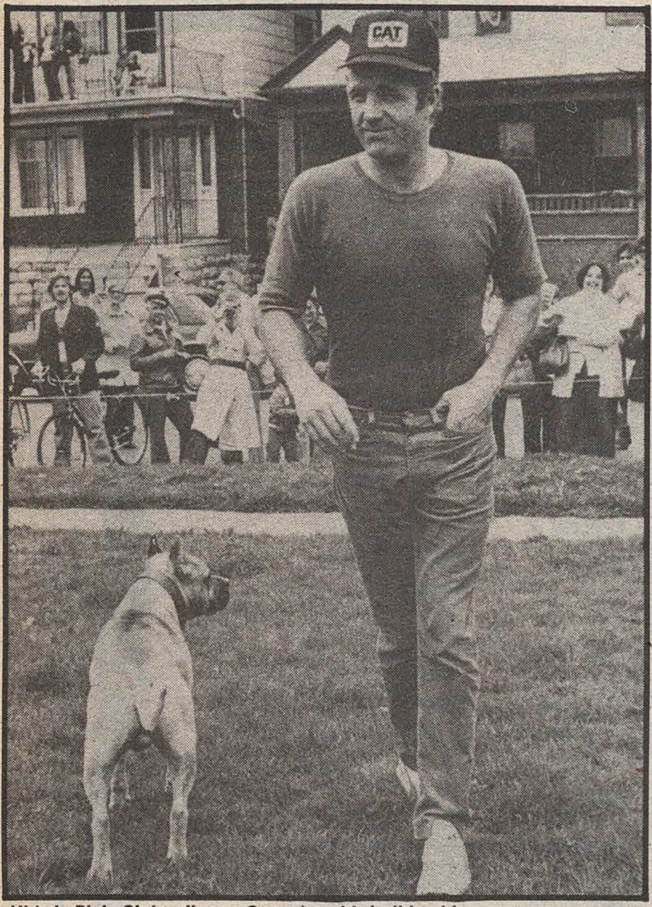
"That's what is so refreshing about *Radio On, Rock n' Roll Swindle, Nighthawks, Jubilee* and *Scum.* Like them or not, they are all set here and now in different ways."

Interestingly enough, with *The Tempest* Jarman has produced the first successful independent film of the current crop that isn't "set here and now". With a cinematic muse that relies on his freedom to experiment, adapt and change, one senses that the future is already being threatened. Bigger budgets will inevitably mean increased pressure and less control.

The distributor for *The Tempest* is ominously called Mainline Films, and within days of telling me he didn't want to talk about his new project, *Newtron,* it was announced in the press as part of a package of independent films . . . a situation he is clearly unhappy with. We'll see.

As I gathered my stuff together at the end of our second meeting, I noticed he was wearing one green and one orange sock. Both were luminous. I forgot to ask him if he had a similar pair. Do you know what I mean?

Toyah as Miranda as Cinderella in The Tempest



Hide In Plain Sight: Jimmy Caan does his bulldog bit.

Some kind of truth

Hide In Plain Sight

Directed by James Caan
Starring James Caan, Jill Eikenberry, Robert Viharo and Barbara Rae *(CIC)*

A TRUE story this and therefore all the more testing a directorial task for James Caan who continues to cut himself a fine niche in hard-hat radicalism.

There is much of the flavour of Cassavetes here. The brawn and grease of an inherently decent class of dumb-oxen patriot whose faith in the Washington establishment is not all that it used to be.

Caan plays one such individual. A Buffalo, N.Y. factory worker with one good suit, an unfaithful wife and a loathing of subversive scum elements whom he sees as undercutting the foundations on which his life precariously tilts.

Unlike the yippie wreckers and scroungers, his values are a matter of quiet conscience and if, on the surface, he seems the placid family man then the world is due a colossal jolt. For you can take Caan's eye or his wife but lookout anyone — be it Government, mafia or any unspecified permutation of the two — who tries to part him from his adorable infant siblings.

In fact as the film opens, our hero already has restricted access. Mainly baby-sitting duties while his lacquered-up ex-wife tarts around town with a third rate mafia bank robber.

Caan swallows these indignities. He's learnt how on the factory floor where to lose an arm and a job in the same week is roughly par for the course.

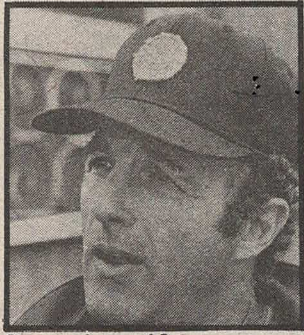
But now the plot takes on an uncomfortable twist. The ambitious boyfriend pulls a bank raid for his mafia masters, the execution of which is hammy and vile in the extreme. When his face and name are plastered over the daily news, those that run him decide he must first marry Caan's ex and then give himself into the custody of the law.

The nature of the betrayal gradually dawns on the meathead and he decides to grass. In return, he is introduced to the fledgling 'witness relocation programme' . . . a Federal scheme offering informers of his stamp a new, anonymous life in a location far removed from those that might seek deadly revenge.

With him go Caan's ex and the kids. And what follows is Caan's increasingly uncompromising attempts to locate and recover the children.

As a director, the most urgent obligation was to offset the sweet-caked sentiment inherent in the storyline. One man battling big Government and Italian baddies for the right to his kids is the stuff of sheer melodrama. The fact that the story is a true one (circa 1967) helps not one bit.

The tactic deployed is to unfurl the plot against a background that is unremittingly grubby and dank and in which all but the honest triumvirate (the hero, his girlfriend and best pal) exhibit an air of weary cynicism.



Caan again, mush?

The contrast is in fact too sharp. Caan's honest-john good buddy is practically Bilko fodder and the girlfriend is so thoroughly nice in her little black dress and string of pearls that she best belongs in another less fraught movie.

As for Caan himself. In the early reels he is all etiquette. The rage, we are to believe, lying far beneath the skin. But etiquette and hee haw befuddlement hardly sit well on a man we know to be of the Nicholson school of fist-thumping angst. To delay an exhibition of these powers is to saddle himself with a two-legged horse.

But then these are real people and events. And you have to suppose that an over-riding temptation was to protect their innocence by depicting them as entirely innocent dupes of a heartless regime. Alas for Hollywood, such people don't exist.

All the same, it's a piece of some integrity, a lot of sobs and not a little inspiration.

Andrew Tyler

Almost Overlooked

American Gigolo

Directed by Paul Schrader
Starring Richard Gere and Lauren Hutton *(CIC)*

A dispassionate peek through the blinds of Bel-Air, whose wealthy inhabitants can pay the price of anything but seem to know the value of nothing. Richard Gere gives a cool, credible performance in the title role, seemingly aloof but ultimately as lonely as the aged women who purchase his mercantile affections. A grim sexual murder begins to intrude on his cocooned existence about the same time as a younger woman (Lauren Hutton), forcing the gigolo to face the empty life he leads. The appeal of this life, to him, to his tricks, to us, is highlighted by the chic, glossy camerawork and opulent locations, and then it's gradually upset by the sordid underbelly exposed through the murder. Director Schrader *(Blue Collar, Hardcore)* makes his point keenly enough for this film to have been an unexpected hit in America, despite, or perhaps because of, the catchpenny ending, and the use of a top fashion model in the female lead. The fact that the Gere role was originally planned for John Travolta hints well enough at what the point is.

Paul Rambali

1941

Directed by Steven Spielberg
Starring John Belushi and Ned Beatty *(Columbia)*

THIS is Spielberg's *Bad Timing.* Even without the post-production difficulties of Iran and Afghanistan you have to wonder about a movie that attempts — in this sorry decade — to deliver up the message that war is hilarious. Perhaps Spielberg anticipated the kind of critical ecstacy that met Joseph Heller's *Catch 22* — clearly, he sets about resurrecting the same mood of lustful hysteria. But then Heller's context was the comfortable early '60s when Americans could swagger on account of their wealth and muscle. Times change. But you don't have to be American to recoil from *1941.* This is Spielberg's bad timing on two counts. Hysteria is fine for so long as it's relieved by moments of introspection - a touch of poignancy perhaps, a dab of pain. And for so long as, at root, the characters are plausible. Heller orchestrated in such a manner. Spielberg orchestrates like Danny Kay guest conducting for the London Symphony — banal mayhem.

Andrew Tyler

Friday The 13th

Directed by Sean S. Cunningham
Starring Adrienne King and Harry Crosby *(Warner Bros)*

A knife scythes through the air. A head rolls. A body lurches on like a decapitated chicken. Sensitive souls shriek in the circle while the less credulous among them continue to idly flick popcorn down into the one pound sixties. It was one of those. A brief of shlock horror eechhsploitation and no budgetary restraints whatsoever on the pig's blood. *Friday The 13th* borrows with neither shame nor thanks from the vastly superior *Halloween;* its flimsy plot turning on another group of morally unsound teenagers getting picked off one by one, this time in a much cheaper, secluded out-of-doors location. And as for its claims to being a thriller . . . *Friday The 13th* is about as suspenseful as 1000-year-old elastic. Worse still, although proving the truth of something or other, my local fleapit reports a brisk business as late as Wednesday the 18th.

Paul Rambali

Box Office

London

1 **The Empire Stikes Back** (Director: Irvin Kershner)
2 **Friday The 13th** (Sean Cunningham)
3 **Kramer vs Kramer** (Robert Benton)
4 **All Quiet On The Western Front** (Delbert Mann)
5 **The Final Countdown** (Don Taylor)

Regions

1 **Quadrophenia** (Franc Roddam/**Scum** (Alan Clark)
2 **Adult Fairy Tails** (Who Cares)
3 **Midnight Express** (Alan Parker/**Taxi Driver** (Martin Scorsese)
4 **Zombies** (George A. Romero)
5 **Every Which Way But Loose** (James Fargo)

(Screen International)

'ello, 'ello — what's goin' on 'ere, then?

NME is giving you the chance to sample big screen laffs for nowt, is what. Listen, Charlie Murray's seen THE SECRET POLICEMAN'S BALL and he reckons it's a hoot. No, not the namby-pamby version that ITV put out last Christmas — this is the real, uncensored thing. The one with Tom Robinson sticking up for gays and Peter Cook putting the boot in to senile judges. The one with Pete Townshend and John Cleese, Michael Palin and Billy Connolly. And Anna Ford. To see this historic comedic occasion, all you've got to do is cut out the Ball 1 coupon we're printing this week and put it in an envelope with the Ball 2 coupon we're going to print next week and post it to: THE SECRET POLICEMAN, NME, 5/7 CARNABY ST, LONDON W1V 1PG. What we'll do is treat the first 250 applicants to a late night London preview of THE SECRET POLICEMAN'S BALL. Don't panic, the tickets admit two people.

BALL 1

On The Box

Friday, June 27

BEDTIME STORY: Brando's never at his best when attempting to play for laughs and he flounders badly in Ralph Levy's cumbersome '64 comedy about a couple of conmen vying for Shirley Jones' affections. And here he's pitted against the easy urbanity of David Niven. **(ITV London)**

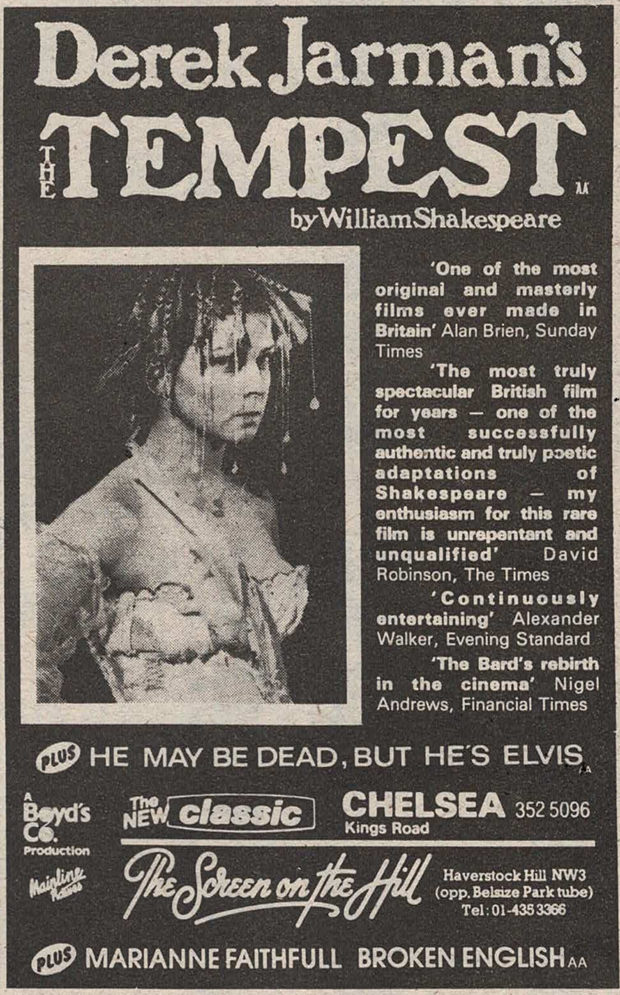
CLAIRE'S KNEE: The best-known of Eric Rohmer's celebrated 'Moral Tales' and, as in all the others, nothing much happens. Rohmer's obsession is the discreet charm of the bourgeoisie so you'll have to be in the mood. He's sharp, mind, and pretty subtle — lots of perceptive, understated observation — but his films have less to do with what people are doing than what is going on in their minds as they are doing it. The stars are Jean-Claude Brialy and Aurora Cornu, it dates from 1970, and some people consider it erotic. **(BBC 2)**

THE ABOMINABLE SNOWMAN: It's got to be worth a couple of chuckles as Peter Cushing and Forrest Tucker trudge after the Yeti in the Himalayas. Val Guest directed in 1957, from Nigel Kneale's script — funny that, it seems like only last week they showed *Quatermass.* **(BBC 1)**

Saturday, June 28

NIGHT OF THE DEMON: Dana Andrews' sceptical psychologist is well and truly given the willies in Jacques Tourneur's 1957 chiller, taken from M R James' *Casting Of The Runes.* It heralds the start of a slew of horror double bills, and this week's companion piece is Freddie Francis' *The Ghoul,* an unpleasant shocker from 1975 starring Peter Cushing and John Hurt. **(BBC 2)**

Monty Smith



Derek Jarman's
THE TEMPEST AA
by William Shakespeare

'One of the most original and masterly films ever made in Britain' Alan Brien, Sunday Times

'The most truly spectacular British film for years — one of the most successfully authentic and truly poetic adaptations of Shakespeare — my enthusiasm for this rare film is unrepentant and unqualified' David Robinson, The Times

'Continuously entertaining' Alexander Walker, Evening Standard

'The Bard's rebirth in the cinema' Nigel Andrews, Financial Times

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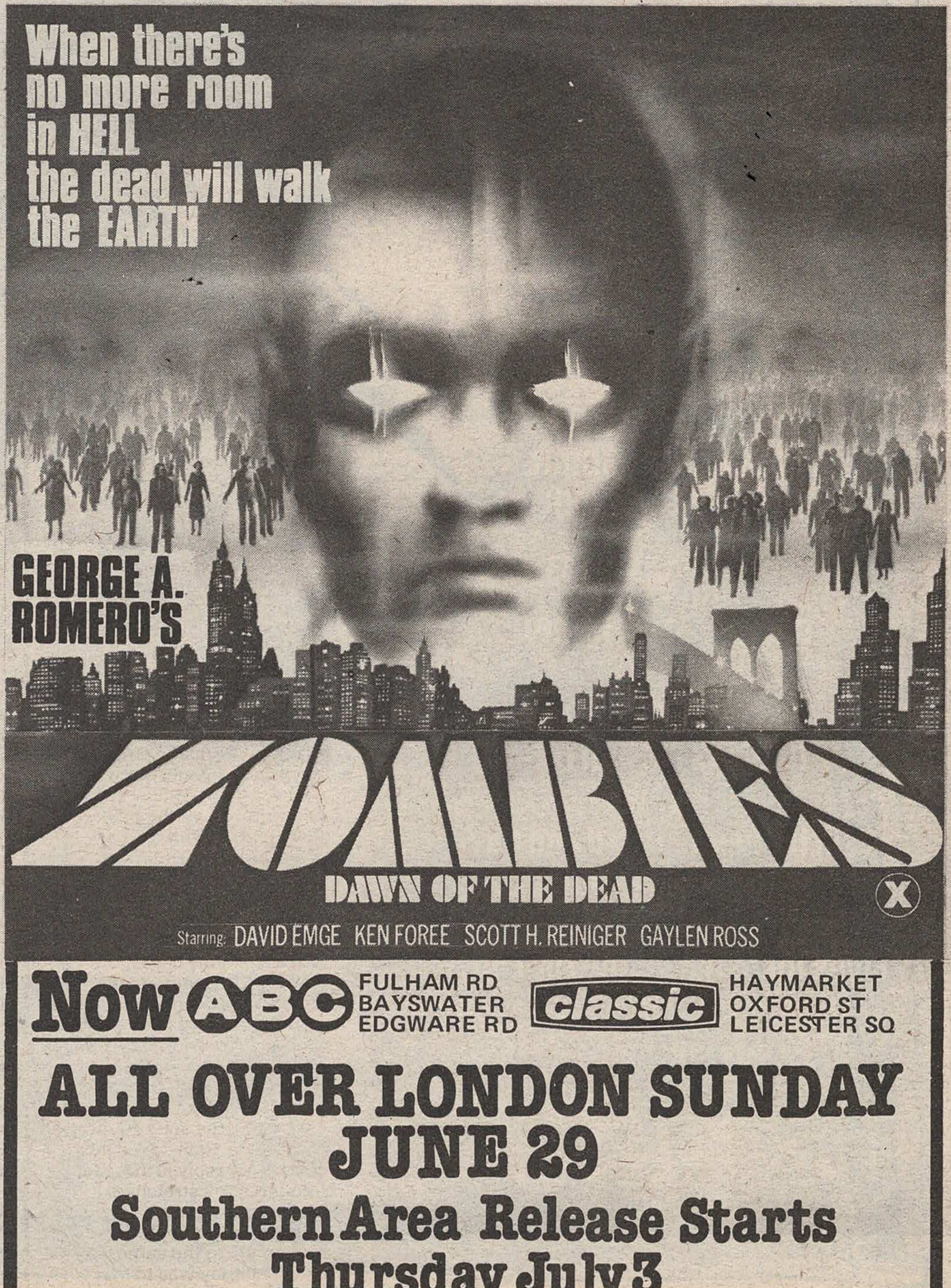

When there's no more room in HELL the dead will walk the EARTH
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DAWN OF THE DEAD
X

Starring: DAVID EMGE KEN FOREE SCOTT H. REINIGER GAYLEN ROSS

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ISLAND

"DYING ALL THE TIME ... LOSE YOUR DREAMS AND YOU WILL LOSE YOUR MIND."

NOT FADE AWAY (and radiate)

The Mick Jagger Interview — It's only Rock 'n' Roll so who cares if it's the decade the music dies?

By Paul Morley

Pix Anton Corbijn

In the room, Mick Jagger and I are sat on a nice sofa, and we're messing around.

Mick Jagger is stood up, he's looking small, his legs don't fill his fawn trousers. With no beard he looks fresh. He's not looking much like a legend: but sometimes old legends aren't allowed to fade away.

Jagger is back in Europe for visits, interviews, old fashioned promotion for 'Emotional Rescue', the first Stones LP of the '80s. There were something like 18 Stones LPs in the '60s, and about half that in the '70s, including compilations and 'lives'. The Rolling Stones discography is much loved, much lauded, much analysed; those records changed our lives, more than just a pebble being moved on the beach.

By the time that the Stones had stretched themselves, erratically and bathetically, to the 1978 'Some Girls', which rode on the lithe back of the summer hit 'Miss You' to become their biggest statistical hit, even *Rolling Stone* magazine thought it probably didn't matter much except to the diehards. A pitiful editorial retraction went some way to illustrating the state of misplaced paranoia and helplessness in which the '60s child had ended. But then the *NME* had to have two goes before it got it right, indicating that the '70s child was simply (complexly) in A State.

The Rolling Stones, from a loveless low, prepared themselves for their third decade, via the odd court case, silly Canadian antics, divorces, barbaric indulgences, the Stones reality being even more shaped by the silly press. They were also preparing themselves for middle-age, which couldn't have been easy, but a lot of us have no memories of the '60s, and we didn't care, though somehow in the back of our minds, we realised we probably *had* to care.

IN the room, Mick Jagger is winking at me. The Rolling Stones office is near the Kings Road, at an address the taxi driver couldn't find. Jagger, the '60s devil, the '70s poseur, is now the '80s charmer. His face, with a complexion that money can buy, crinkles and reacts actively and unselfconsciously, and he laughs easily.

Away from the romanticised chaos, insanity, unreality of a Rolling Stones tour, stripped in the daylight and my eyes of any monstrous image, away from the hysteria and gossip and rich indulgence, another lifetime away from the '60s ecstacy he aroused, courted, exploited, Jagger looks what he is; a cleancut casually dressed entertainer with an interesting past, who likes his cricket, his fun and his lifestyle. He's living in New York mainly, a city he talks about with relish, though "I still feel English a little bit."

His lips are something of a let down. His wink isn't. He has his *NME* strategy well worked out, and seems to enjoy the tussles we have. The accent is transparently cockney. Restless, he moves around a lot. A couple of cans of beer are drunk. For some of the time huge mouthfuls of ham sandwich are talked through, distorting his features. Half way through our one and a bit hour talk his scuffed but expensive shoes are kicked off.

Too many people are becoming obsessed with pop music. The position of rock and roll in our sub-culture has become far too important, especially in the delving for philosophical content. — Mick Jagger, February 1969.

TALKING to Mick Jagger should not be An Event, but because of rock's state, the dread and the submissiveness, that's what it is. This is how much we're caught up in things — we talk to Jagger, we say we don't care, attack him, mock him, implicitly ask for his advice, we put him on the cover, we make this further contribution to the typical themes.

Interviewing Mick Jagger is necrophilia. Jagger is rock's life and he is rock's death. Jagger is a reason why rock music became so 'important' — the Stones refused the original given orthodoxy of pop music, they sang darkly but openly about sexual exploitation, mental disintegration and physical immersion — and caught up in the inevitabilities of growth and decay he is a reason why rock dies. The Rolling Stones grew too old and too big, and their cliches threw shadows over attempts for new rock music to radically alter the new, pleasant rock conventions, conventions that become as boring as all that rock is meant to attack.

The Stones paradoxically — after the abnormality and realism of their best works — began to comfort their audience: their audience comfort them. This relationship cannot be dislocated, it's part of rock's failure. No longer can the Stones protest about growing up into a world seen as cynical, uncaring and unaffected. They have grown up. They hang onto their lost youth, fake their protest and lose belief in whatever the celebration and indignation was ever about and for. They're babbling.

And that's what rock music mostly does: babble. The rock music that the majority talks about and responds to, the rock that is offered safely and attractively.

(This) Rock's lack of coherent expansion is lamentable. Tradition and convention seem permanent structural features, the music insular and spiteful. Anything that strays beyond its limits is generally treated patronisingly and fearfully. Rock has become a dilution of sources, a furtive fund of cliches, a list of names and events. This is what rock music has become to many people, because the wrong things have become important.

The Rolling Stones crawled from the brand new chaos of the '60s and early '70s, shook off a peculiar culture concussion, and by the time they were 'in control', had a fake dignity and ended up selling lots of records and still receiving attention (oddly based on their old images). It's a long way from Magazine or PiL, but close enough to Fleetwood Mac and Foreigner to be seen as successful survival. They represented that part of rock which had become a matter of economics and manipulation, not a force that's fighting away the crap, blasting away restriction. The Rolling Stones changed sides; perhaps the only way to survive.

Rock is still alive and kicking, but not in the places where most attention is. There is great rock music, but it blows away from where the majority is looking. The Stones, with their tradition, position and disposition, help blow it away. They'll beat us to death yet.

Maybe I'm talking to Mick Jagger because he's the loneliest person alive. Or . . . he made records that dealt so violently and derisively with paranoia and persecution and isolation, and The Rolling Stones were lunging attacks on the straightforward amorous cliches of popular music that still fill people's minds. Their songs dealt with jealousy, breakdown, resistance, were arrogant and disorientating, and never wanted the hearer to settle. 'Exile On Main Street' is such a dark, distraught LP, is it any wonder Jagger pronounces the word 'death' so strangely? These best songs have not lessened in 'value'. The word is perhaps beauty. But it's this total honour for the past that drags us back so much.

Not only am I performing necrophilia by interviewing Mick Jagger, by remaining sensible and interested throughout the interview I'm coming close to (ah) professional suicide. As I sit talking to Jagger, frown writing this piece, the absurdity of it flares up so bright I don't think I'll ever recover. Jagger attacks me, I attack Jagger, and we both attack each other's belief of what rock is and can be. Rock seems a sorry thing afterwards. How can I continue getting hysterical about it? What exists? The need to find belief, the need to remain innocent?

Rock music is not in control, and no one thing is in control of it. It runs all over the place. It means something different to everyone. To some it is nothing more than margarine, to others it can be art, and for many it is just a distraction. For Mick Jagger it has become, horribly, sadly, contentment.

Have you ever felt you were losing your sanity?

Yeah, sometimes. But I don't think at the moment.

Have you ever lost it?

No *(guarded)*. Not completely. I try to hang on.

What keeps you hanging on?

I dunno . . . *(shrugs)* really . . . it's easier to ask what drives people around the bend, what kind of people have really gone to the edge. Most people don't really go to the edge. I mean, I think it's just because you have a really stable bottom part to you. Something underneath. It's difficult to say when it doesn't happen to you what it would be like.

What would you imagine it would be?

I dunno. I've seen people do it. But I don't know what it is that actually sends them there. That's the thing, it's difficult to bridge the gap . . . People have gone either temporarily or permanently over the edge because you can't really see it from their point of view. It's really hard.

Do you think that there are people looking towards you — for some sort of sign?

Yeah, but there's pretty few of them. I never waited on anyone's word. I can't ever remember thinking that. I suppose there are people. Stupid, I think.

Do you feel a rebel — If you ever did?

I don't think I ever did. Since I was about 14. Well, I sort of ran out of rebelliousness about 16.

You must have felt idealistic?

(Unemphatic) Yeah . . .

And from those early days felt that you could carry it in some way?

Yeah, you did.

And felt you had the power.

Well, you didn't have the power. You hoped you did. You felt you might have, if you had the chance. By the time you get anything you know that the power is absolutely useless, and you couldn't do anything with it even if you had it. It's all imagination, a load of old bollocks. That's self-centred again. Thinking that you have something that no-one else has got.

People put you in the position where you almost did.

Yeah, almost. Almost is the key word.

You're saying idealism is irresponsible?

No, not at all. But I don't think that the Rolling Stones were idealistic . . . They may have been nihilistic slightly. But they weren't idealistic so much, only as far as music was concerned. We really just wanted to make records or do what we wanted to do. Instead of being told, which is more or less the position people find themselves in now.

Were those the complete boundaries you set yourself — just wanting to put out records and play gigs? You must have had other ones?

There were others, but those were the most

➧ *continues overleaf*

from previous page

immediate ones. That was what we were kicking against. People didn't want you to play in their town halls, people didn't want you to play in their clubs, so your energy was unfortunately focussed against that rather than anything more interesting.

Did you feel that reflecting young people's unrest was important?

Yeah, that was a good period that. But it can't go on for ever, with a group of individuals or a generation.

Don't you feel that's letting people down — and that's why people felt that you relinquished something important and turned against you?

Yeah, maybe, but I don't know if they really did or if that's something that's just been cooked up in the *NME*.

You're narrowing it down. It seems Mick Jagger has become conservative — if only because you've lost your idealism.

I'm not sure I've really lost it, my idealism, I don't think I was really idealistic in the sense you're trying to say. Because you've got to remember that it was over — it was gone so quickly, that period, that everyone else is living under a sort of forced thing. When they actually discover whatever it is, they don't like it in themselves, the fact that this is all bullshit. That they were living under some illusion that had been served up to them that I don't really believe is ever there. Only slightly, it had an effect. But it was very small. There are people who still think that Bob Dylan is this, that or the other — people get disappointed in him because he doesn't play folk music anymore. People get annoyed with themselves and take it out on the object.

Do you sense hostility and apathy towards you?

Not really. I don't really get any. Most of the people I see don't seem to be like that at all.

People felt that you could still contribute to a very vague and perhaps naive cause.

Yeah, I think that's the problem. It is very naive and very vague. I don't think anyone can put their finger on it, and then if you can't then it's a lost one. It's not the fact that I'm conservative, maybe they're just frustrated that whatever it is has never happened . . . I don't know when this all is we're talking about *(broad smile)*.

You must be aware of developments in rock over the past four years — a new awareness that the Rolling Stones didn't correspond to.

Yeah, well that's a sort of obvious thing to do. But then they seemed to burn out. They didn't seem to last the course these people.

What is the course? A career?

The course is keeping . . . it's alright having a burst of energy, but you've got to . . . things go so quickly, in England, they always have done, which is a lot controlled by the media. England is totally controlled by the media. And *NME* is totally controlled by a large company. It's controlled by a very large conservative company, even though it's supposed to be allowed to do what it wants — I suspect it's not — and the *NME,* for all its bollocks, its writing on the wall, all this adolescent posing — it is an old fashioned out of date institution, which we don't even need. When it was off the street, no one gave a shit.

***(cleverly pushed into corner)* Who didn't give a shit?**

Anyone on the street. Who cares if the *NME* doesn't come out? I think that it's totally phony for the *NME,* which is part of a huge capitalist tool, to pose for these young children who don't know this, who don't even care about it if it's pointed out to them, because they've got no idea. They just don't understand. Posing as this sort of mirror to this young movement — it's a load of old bollocks. It's just exploiting them. Same as the *Daily Mirror* does. Or *The Sun* page three. It's the same fucking thing.

We've all got to sell our souls, but make sure it's just part. You do.

No . . . I don't have to sell my soul as much as you do working for a huge company like the *NME.* You're literally working for IPC, not any independent.

So you haven't sold your soul as much as I have?

No . . . in fact I had to fight my way out of the situation that you are in now; my first record contract when I was a kid, with Decca. There were no American companies that supplied any choice back then. It was EMI, Decca, or death. There was nothing inbetween, and you were virtually the employee and you had to do more or less their bidding, otherwise they wouldn't put your record out. I mean, they didn't care about lyrics, they didn't think about that, so we got away with that. But we really had to fight to get rid of all that, and it was a lot of hassle. It wasn't just for money. It was just to get rid of them. And look where they are now — they're nowhere, because of the way they treated people.

Doesn't *NME* have *(deep breath)* responsibility?

I don't think so. *(emphatic)* You never have done.

You're saying that the *NME* perpetuates myths.

Yup.

Aren't the Stones worse at that?

Not consciously. *NME* has perpetuated myths even before I started reading it, which is a fucking long time ago.

What kind of myths do *NME* perpetuate in 1980?

The rebellious image of youth, that's a myth you perpetuate. The change of format you made four years ago, you're probably going to have to make another one in eighteen months. What I mean, you can't accuse me of doing something which you actually work for and perpetuate, which I think is far worse than what we do. The trouble is you're just dishing up something that is like custard, because you say people like it. Like *the Beano.* Yeah, you're just like the *Beano — Beano, NME, Daily Mirror;* death. All the same people.

Where do you fit into this?

I don't want to. I don't mind talking to you.

You're just a massive myth, standing for the old procedures and illusions.

We're not trying to create that. What I'm trying to say is that the English press has got a very weird attitude which no other country has, believe it or not. Because they have the ability to make people, not necessarily to break them — they can try and usually succeed — and unless you co-operate with them you won't make it. Very rarely. And they have a sort of inbuilt market, the youth market, and they just push it which way they want. I'm very suss of this stance, because I've seen it turnaround so much, even over the past fifteen years.

I can't understand what you think is the fundamental argument of this issue.

There isn't one. I've forgotten what it is anyway.

Rebelliousness is a bad thing next to blandness?

I just think that it's a pose. I wish it was real.

It's the same with you!

Yeah, but I'm using it against you. You've already tried to use it against me, and I've refused it by saying that it's *(grin)* . . . far worse a thing you do than I!

But can you refuse the accusation?

I'm not trying to perpetuate myths.

You are.

I'm not. It's you that are perpetuating, not me.

So we tell lies about people like you?

Yeah, the press basically does.

To what end?

To sell newspapers. It's the only thing that matters.

You don't think that the *NME* — if nothing else — has more commitment and conviction than just that?

I'm not talking about you personally, or what you write. You're just a cog in a machine.

***(repetitive)* You are!**

We're all like that. But it's no use you attacking me because we're all just part of the same thing.

The End?

Yeah. It's no use you trying to say to me that I'm doing something that isn't true, or I didn't come across at the right time, when I just think that the press in England are more irresponsible than we are, including *NME.* Especially *NME,* because it has the most pose. I'm talking about people like Lester Bangs. They've got a lot of pose in them. He's one of the great upholders of all that crap. They just turn around when it becomes fashionable or unfashionable or whichever way and take another pose. Bangs is just an independent journalist and you can see it even in him, that he's doing it only to try and keep his price per word up.

But aren't you moving from pose to pose?

(falter) Well . . . I think it's different . . . I think it's slightly different in music than it is in journalism.

Was it the rebellion thing that gave you the conviction to start making recprds?

No, not really. It wasn't rebellion. I only got into rebellion because I wasn't able to do what I wanted. I just wanted to play. I couldn't play here and I couldn't play there and I couldn't do this and I couldn't do that, and that's why I became, like, annoyed at it. But before that I was just idealistic as far as you want to know. And we started the band to play The Bloose *(stretches syllable)* — which is a pretty weird thing to remember. But that's why we started. And also in those days we were pretty naive about the press. They sort of pushed us into an awful lot of things that we didn't want to do. When you look at those old press cuttings, it's pretty fucking amazing what they got you at. You were put up as this, and of course you start playing the roles, unbeknownst to you. Seduced by the likes of the *Daily Mirror.* It becomes that you play the roles that are forced upon you. Dirty and all that crap. It seems so long ago and it is.

Once you'd bypassed that you must have come to some decision . . .

Well then you don't know where you are! Then you think fuck it, I'm fed up with being pushed around, now I'm going to try something different. But by the time you had reached that position you were an incredibly rich man. I wasn't actually. Unfortunately. I didn't get any money until . . . I mean, I spent a lot of money but so does everyone else, that's all relative. We didn't have any money in the bank until 1972. I'd spent it all and owed it all in taxes. Although it would appear I was very rich, in actuality I wasn't. Most people in entertainment are not as rich as people would

"I don't have to sell my soul as much as you!"

LOVE to imagine that they are. That's just a fantasy.

But in 1972 why continue? Illusions must have been long shattered.

No, they weren't shattered enough that you didn't want to continue and try and build on something.

On what?

A very shaky foundation! You've already set yourself on a very dodgy course which has zig-zagged in and out, you've had a lot of trouble, so you want to try and keep yourself level-headed a bit after you've had this experience.

You weren't particularly fighting for or against anything?

No . . . I don't think that's necessarily what musicians do. They just have a good time.

It doesn't stop there. The music goes out to people.

Of course. But you can't think about each and every one of them. All you can do is write what you can write and play what you can play. You can't really think of the unknown consequences in each person that hears the record.

This culture of rebellion, all the things that the Stones are held to represent — and therefore to some sell out against — are you saying that it is just the way you've been handled by the media that it has ended up this way?

It has a lot to do with it, looking back. At the time I thought I was in control of everything. It wasn't true. Not at all. It wasn't, isn't, true of anyone. A lot of bands may be more sophisticated now, but that's because they've seen everything that's happened. And they've seen their contemporaries burn up quickly, there's also that. Some people just burn up quickly, don't have anything to say, or can't be bothered. Or want to go and do something else.

I just think you mustn't put too much emphasis . . . I think you're putting too much emphasis on the cultural side, which isn't even *there*. It only exists for a very small number of people. That is my criticism of magazines — they try and create something which is interesting to write and read about but isn't really there for a lot of people. Like you said, "Don't you sense a lot of hostility and all those things?" And the answer is No, it's a load of old bollocks. There was a period about two or three years ago where it was fashionable to say that we were a load of old bollocks, I always used to say Elvis was a load of old bollocks, I never really liked him. But I mean, so what? That is just a phase. When you actually meet the person who said it they never say anything to you.

Your critics feel even if they're not contributing to something important they're at least knocking down something that is useless, that you stand for.

Yeah, I'm sure of that. It didn't last for very long.

It's still going on, and you're getting old whilst the twenty-year olds . . .

Are getting old too at the same rate as me . . .

What about the turnover?

The turnover is inevitable.

So why doesn't Mick Jagger grow old gracefully, go into films or something?

Well, if you want me to make films and give me millions of dollars to make films then I'd be very happy to receive the money.

Is it still easy for you to make rock music?

Yeah, it's really easy, it's one of the easiest things to do. That's why so many people can do it. It's also easy to act. It's not easy to get millions of dollars to make a film, *(laughs)*. It's very hard.

People who make their pop and rock with a freshness and spontaneity and new vision feel that you're hanging on, getting in the way.

If they're really right, they've got their market to appeal to. I know what you mean. I feel the same way about a lot of people myself, I don't know why they bother, but as far as the Stones are concerned, you're picking on the wrong people. I said this three years ago, and now I think the argument is dead and over with.

So *(second deep breath)* is rock important?

Yeah, but not as important as it used to be.

How important did it used to be?

More important than it is now.

***(clever!)* Because it gave young people something they'd never had?**

Yeah, it was providing something that didn't really exist. Now it's like a . . . see, what I can't believe is that rock'n'roll still exists in the form that it does, even with all its permutations it's very limited and its entertainment value is very limited. Everything going on I've seen at least twice before. Y'know, the first music I ever saw was like Ska, and that's like 1958. I was fucking young then, but now I'm standing in New York and it's all this Ska coming through, and no-one's ever heard of it, and it was, like, the first thing I ever saw in the Flamingo or wherever. It's a bit weird. And then people come up to me and say 'I suppose you've never heard of this'. Oh sure!

That's not necessarily where rock music is.

No, but rock has gone on so far and no one expected it to last in such a limited form. Also it's got all these defined boundaries of style, and it's self-perpetuating, and all these things you say you don't like about it — well you say you don't like them but I'm sure you do — and otherwise it wouldn't exist. What bands do you think don't take after a lot of different styles that have gone on before? Most decent bands are an amalgam of all different things. Most good songwriters are an amalgam of all the good things that they've picked up on. So that's what amazes me, that it still exists. But it's lost its original force, because it's gone round, this is the second or third time around, y'know, of all the fashions. They come and go and they come and go so quickly.

So what are you saying — give up, or just don't get so worked up, don't build up illusions?

Well don't . . . yeah, the thing is there's nothing new in all this. There was a point when it was really new, there was a point three years ago when there seemed to be something.

What kind of things?

Well at least there was some kind of energy level gone back to it, but now that seems to have gone as well. You're back to your 'Theme From Mash' at number one. I mean, come on!

Are the Stones supplying an alternative to this blandness?

Is there an alternative to it?

You don't think there is?

Yeah! But it can't be turned on like a tap. It would appear.

Mediocrity should be something you just have to fight against.

I agree!

Mediocrity and hypocrisy and complacency — are the Stones fighting against those things or are they part of it, the enemy . . .

I don't think that's really . . . If you think we're an enemy to that then you're fighting the wrong battle. Because although everyone is complacent in some ways — everyone! I mean, I really do think about it. I really think about music and the rock scene generally. And I've seen a lot of it in a lot of places, and I really live my whole life in it, and I've never done anything else — whether you want me to go into films or do something more graceful, I live my whole life in it so I think it's a load of old bollocks to accuse me of being complacent about it, cos I'm still in there. I may not be in there as much as when I was 21, but I'm still there.

Is that age thing another myth, another fake boundary?

Yeah, really. A lot of young musicians are fucking awful, really bad. All the things you loathe, they're there. Gary Numan is one of those. One of those people you don't like. He's all those things. I'm not saying as a person because I don't know him. I'm just saying when you look at him on the screen and listen to his records, y'know, he's one of those people that I think are just wrong. There aren't many good bands at 16, maybe one or two, but you don't necessarily have to be young. It does help with the energy level, you've got to keep that up.

But it's not necessarily that if you're young you're good and if you're old you're bad. Both can be really diabolical. There is nothing worse than seeing someone really over the top play.

Your gigs are parodies.

Yeah, you parody past roles. That's one of the things you can do as you get older. You can take the piss out of yourself as you were when you were younger, and yet can then project something else that you couldn't do then. You're very limited when you're younger, you don't have the breadth you have as you grow old. The expression, the range of emotions, I suppose you can't express yourself fully . . . you want desperately to. Like when I was 20 I wanted desperately to have the breadth of say Otis Redding. I didn't. Whereas now I think I can almost do it, although I can't sing as good as he can.

It's most fulfilling to be midway between that energy and that range?

Yeah it would be. That would be great. But what tends to happen is that you have one and not the other. You can't get past that. There are exceptions, and those are the ones that turn you on.

You almost seem to be very disillusioned about rock'n'roll — dragging it down to just a simple form of entertainment.

No, I'm not trying to do that. You're wrong. Urm. *(Pause)* No. I'm just concerned that people don't accept things blindly. It's stupid for people to take things blindly. And it's boring. Just to see another band with a high energy level is not necessarily any good. It's ok. I'd rather see a band with a high energy plus that and that and that, otherwise I just don't like it. Maybe if I was 16 the high energy would be enough. It isn't enough for me now. I need it, but it isn't enough.

What inputs are there going into the Rolling Stones now?

(bewildered) I don't know . . . really . . .

You're looking for fun still, looking to express yourself?

Yeah, I'm looking to express myself. If I can. This is a very limited method of expression. But that's what is so good about it, you really have to pare yourself down. It really is self expression, and that's the thing which stops me from going around the twist I think.

You feel inadequate?

Yeah, I wanna be improved, I wanna improve.

What towards . . . is it for yourself?

Yeah, it's something for yourself. To be a better writer is one of the main things. Performing is like something else. I'm not interested in being a better performer. I never really was.

Responsibility, again. It's there?

Yeah, it's there. But what can I do about it?

Not be smooth and move to smooth things out, not flaunt the mythical easy life.

Yeah, I can also have a traumatic life if I want to, but I don't think it's going to do me any good.

It's how you represent your experience and whatever through music that is important.

I don't particularly want to encapsulate it in one little thing. I mean, life is much more complicated than that. One day you could feel like this, down, and the next day you could think 'Oh it's a lovely day, and why should I worry?' You can see that. Even a change in the weather will affect people. I'm not opting for an easy life, but I'm not opting for one that is more difficult than it should be. A lot of people are like that. They want to make life difficult.

The Rolling Stones perpetuate the idea that it's easy to escape the life we have to suffer, easy and painless.

That's what entertainers are for! That's part of it. It's to show that one life is difficult, by certain tortuous methods, and that's the Judy Garland of the mode, and then how life can be easy and beautiful, which is entertaining people so they really feel better. It's both things. You have to do both. What I was saying about expressing your emotions — when you're young you often feel sexually frustrated *(clenches voice)* 'Oh I wish I could fuck her! *(Yelps)* I wish I had more money and I wish they didn't have so much money!' Whatever, a lot of frustration goes into that, and then you've got to illustrate that. Of course you wish you had this and that, even if you've got a lot of money you still wish you had more, and if you think you can fuck this girl you still wish you could fuck that one. It still goes on. It's still the same now, it's basically stupid ideas.

Life isn't all a bed of roses just because you're a rock'n'roll star. No one could possibly be as naive as to think that. Maybe that's the Rod Stewart myth, that life is all living in Los Angeles . . . but I don't live like that. I'm not going out of my way to explain to you why it's different.

The Rod Stewart myth has not been manufactured by us?

No, it hasn't. It's been adapted as a reaction, but I think it's actually real. He does live in Hollywood with a big swimming pool and his blonde wife and kid, and he does buy big antique cars and drive around Hollywood, and he does go out and buy two hundred tiffany lamps. That does actually exist. But it doesn't exist with me. So what? *(leer)* My life's probably a lot worse than that.

What does Mick Jagger wish for in 1980?

Certainly not that kind of life. I don't know what I want, that's the trouble.

The expression of your 1980 desires and reactions through music — are they still going to mean anything to anyone else?

I hope so. Yeah, I think so. It seems to do anyway.

The Stones continue, how can they disturb in a society such as ours, currently starring the most reactionary government we've ever had — can you matter, where do you fit?

It's a very changed society since this government took over. I don't know how we fit into it, any of us.

Are you aware of how scary what we've got is?

Yeah, I am, to a certain extent. Although it's not as reactionary as a lot of other societies. I wouldn't say that it's any worse than it has been in other periods. We've been through a lot of ups and downs as far as that is concerned that haven't necessarily depended on the government that's in power. Sometimes you've had quite liberal, permissive or whatever politicians running the country yet you've had a very restrictive society. Britain is a very restricted society, a very restrictive society.

***(half hearted)* We've got rock'n'roll.**

Yeah, but that's over-emphasised. It's like we say we've got the best football team. I know we've got the best rock'n'roll, but maybe that's not enough.

It must have an importance.

It does, but maybe it's not enough. We're being complacent . . . it doesn't seem to change anything, y'know? Society still seems to be very much similar to what it was ten years ago.

Is Mick Jagger immune from these everyday realities?

To a lot of them.

Have you got security for life?

No one has security for life. Security doesn't lie in money, it lies in a lot of other things. Money doesn't hurt but sometimes it can be a terrible burden to some people. It isn't to me. A lot of people that I know have terrible trouble because they have got a lot of money. They don't know what to do with it. They go overboard. They spend it all and then they're worried. It's fucking hard if you don't have any!

What does money give you?

Freedom to move around is the most important thing. I don't have to worry where the next meal comes from. I don't think you do.

Oh, I do.

Not ya next drink! But of course I feel more security than someone who is out of work.

Do you feel totally safe?

No, not at all.

Scared?

A little bit. By politics, the effects. And you feel rather helpless.

Do you ever think about anything you could do about aspects of this malaise?

Yeah, but there you go . . . I don't think that there's an awful lot that you can do for the economic and other problems of a society. There's a little bit you can do. Not an awful lot. I think that's inflating your own position.

You keep your opinion of yourself low?

Yeah. I used to think that I could do an awful lot. That's probably when I was taking too much acid.

What is your value of yourself?

I value myself lightly.

Never taken notice of what people tell you?

Now and then. That's when you learn to be more modest about it.

Has the media bothered you a lot in that way?

Yeah, that and going on the road makes you

Continues over

"Emotional Rescue? Nah, just put 'IT'S ON SALE' in big letters at the bottom of the page."

JAGGIN'

"Don't tell me when to stop! I'll know when."

➧ *From previous page*

immodest as well. It does, cos you're getting all this attention, and that's when I start going around the bend. That's why I don't like it. Not doing 'it', but it seems to affect me because my personality changes, warps.

You become horrible.

Yeah.

You don't think you're horrible.

I'm not really, but I do become horrible on the road. I become rude, vulgar, loud-mouthed, immodest, self-centred . . .

The Mick Jagger we all know and . . .

Well, it's a load of old bollocks.

The first thing my mum said when she heard I was going to interview Mick Jagger was 'Be careful' — she thought I was going to be pumped full of heroin or something.

I don't have any *(laughs)*. It's a good thing that you've got a mum who worries about you. My mum wouldn't have worried about me.

Do you feel trapped?

No. I would if I lived here. Not because I was Mick Jagger, but just because I lived here.

A lot of what you're saying suggests you're in a corner, that you'd rather be over 'there'.

Most people would be rather doing something that they're not. Over the green hill, what's it called, I've forgotten the cliche. But I would feel trapped if I lived here because I feel that it's a very trapped society. Most people feel like that.

Is that why we build up these myths and pad this fake culture?

Yeah, I do think that. It's also like that in America — all those evangelists. American rock music is largely impotent — a result of a slack music media in some ways . . . I don't think that. I think the media is a result of the music scene.

***Rolling Stone* — it's all a dull hippy self-righteousness, very restrictive.**

I think that that's really there and that they just reflect it. In other words they're just dealing out to their readers. The circulations are tiny compared to what yours are viz a viz the population, or the group that they're trying to sell to. They don't have much influence.

But doesn't *Rolling Stone* perpetuate myths and preserve the status quo much more than *NME* does?

(weighs it up) Yeaahs . . . I think they (Americans) get what they deserve. America is a very conservative country. It has a terrific musical background and heritage, same as we do here, but I feel that their heritage is much stronger — on a music you don't like level. Like The Eagles, that's based on a real musical background.

But it's so bland!

Yes, it's very bland. So's a lot of country music, which is where it comes from. R&B and blues itself is incredibly conservative music, in its form and content. Those two branches of rock music which are the main basis of rock and roll and popular music of every kind, it all very much relies on the bedrock of those things. And those things in America are very much more ingrained than they are here.

Black music is the most important thing to you. You've never for want of a better word been in anyway arty — always rooted in the black.

Yeah, that's what my thing is. What my basis is. And that's a very conservative style and content. Of course, it's got its quirks and strange twists. . .

You've tried to develop that?

A bit, *(attempts modesty)* — I think we've succeeded a bit. I can see the point . . . that's why a lot of British bands are so successful, because they manage to change those things, those styles that they base themselves on, into something more interesting than they are now or were. British bands are continually succesful like that. In Britain itself we don't have this basis, though, and that's why we're always looking for a change. You've got to change quickly. We're running out of changes in this country. But we've got other problems with our conservatism. Our society's got other conservative aspects that don't exist in America. It's a much more free society in someways, not so free in other ways.

America is all about the notion that 'It's Alright, it's Easy, it's Forever'. . .it's turning sour.

Yeah, and America's also about that you can make as much money as you want and no one is going to care. Money here has got to be rather a dirty word.

Don't you think it's more constructive to set realistic boundaries to your life rather than just sitting back?

Oh yeah, you mean good time and all that . . .

Do you set realistic boundaries and is it in your music?

Yeah, I think so. I don't think our music is all that bland. Certainly not bland like The Eagles, and it's also not the opposite of bland either, like a determined effort not to be bland. I don't mind to be bland occasionally. You can be bland with a twist. Seemingly bland. Hey, that's enough isn't it! For the *NME!* You're already on to page 87, where are we going? Is that bloke still there that Keith likes? The thin one . . .*(Nick Kent is alive and well, writing for NME & rehearsing his band — Ed).*

Don't you want to promote the new LP, 'Emotional Rescue'?

Naah! Put 'it's on sale' in big letters at the bottom

That's a broad hint to go.

Yeah. Don't forget to print all that stuff about the *NME*

Why 'Emotional Rescue'?

Well, it's just someone who's in trouble.

You?

No, I'm the one who's doing the saving! *(laughs)*

Are things a lot clearer for you these days?

Things are a lot clearer, but you go through phases. Now it all seems clear to me. Six months ago it wasn't, it was like a struggle. Everything goes up and down in your life, your personal life — and your musical life. It all interracts. Now it's June and it shouldn't be very nice in repressed old England but it seems to be rather nice. Things change very much with people. I feel very clear right now yeah. But I think that you need to go back into the muddle again to get something out.

Looking back *(yawn)* people would 'know' Mick Jagger through the LPs and the controversial events — how would you say you've developed?

Keep moving . . . keep one step ahead of it. There's a temptation to stand still. People always say 'What are you still working for?'

Exactly!

Well fuck you! Let me just do what I want to do. Don't tell me where to stop. I'll know when I feel like that.

Does it irritate you when people ask why are you hanging on?

Well, they say why are you still going, why did you do it in the first place. There's no real difference in the way that you feel. See, people think — they also imagine and fantasise that you've got all this money and birds and swimming pools — and they imagine that once you've got all that you should stop. It doesn't work out like that.

IT never works out how you want it or, as someone once said, you can't always get what you want. And artists and entertainers — so that's all he is!? have been rebelling against all forms of hypocrisy, as well as against conventional, tired concepts of love morality, religion and death longer than rock'n'roll's been alive (and dead), so does it matter that The Rolling Stones grew up, gave up and could yet be the last rock'n'roll group making it up and making money? (They almost out-manoeuvre Devo — as self-appointed critics mocking the end result of The Creation and recreating something even more vapid and vain.)

Yes, it does matter. Which is probably why the posing — is that all it is!? — goes on. Some sort of resistance, or perhaps a further hallucination. Something that doesn't succumb to mediocrity and acceptance and ignorance. Something that can get pretty condescending . . . but means well! That doesn't get conned by r'n'r's complication, or seduced by the commonplace. To what ends? The same old ones, presumably.

Jagger holds his views on the basis of rock limiting itself to the opportunities given through blues and R&B, with all the many implications. He's almost proud of its limitations. The Rolling Stones reworked and elaborated on those influences brilliantly, but it can't go on and doesn't have to go on. There are plenty of places rock can go without relinquishing its natural excitement and purpose. There are plenty of people doing that now, even if realistically no one wants it. (A fundamental problem.) (Deadpan).

The rock'n'roll that *The Sunday Times, The Observer,* the *BBC,* and some of the music press eulogises and deals with so simplistically and acceptingly, is dead. Maybe Mick Jagger isn't dead. He's alive enough to point out that rock writing as we have let it grow and be misunderstood is dead. And by allowing himself to be interviewed he points out, inevitably, inscrutably, that rock'n'roll as we have worshipped it is the deadest thing of them all.

Who sucks more out of the corpse. Jagger? *NME?* Or You?

Or so what?

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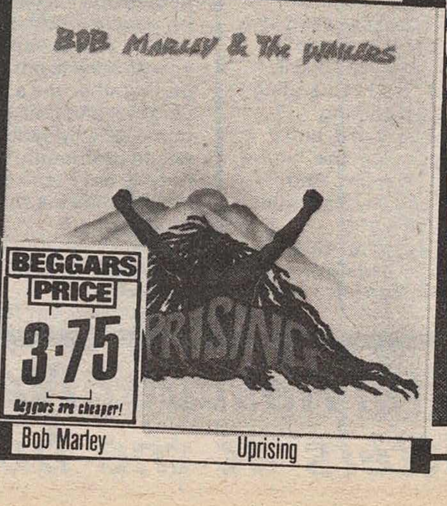

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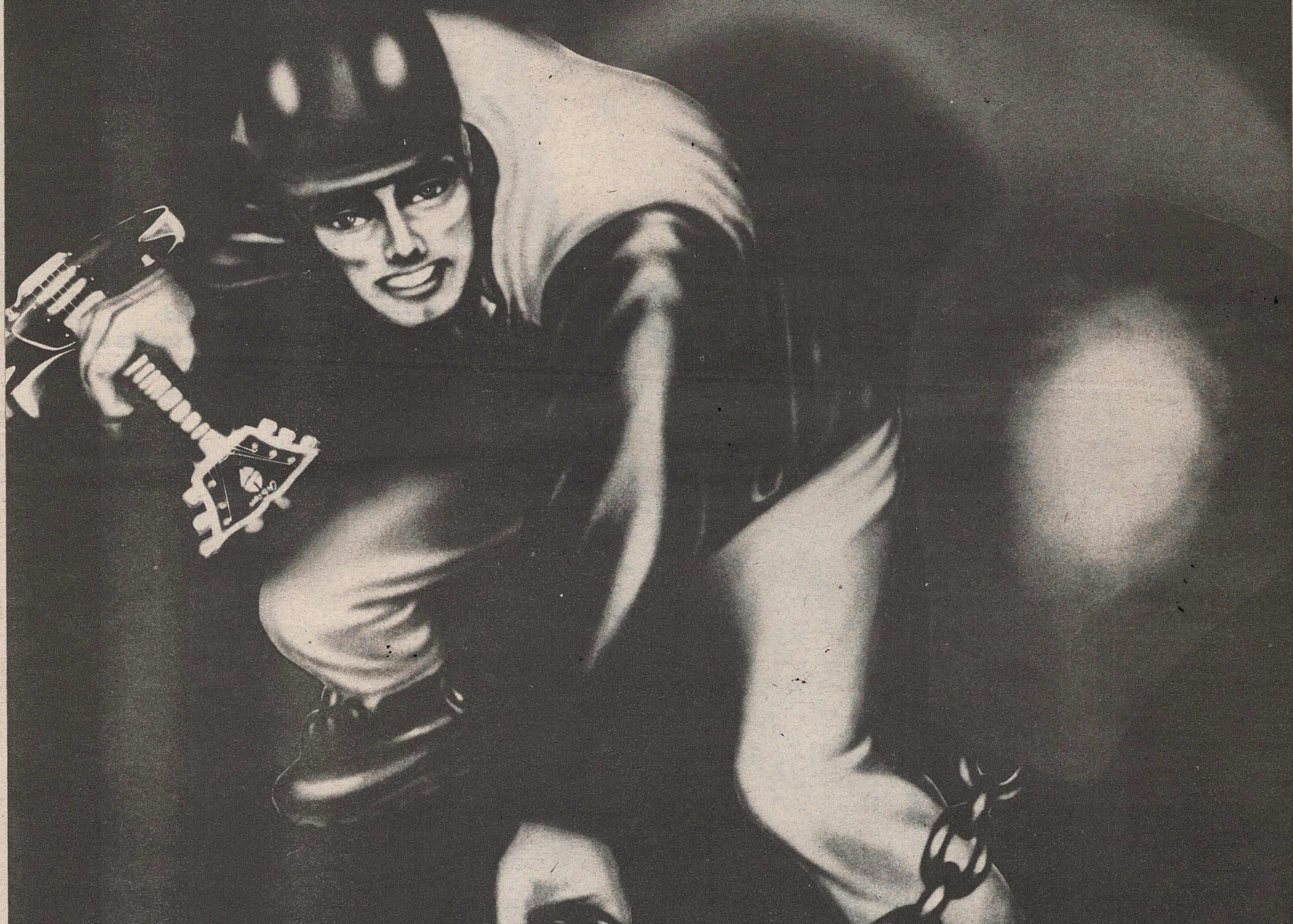

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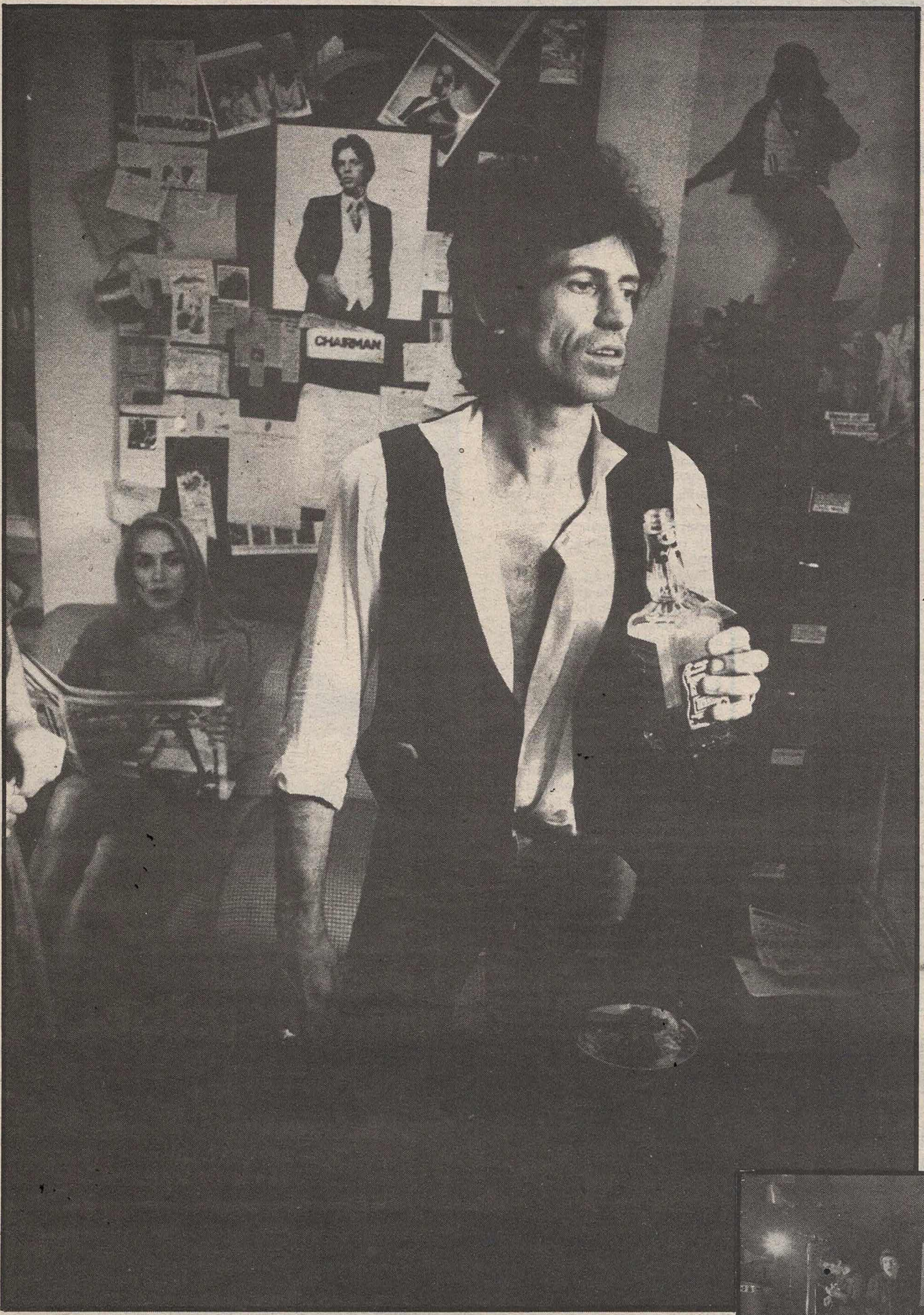

Above: Jerri Hall catches up with all the hot pop news in Monotony Maker, Keef drowns his embarrassment. Pic: Anton Corbijn. Right: the Sect's first gig at the 100 Club — we were all there, where were you? — just four years prior to overnight success with 'What's The Matter Boy?'. Pic: Stevenson.

THE ROLLING STONES
Emotional Rescue *(Rolling Stones)*

THE BEST Rolling Stones music has always achieved an alchemy between Mick Jagger's sly awareness of what is going on musically in the outside world and his exquisite taste in sources to pilfer, and Keith Richards' fervent rocker primitivism.

When mated properly, the results can be thrillingly good, but when this odd couple find themselves creatively at odds, egos intertwine like antlers and the dominant aesthetic crumbles under the weight of moody indolence.

'Emotional Rescue' has been preceded by the usual rumours of Jagger-Richards squabbles, flare-ups at sessions, and differences of opinion over choice of material, arrangements and mixing. The two parties apparently mixed the tracks separately; and it's not that hard to denote a Richards mix here or a Jagger mix there on the album. Such inconsistencies however tend to take a firm back-seat to the overall feel, which is far more abrasive and richly textured than the comparatively shambolic standards of much of 1978's 'Some Girls'.

That album caught the ensemble very much up against the wall, the new wave threatening them on the one hand, their commercial standing also on a shaky footing. 'Girls' stripped away all extraneous embellishments, honing up on some decent songs and relying on that uncanny cross-breeding of instinct and ingenuity. 'Rescue' could well be seen as a fairly logical follow-up in the sense that the band whack out a surfeit of typically Stonish rockers whilst Jagger chooses to tackle more diverse material, be they further forays into disco, reggae, the orchestrated ballad. . .

The opening track springs out with stinging staccato guitars gratis Ron Wood, a pleasingly sloppy yet tight rhythm section and a howling and yelping Jagger vocal that attempts to pick up exactly where 'Shattered' left off, before jumping into a gutsy-if-slight Stones disco riff, employing domineering horns to cut against the guitar stabbing. The lyrics, mostly lukewarm improvised toast-ups, have Jagger informing his cohorts to *"get up, get out into something new"* but the track, entitled 'Dance' (scarcely an inspired title) is simply aural amyl nitrate. A short invigorating rush — neither as lamentable as 'Hot Stuff' nor as substantial as 'Miss You' — it rests solely on its instrumental drive and its brevity.

The guitars swarm forth to give 'Summer Romance' a fizzy raucousness but the uplift created by the band is once again the sole virtue of a song that not only retreads quite flagrantly the riff from 'Respectable' but also has Jagger being too clever-clever by half with lyrics and interpretation, to the point where he descends to the level of a rich man's Bob Geldof. Like Geldof, he charges vocally like a bull in a china-shop, overturning the slim conceits inherent in the song, yet never delivering.

'Send It To Me' is Rolling Stones reggae — better than the lamentable 'Cherry Oh Baby' but still too pedestrian in its execution. Another slight conceit of a song, it has Jagger doing a 'Some Girls' style run-down of nationalities — *"She might be Rumanian/She might be Bulgarian. . . She might be the alien."*

The side's closing number — 'Indian Girl' — has Jagger crooning a supposedly sensitive paean to some Third World babe-in-arms, apeing any number of Jamaican singers — not to mention Willy de Ville, a comparison much enhanced by Jack Nitzche's excellent arrangement which stops the song from drowning in its own superficiality.

In fact with one marked exception, the first side basically pinpoints the Stones' malaise. There is nothing pressing to deal with, no tension or commitment to the songs. The band are left to play stirring reprises of oft trammelled turf while Jagger, aware perhaps of their shortcomings, overcompensates by taking to vocalising draped in a variety of poses.

The second side starts off with a raucous roustabout with Jagger doing his Cockney-sparrer routine to the hilt, bouyed up by the fervour of the instrumental cut and thrust.

The full flowering of Jagger's constant fidgety role-playing comes with the title cut. A strong infectious piece of calculated commercial fare, it's at once invigorating and absurd. Musically it's great, with a marvellous loping dynamic that faces off a disco rhythm alongside an almost 'Exile'-like classic Stones

■ *Continues over*

"The Stones' malaise. . . is that they have nothing pressing to deal with, no tension. Jagger sings draped in a variety of poses."

VIC GODARD & SUBWAY SECT
What's The Matter Boy? *(Oddball)*

EVEN back in the days when Subway Sect paid some lip-service to hard core punk ideals, leader Vic Godard stood out from the nihilistic excess like a pair of sore thumbs. In common with the confusion of independent labels, jobs for the boys, the right haircut, the Luddite enthusiasm, Vic Godard was prepared to bide his time and wait — actually a lot longer than most — for the right place in which to propagate his new beatnik philosophy.

Somewhere along the line he grew up too, didn't change his style so much as improve upon it; his good luck and ours.

'What's The Matter Boy?' (produced by B. Rhodes, written and arranged by V. Godard, released by MCA who haven't given credits where credits are due) is one of the year's more interesting and satisfying debut albums. As with Durutti Column's first, the delay is an advantage, proof of its creator's modest proposal.

There are twelve songs, continuing and elucidating the subdued, intelligent humour of 'Ambition' and 'Split Up The Money', relying on acoustic verve, extremely melodic rhythm, piano colours and backline syncopation. In other words Godard's ear for a good tune is complementary to his penchant for the bizarre, the commonplace and the refined wit of a good troubadour. Maybe it's just me, but trying to spot the inevitable strains of influence, the most consistent analogies were drawn with Ray Davies' early Kinks (vintage) and Lou Reed's most streamlined Velvet Underground (third album).

If everything about 'What's The Matter Boy?' is low-key except its success, it comes close to failure on two occasions — 'Birth And Death' and 'Make Me Sad', the opening and closing numbers, where the strength of the writer's romantic conviction is endangered by self-pity. Still, the combination of straightforward lyricism and oblique subject matter/references (flower arranging, the Pink Panther, imagined crime) put these songs into focus; they benefit from the unsettling contrast.

Elsewhere Godard keeps his distance from relationships and settings. He's brusque on 'Watching The Devil' and 'Stool Pigeon'; resigned on 'Exit, No Return'; funny on 'Double Negative' and expansive on 'Empty Shell'.

The arrangements increase in lushness on side two — with some of this material you could even imagine strings and stuff. When an effect is used, a sparse doo-wop or jokey calypso, it's executed in the finest taste. If I don't quote the lyrics back at you it's because they wouldn't work out of context, it wouldn't be fair.

The rest is more than alright, from the cover to the sound to the fact that the songs slot into a mood without being encroaching or didactic. I don't know if this is everything its maker hoped it might be, but Subway Sect fans have good reason to be delighted.

Max Bell

"As with Durutti Column, Subway Sect's delay in releasing their debut album has been an advantage."

■ *From previous page*

essence. Jagger however gets too carried away with his vocalising, beginning in an unbecoming falsetto similar to Barry Gibb (to be fair to Jagger, it sounds like he's trying to ape Curtis Mayfield, but the Gibb comparison is closer to the truth). When the Stonesy sections occur, Jagger sounds great, but his attempt at a Max Romeo-like spoken bit is absurd not merely because he can't quite pull it off but also because the words are so po-faced ridiculous. *"I will be your knight in shining armour/Riding a fine Arab charger"* indeed!

Amidst these lightweight thrump-ups, clumsy conceits and musical pleasantries, three tracks stand out as first-rate Stones material.

'Let Me Go' is pure 'All Down The Line'/'Rocks Off' Stones raunch, nothing at all new but still an exquisite rocker. From the first note, it impels you to move to its ramble-ramble ¾ rhythm whilst Jagger and Richards duet, both obviously in their element.

'She's So Cold' is a strong rocker that could have been truly great. Again the opening Keefchords augur something special, a promise Jagger keeps with a passionate lusty hack of a voice. The lyrics are good, the blood runs hot, yet somehow the song doesn't build. It screams for tension, a spiralling surge of acceleration, yet somehow stays static, hanging onto a sense of anticipation never fully realised.

'Down In The Hole' is also a strong contender. A morose blues built around a minor chord sequence, the band with a commitment that recalls the tautness of 'Exile's' brilliantly claustrophobic 'Ventilator Blues'. Jagger attempts a vindictive overview of a society in ruins, using some deft imagery as well as carving out the curled lip snarl of a vocal to fine effect, until suddenly he lapses from the vocal mode he's chosen and his accent becomes that of a Cockney barrow boy. A telling moment, it signifies more than anything else just how lost Jagger has become amidst his personae and masks. Fortunately the track's considerable charm is only damaged slightly, holding its ground by dint of Sugar Blue's eerie doomed harmonica vamp.

Negative conclusions regarding 'Emotional Rescue': The Rolling Stones have nothing to say and, however smart or immediately exciting the music here is, the fact that Jagger's voice cannot fit comfortably into any comprehensive niche is proof positive of that. To those who haven't grown up in the shadow of the Stones, this is no essential album, and Jagger sounds like a fool at times whilst Richards' only vocal — a shambolic tatty affair entitled 'All About You' — is simply wretched.

Nothing here matches the force of Graham Parker or Peter Gabriel's new albums. By comparison 'Emotional Rescue' is devoid of passion, bloated with clumsy posing and artifice.

Positive conclusions: The group is not resting on its laurels, and however off-kilter certain of Jagger's vocal exercises may sound, he is at least attempting to stretch out beyond the precincts 'Some Girls' mapped out. At least three out of ten tracks are great Stones' works worthy of inclusion on 'Exile', whilst the others more often than not have a persuasive if superficial appeal.

As a Stones fan who's moved from virtual sycophancy to simple intrigue, 'Emotional Rescue' is. . . well, acceptable.

Nick Kent

Come in, no. 69—your time is up

"Aven't you seen Pinocchio then, Ade? . . ." Pic: Pennie Smiff (played by Pennie Smith in the interests of dialectical continuity).

SHAM 69
The Game *(Polydor)*

AS IF it needed reiterating, here is the final proof that Sham 69 should have trusted their better instincts and called it a day with their short-lived 'split' of last summer. As it was, Jimmy Pursey's ill-fated liaison with ex-Pistols Jones and Cook predictably fell through, Sham reformed and now a new album is in our midst.

The sad, damning truth is that 'The Game' would surely never have seen the light of day were it the work of anyone other than a 'name' band. It should never have got past the Polydor quality controllers.

The corny symbolism of the sleeve sets the tone for what lies inside. The front depicts a roulette wheel, inside which a pair of chained hands stretch in vain towards the rising sun of a new era. And — wouldn't you just know it! — the silver ball of the wheel is stuck at number 13. Heavy stuff!

The title track, and indeed most of the album, sees Pursey coming across as some sort of senile uncle philosophically lecturing his juniors with 'meaningful' pearls of pissed wisdom. Life, we are informed, *"is a game/Everybody can play/It's all a game"*, Not marbles though. Jim seems to have lost them some time ago.

Things go from bad to worse on 'Human Zoo': *"Cut my strings and let me go/I am not Pinocchio!"* Danny Baker reckons Mr Punch ought to sock him in the nose every time he comes out with that one. Then there's 'Run Wild, Run Free': *"Life is too short/To throw it all away."*

Jim sounds sincere in his protestations, but it is a hammy, hackneyed Hughie Green sincerity, forced and hollow. Funny that, because he was so much more convincing singing about Borstal breakouts and little rich boys than acting the sage.

Pursey, of course, has always dealt in caricature and stereotype. But in the past, particularly on their crisp debut album 'Tell Us The Truth' and even their slightly off-target stab at rock opera 'That's Life', Sham have been carried though by Pursey's wit and strengh of character.

'The Game', however, reeks of unintended (?) parody and, once the guffaws at the lyrical inadequacy subside with a few plays, the gut reaction is one of pity. Have Sham come to this?

Musically, the fare is closer to dull early-'70s rock than '77 punk, rusting cast iron rather than heavy metal, the grimaces almost audible on Dave Parsons' guitar solos.

On side one, only the last single 'Tell The Children' and bassist Dave Treganna's 'Lord Of The Flies' have any semblance of melody. Side two is similarly uniform apart from the two obligatory acoustic songs for losers — Dave Parsons' 'Simon' and Jim's 'Poor Cow' — both coming over as lip-service to progression.

I suppose it is a shade better than bitter cynicism — the usual lot of rock and rollers whose star is on the wane — but Sham's slide into crass mediocrity is nonetheless a sorry one.

Fanx, but no fanx.

Adrian Thrills

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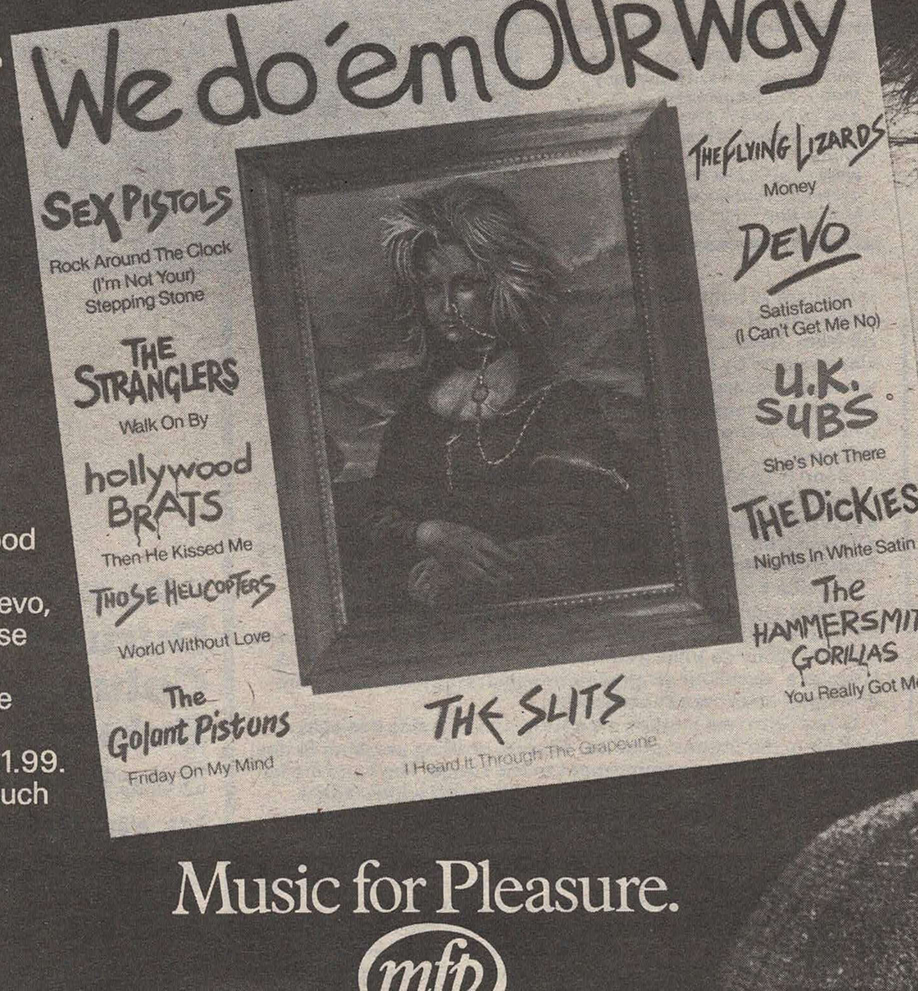

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Base metal turned to gold

SHAKIN' STREET
Shakin' Street *(CBS)*

DESPITE its much-touted "revival", current heavy metal has really hit the pits.

On the one hand you have the boorish boys who ape their elders but can't disguise their clumsiness with excuses about bringing it back to the roots. At the other extreme there's the tarted-up remnants of the '70s super-groups who've been recycling their riffs and role playing for so long they've forgotten where fantasy ends and real life starts. Lyrically they're all reactionary purveyors of a comforting past when a man knew much better what a man was supposed to do. Musically they're stuck in the same old stagnant groove. Whether it chooses to call itself hard rock or heavy metal, the sound is equally abysmal.

Which makes Shakin' Street all the more extraordinary. Against the odds they've come up with an album that's a triumphant celebration of the style. And while staying well within the old structures they've somehow transformed them.

In what reads like a legendary game of Consequences, singer Fabienne Shine met producer Sandy Pearlman at a Blue Oyster Cult concert in Paris. He took a band that already included the Californian ex-Dictator Ross The Boss over to the West Coast for a year. The result was Shakin' Street's second album and a minor revolution in hard rock.

It has to be said that at least some of the difference is due to the fact that the words are sung by a woman. While Fabienne sounds as if she fully intends to be victor, not victim, she's no macho Quatro I'm-more-male-than-a-man imitation. She keeps the right inflection but avoids the boring sweat and swagger. Although the lyrics are nothing more than a respectful retread of rock myths, when she's blathering about rebellion, refusing to compromise or being a star she makes it all sound artless.

And Ross The Boss makes you realise what damage has been done to the genre of the rock guitarist in the blind search for brutal display. His playing is fluid, melodic and economical. With Eric Lewy he gives new credence to even the oldest cliches.

Elsewhere there's the same sense of a loving exercise in style. And whether you thought that Pearlman castrated The Clash or established them in their true metier on 'Give 'Em Enough Rope', there's no mistaking his achievements on this album. This music glows rather than grinds. The melodies are fresh, the arrangements fluent and the sound is shot through with a genuine flash of fire.

It's because Shakin' Street have approached the escapist ideal of classic rock and roll with lively affection instead of using them as a cold vehicle for worthless affirmations of a meaningless lifestyle that they've transcended the traps.

Fabienne and Eric Lewy have between them written all the tracks. Acoustic guitar starts the pastel delicacies of 'Suzy Wong'. Ross The Boss dives through some dizzying acrobatics on the speedy assertion 'Generation X'. 'Solid As A Rock' has ecstatic taped applause that swoops round a fake-live anthem. Jean-Lou Kalinowski's resonant drumming sustains the stately, searing pace of 'I Want To Box You' while the guitars burn behind Fabienne's aerial chantings. Only 'So Fine' is something of a let-down, as an insipid song is saved half-way through by some spirited guitar.

Overall it's a record characterised by its grace, charm and poise. Those qualities and its mobile sense of freedom and fun make it the exact opposite of what heavy metal has come to mean, but an inspired illustration of all the style *should* stand for.

Lynn Hanna

Fabienne shines. Shakin' Street Pic: Stevenson

THE PASSIONS
Michael And Miranda
(Fiction)

QUITE how The Passions ever managed to get mixed up (sic) with the men/women that constitute their writing momentum on 'Michael And Miranda' is one question that goes deliberately begging here. If these people exist, then why do they exist and why do Claire, Richard, Clive and Barbara get mixed up with them? More importantly, taking M&M's existence as read, why do Claire, Richard, Clive and Barbara imagine that anyone else could care less about them, should want to hear about them, or feel any empathy or hatred for them? And if they don't exist (which is more likely, given the one-sided, *j'accuse* nature of damn near all the songs) then our pals in the hot-seat have manifestly failed to bring their fictional creations to life.

If I'm being kind, and talk about modern fractured pop, nervous edges, angles that are probably lost on the average layman/woman, The Passions still barely cut their cloth according to their taste. 'Pedal Fury' may be a piece of black comedy about a cyclist who gets run over by a Corvette Stingray and then has an out-of-body experience to prove it, but was the party insured? Moreover, the line "Intrepid mistress of the black tarmac" seems to me a very high-falutin' description of so mundane an event. Or is that the point?

Apparently The Passions *can* make themselves appear interesting to the listener, as on 'On No, It's You', where a naughtly little emotion called humility crawls in for a second and it's possible to sit back and enjoy the musical variety provided by Mr Timperley's kilimba. But this aberration is given short shrift by 'Snow' — a song that contains a very dull reference to cocaine and paranoia.

The Passions reserve their thematic angst for those favourite stand-bys, the universal sexist on 'Why Me' and the pervert on the tube ('Man On The Tube') who turns out to be the figment of somebody or other's imagination.

Most of the time the writers give the impression of trying to cram too many words and too many obsessions into too small a bag, so the results spill out in a horrible confusion which is neither abrasive nor entertaining.

On 'Palava' they do come close to formulating a coherent raison d'etre: *"How can I get to the point/Without going round in circles/The games you play, I don't want to play/I don't have the time to talk in riddles all day"*. Then, yes, the feeling is mutual.

Humpty Dumpty might understand what The Passions are on about but I'm afraid it's too subtle for me. This band is craving an indulgence by forming a collective. It doesn't add up to much. **Max Bell**

CREATION REBEL
Starship Africa *(4D)*

SOUNDS like the dub of a dub, dubadub style; probably the dub purist's dream. If you listened to Dennis Bovell's recent 'Iwah Dub' and thought it had too many pretty-pretty tunes, slaver over 'Starship Africa'. It's a conversation between friends, with minimal words; the real dialogue is in the silences.

The album is credited to Creation Rebel, a competent reggae showband — if you go and see them on the strength of 'Starship's' outer limits abstractions, you'll be disappointed. Creation Rebel's rhythms are the raw material, dub-stretched to an abstract but functional new shape, like the web a spider weaves on LSD.

The main credit on this album really belongs to Adrian 'Hitrun' Sherwood, the producer. Although he hasn't received Bovell-level accolades, he's responsible for many fine dubs, notably Prince Far I's 'Cry Tuff Encounter' series (one on Sherwood's old Hitrun label, one placed with Front Line through lack of funds).

Here and now, Sherwood's obviously let his imagination run riot. Scarcely any of the original instrumental sound remains — a marked contrast to most dub LPs, which are basically instrumentals with a dash of echo and reverb thrown in for effect here and there. There is a solid pulse of bass throughout, though, virtually untreated. New melodies are ripples of piano re-created as temple bell chimes, or melodica fragmented into half-heard yodellers three hills away.

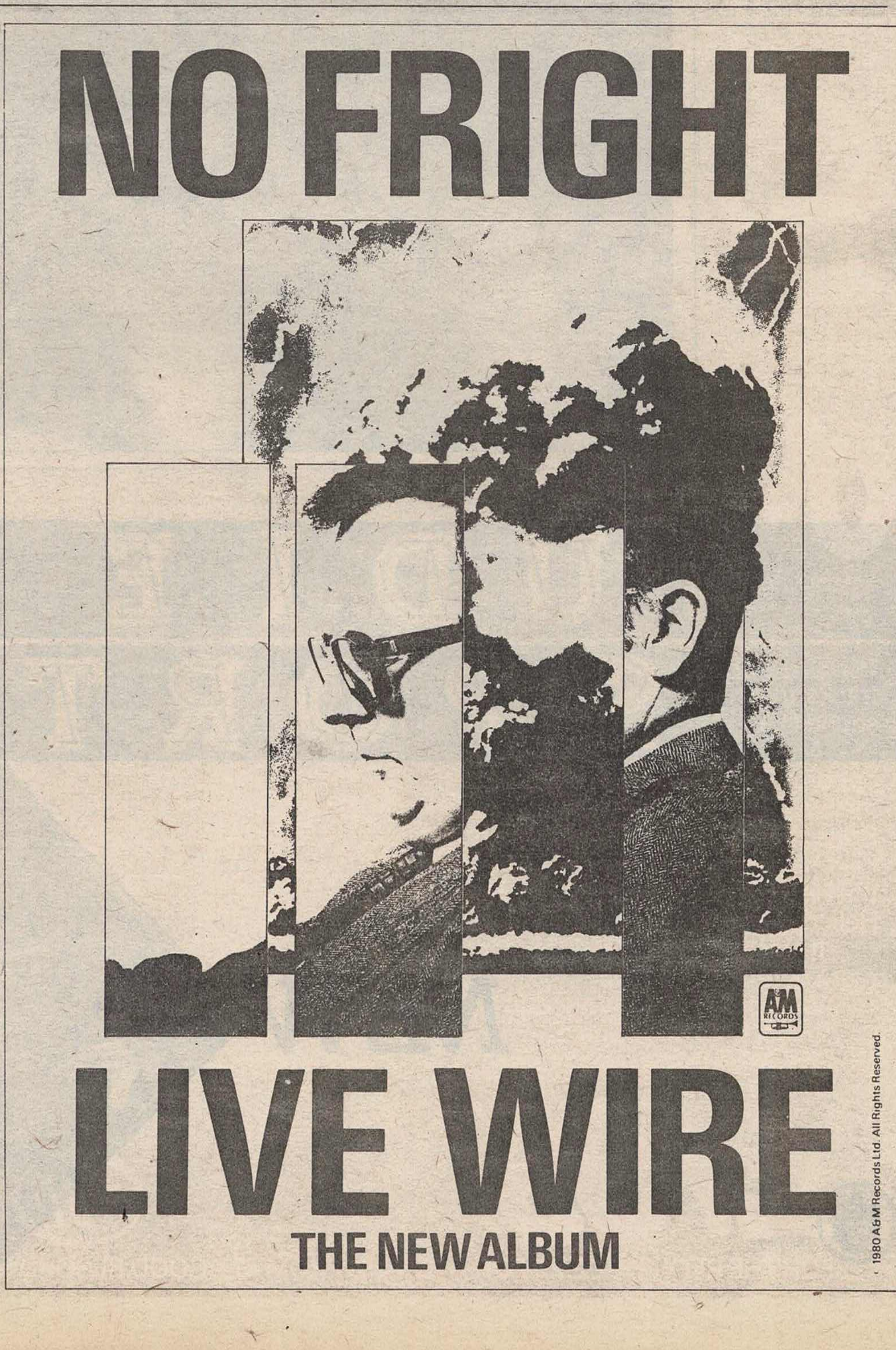
Everything is minimal, almost subliminal. The more you listen, the more complete the shards of sound become. The bare bones begin to dance, and you recognise them as complete mobile sound sculptures, shimmering and shifting to cross-rhythms, rooted by bass.

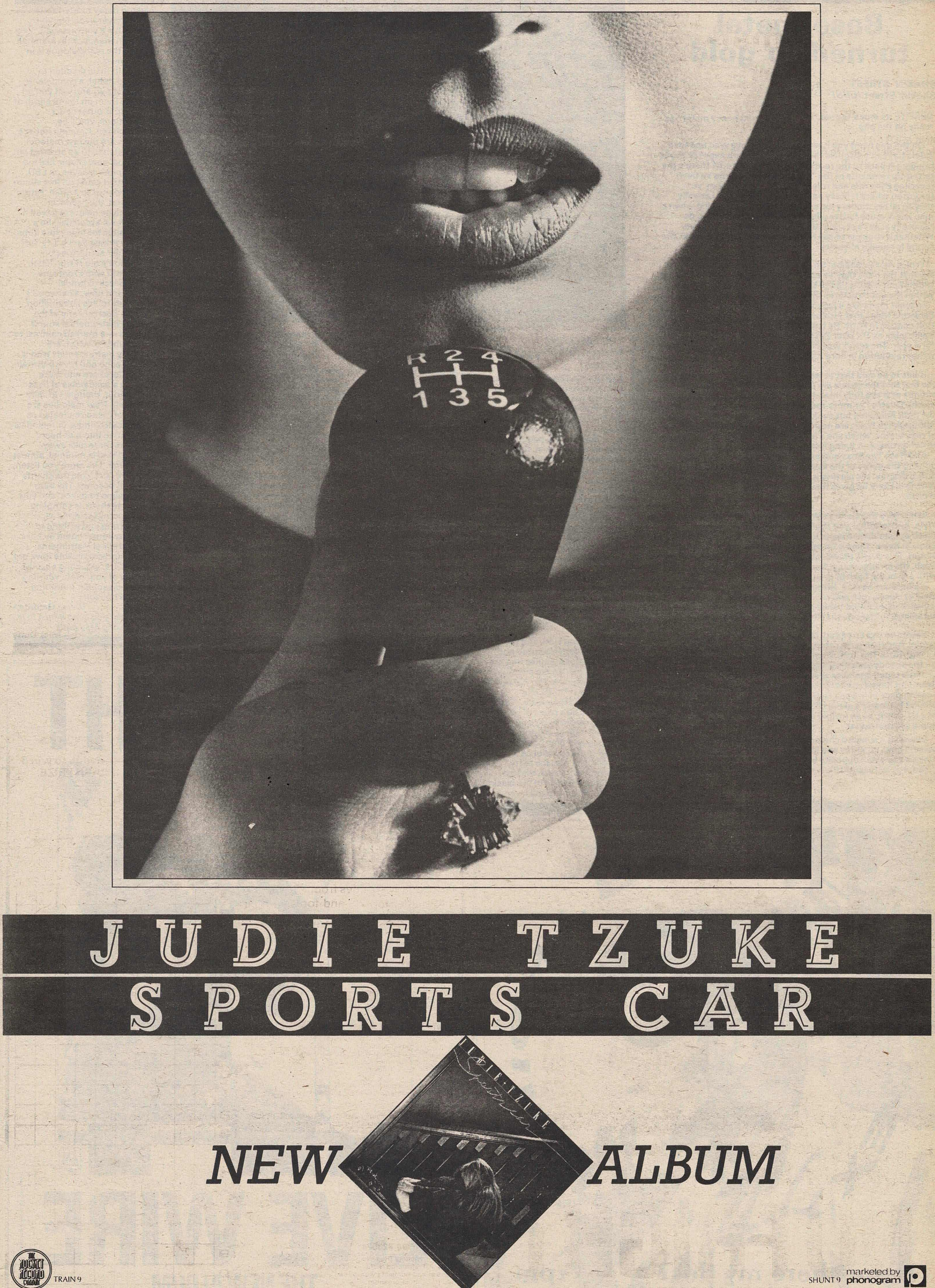
The original instruments, almost unrecognisable now, are silver UFOs, whistling past the window of your craft, whirling till they disappear humming over the horizon.

Vivien Goldman

(Yeah, but you can't dance to it — a passing Max Bell).

DEXY'S MIDNIGHT RUNNERS
there, there, my dear 45 rpm.





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NEW ALBUM

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SHUNT 9 marketed by phonogram

Do animals suffer from alienation?

PINK MILITARY
Do Animals Believe In God? ***(Eric's)***

IN ASSESSING Liverpool's emergent musical activity, there seems to be a growing tendency to look no further than the Zoo bands. With the possible exception of Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark, most media eyes have been focussed on the formidable Bunnymen-Teardrop axis.

Now, slowly and stealthily, real competition is showing itself in the vibrant list of bands sponsored by Roger Eagle and Pete Fulwell's Eric's set-up — Wah! Heat, Modern Eon, Holly, Nightmares In Wax and Pink Military.

The growth of Pink Military — or Pink Military Stand Alone as they originally called themselves — has been steady and unspectacular. They have developed at their own pace, uncluttered by the distractions of too many outside influences and too much record company pressure. Their progress can be traced from a formless live debut single through the wild and erratic dub and disco excursions of last year's 'Blood And Lipstick' 12" EP to the more rounded, complete songs of this debut album.

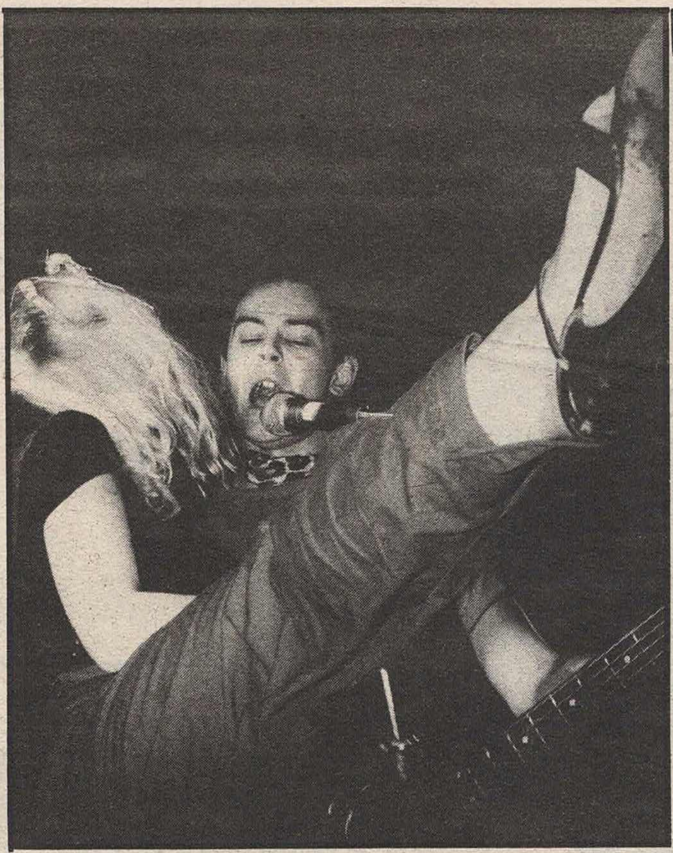
Not that 'Do Animals Believe In God?' isn't still patchy. Chanteuse Jayne is never less than vibrant and effervescent throughout, but the playing of the rest of the band — Nicky (synths and guitar), Charlie (synths and piano), former Yacht Martin (bass), Neil (congas) and Chris Joyce (drums) — is often leaden and stylised, lacking the imagination to complement their singer's controlled stutters and slurs.

Side one is more orthodox — and more successful — than the offbeat experiments of side two. The recurring themes are those of isolation, dehumanisation and metropolitan decay. Pretty grim stuff, although Jayne never allows her committed concern to border on hysteria.

The dense, relentless opener 'Degenerated Man' is another slant on the devolution theme, as is the album's best track, the mournful 'I Cry,' originally featured on 'Blood And Lipstick' but now totally transformed with Jayne parodying the tack and tastelessness of cabaret against an eerie synth: ***"Alone in the city / Alone, alone I cry / All those faceless people keep passing me by."***

The gloom continues through the new single 'Did You See Her?' with the ***"tears in her eyes"*** **line quite possibly lifted from Joy Division's 'Wilderness,' the dirge-like 'After Hiroshima' and the album's only real rocker 'Wild West,' with the only light relief coming in the oriental strains of 'Back On The London Stage.'**

Side two is more erratic and only partly successful, although the intelligent, understated use of dub on 'Living In A Jungle' is far more disciplined and hence more effective than similar attempts on 'Blood And Lipstick.'



Pink karate: Jayne and Martin. Pic: Santo Basone.

The soporific 'Dreamtime' and the closing title track fall short of their intention, although Pink Military's pretension is often tongue-in-cheek, as in the cabaret allusions, the conscious obsurity of the title and the sleeve dedication to "he who swings through the branches of future trees."

A nagging suspicion persists that Jayne might be better off with one or two more adventurous musicians as a vehicle for her unquestioned talents. For the time being, however, the romance of 'Do Animals Believe?' will do fine.

Adrian Thrills

TANGERINE DREAM
Tangram ***(Virgin)***

WHEN I claim that 'Tangram' is a much better album at 45 rpm than 33 rpm, you shouldn't get the idea that the music actually sounds any better at higher speed; no, it's just that an album which clocks in at about 40¼ minutes at 33 lasts only 29½ minutes, according to my calculator, at 45 — which is, you'll agree, a very meaningful improvement, in the context of boredom. There are an infinity of things you can do in slightly under eleven minutes, most of which would profit little from the accompaniment of this synthesised slush.

As ever, it's a case of scant ideas, slight themes stretched out to seemingly interminable length. Another one-word title, another frigidly impenetrable blob of a cover, another chunk of meandering music aimed at that section of the synth-infatuated public who would otherwise be Gordon Giltrap fans. Another T.Dream album, wobbling dangerously on the crux of the enigmatic and the automatic. 'Tangram' could be any one of a dozen Sky albums (the label, not the band): maybe okay as background music for a fifth-rate Friedkin film . . .

The T.Dream promo biography refers to their "facility for making sensuous symphonic electronic music". "Facility", I'm sure you don't need reminding, comes from the adjective "facile". Are we twigging something here?

Andy Gill

THE ORCHIDS
The Orchids ***(MCA)***

THERE'S nothing fundamentally wrong with a bunch of all-American goils getting together over an impromptu recording session in Hollywood, Calif., in an effort to make a quick million bucks and have a lot of F-U-N in the process. As such The Orchids are no more the product of a mercenary imagination than, say, Phil Spector's Ronettes, Crystals or Shangri-Las. And if the inevitable Kim Fowley was capable of supplying them with ten neat and expensive little vehicles, tailor-made for soaring harmonic arrangements and hearththrob strings, and The Orchids had the talent to do 'em justice, why we'd all be chuckling fondly about bubble-gum and girl groups and summer days and sultry nights and generally hot-footing it down to the local store to grab ourselves a piece of the action. Unfortunately he isn't, and they don't, so we won't.

Shucks. What a disappointment.

Max Bell

ETHEL THE FROG
Ethel The Frog ***(EMI)***

THESE Ethel the Frog characters are really no match for Kermit, though they're just as green. They seem to be innovators of an entirely unique rock concept: the Newt Wave of British Heavy Metal. Unfortunately, they're just about as original as Fozzie Bear's jokes, though not quite as unbearable.

Let us examine the creatures in their natural habitat, i.e. the pub. For the last twenty years the mating call of thousands of Ethel the Frogs have been heard well above the gaseous gurgles of ardent beer swillers and their bilious belly thunderclaps. Rock-a-boogie pub rock is as timeless as Adam; so what bright spark has decided we have another 'new wave' on our hands? A very dry wit indeed. And if we are to take it that bands like Ethel the Frog herald the dawning of some bright and glorious Golden Age, then it's time I went into hibernation.

But to put aside my natural bias towards more imaginative new talent, Frog do show some signs that their quality of quality is not entirely strained. They are solid and sturdy, competent and honest, and various other grudging compliments.

Incidentally, I couldn't resist the obvious ironic interpretation of the EMI inner sleeve promotional jargon. "Thinking of giving someone a record as a gift?" it eagerly enquires. Well actually . . .

Mick Duffy

LIVE WIRE

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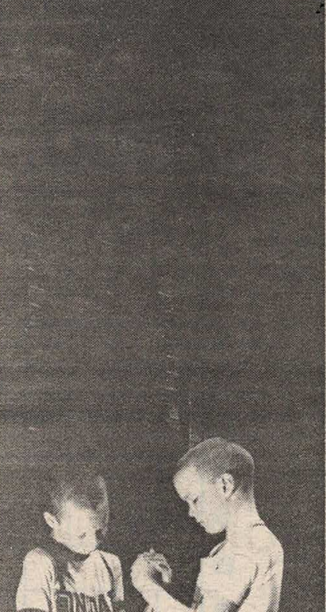

VOYAGER

ACT OF LOVE

Suzy,
she thought
the city streets flowed
with milk and honey,
but when Joe said he
didn't love her,
all that flowed was
blood . . .

Indian warriors had
loved like brothers
and had cut flesh to
prove it. These kids
were mates and hard
enough to do it too.
On a warm night in
the alley their blood
flowed together and
it was good . . .

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'SING OUT-
LOVE IS EASY'

MOUNTAIN
MARKETED BY RCA

"Can't get this blasted thing off . . ." *Pic: George Bodnar.*

IMPORTS
by Fred Dellar

IN '78, **Etta James** toured with the Stones and ended up with a Warner contract, a Jerry Wexler produced album and more copy to stick in her scrapbook than she'd acquired during her whole 17 years at Chess. Since then it's been the old forgetteroo. Not a peep outta Warners. Nor from that host of short-contract admirers who'd been programmed to scream in accordance with the whims of the Publicity Machine. Sickening? Right.

But then things like that happen all too frequently in this business. Cheer today and groan tomorrow.

Happily, someone's had the good sense to sign Etta to another contract, with the result that a brand new album is filtering through to the more knowing kind of import shops at this very minute. Produced by Allen Toussaint and featuring songs mainly composed by the Sea-Saint boss and Willie Hutch, the disc is called **'Changes' (MCA T-Electric)** — but don't let that title fool you.

Etta thankfully remains the same as ever, ready to sell but refusing to sell-out. Disco — you won't find it here. It's real black music, the sort that most would-be soul-stirrers would give their eye-teeth to sing; rugged R&B with churchy changes; funk so dirty that you practically have to wipe your hands with Swarfega each time you play the disc. Sometimes there's a mild let-up in the heat — as in the case of 'Don't Stop', a Toussaint novelty that harks back to the '50s in style but still sounds a good bet for an '80s single — but in the main it's the sort of thing that once made Aretha great — hang-on-and-grit-your-teeth fare. Even if there isn't any brouhaha around right now, go out and get two copies of 'Changes'. One to play — and one to merely remind you that good R&B, in the rotund shape of Peaches James, is alive and kicking.

Conversely, **'Philosophy Of The World' (Red Rooster/Rounder),** by **The Shaggs,** rates among the most horrendous releases of our time. The Shaggs — a two guitar and drums outfit from Fremont, New Hampshire — comprise three sisters, Betty, Helen and Dorothy Wiggin, whose musicianship has to be endured to be described. The Shaggs will never play a correct chord if a wrong 'un can be found: they sing harmonies that The Beach Boys are still searching for and create time structures that Brubeck never heard about. The news is that Zappa loves them, while it can only be a matter of time before Malcolm McMoneybags moves in for the kill. Meanwhile, The Shaggs remain truly blunderful.

Fred Dellar

A man not of the world

PETER GREEN
Little Dreamer ***(PVK)***

THAT Peter Green should have returned to rock music at all after nine years in the wilderness is surprising enough. That he should still be so articulate, musically at least, is a miracle.

This is Green's second album in the year since his comeback. Like the first, 'In The Skies', it is a record of almost horizontally relaxed borderline blues, treading roughly the same territory as Dire Straits and Eric Clapton.

Peter Green has the edge, of course. His touch is more personal. His voices — the world-worn, dreamy vocals and poignant, vulnerable guitar — are so natural, they're almost confessional.

At his peak, Green's purity and subtlety were what set him apart from his fellow 'guitar heroes'. He was a sensitive performer; as it transpired, too sensitive for the '70s. Now, somehow, his new producer Peter Vernon-Kall has helped him find a niche where he can work again without pressure, in privacy.

The results, on this album, are funkier than 'In The Skies', more vocal-orientated. Green takes Albert King's 'Born Under A Bad Sign' and makes it easy listening — no mean feat, and no travesty either. The best of his originals (songs credited to his brother Mick) match it for fluency and simplicity, with lyrics that dwell on losing, crying, laying down on my pillow when the sun goes down . . . Old cliches that, in Green's hands, ring all too true.

Ultimately, in 1980, Peter Green's presence is pleasing but irrelevant; an anachronism. Nobody wears his badges or T-shirts, or even knows what he looks like. Apart from last year's solitary *NME* interview, all you have to go on is his music.

'Little Dreamer' is the sound of a sad and empty man.

Phil McNeill

Kid Jensen says

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27 & 28 LONDON The Marquee
29 TORRINGTON
July 2 CLAPHAM 101 Club
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BAD MANNERS

HEADLINE

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+ Javelin + White Noise

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+ Guvnors

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THE INMATES

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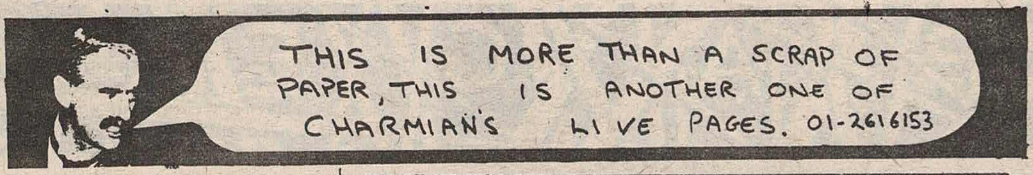
+Brainiac 5
Monday 30th June
SAD AMONG STRANGERS
Tuesday 1st July
THE ELGIN MARBLES
+Zoots
Wednesday 2nd July
9 BELOW ZERO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Please phone before setting out & check, but avoiding major disasters, here is:~

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SAD AMONG STRANGERS
THU 3. "...non conformist & enjoyable," said SOUNDS.

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June 29th
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July 1st
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Wedneday, June 25th
SOUTH SIDE
R 'n' B

Thursday, June 26th
KLEEN HEELS
+ P.G. & The Holograms

Friday, June 27th
BRUNEL

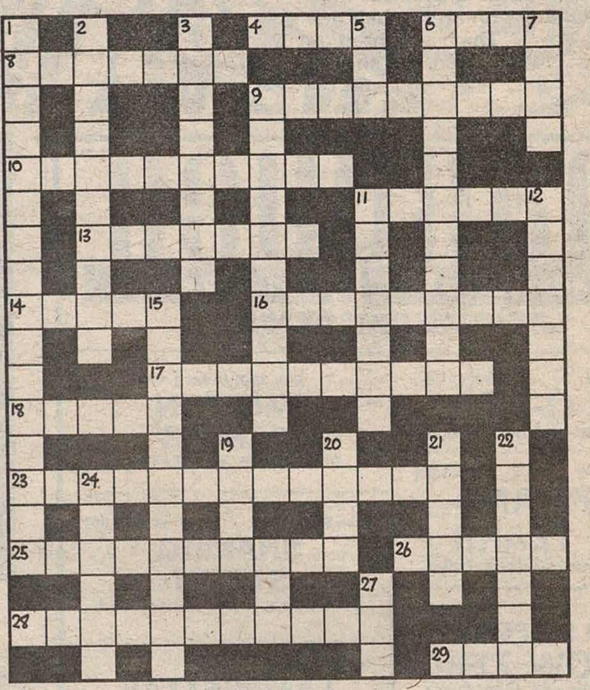
Saturday, June 28th
MANIPULATOR
Micky Jones, Alan McLean, & Steve Dickson ex MAN

Sunday, June 29th
THE ADMINISTRATORS

Monday, June 30th
PAGEN ALTER

Tuesday, July 1st
OVAL RECORD NIGHT

NME X-PRESS WORD



ACROSS

- 4 See 26
- 6 & 12 Cut original of 'Let's Hang On'
- 8 The hit from 'Flesh & Blood' (4,3)
- 9 20 Pulls rank on Lost Planet Airmen
- 10 Thick pacer?! (5,5)
- 11 See 25
- 13 His second solo LP was Bowie-produced (3,4)
- 14 She needs a good polish!
- 16 See 15
- 17 Apparently turns Dee on!
- 18 & 29 Moptops oldie (1,4,4)
- 23 Give Pole lapel (anag. 2 words)
- 25 Later Moptops oldie, sometimes described as their most experimental single
- 26 & 4 Chose baby arranged in coastal location!
- 28 La Lovich's debut hit (5,6)
- 29 See 18

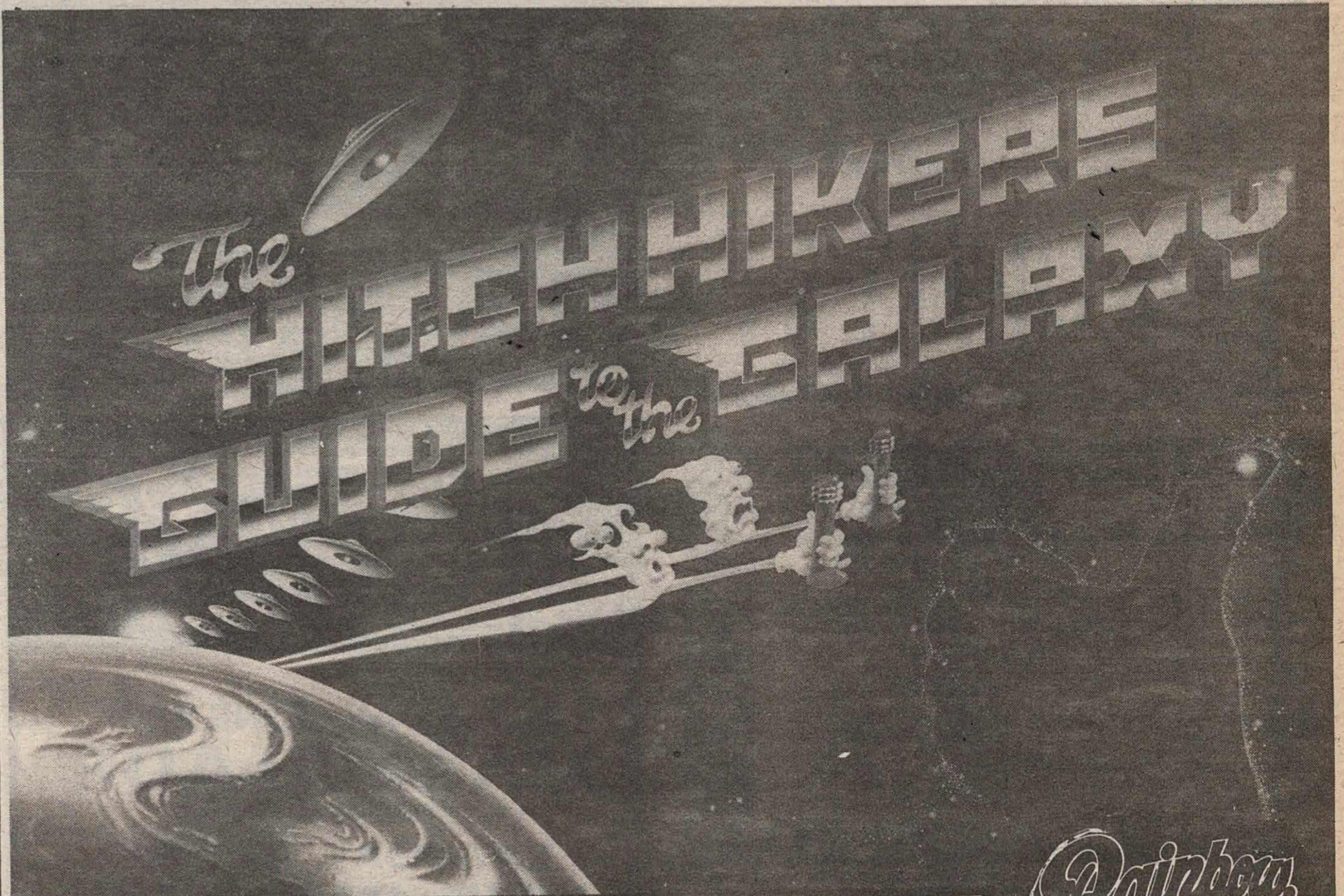
DOWN

- 1 Covered by The Clash on their first LP (6,3,7)
- 2 Featuring G. Numan as a pane (sic) in the ass! (2,3,5)
- 3 Lieber & Stoller wrote their classic hits
- 5 The Sham?
- 6 See 15
- 7 Irish axeman (I know this one! — R. Coleman)
- 9 Australian-born smart-ass of the small screen (5,5)
- 11 Remember The Floaters No 1? (5,2)
- 12 See 6 across
- 15 **& 6 down & 22 & 16 across** A single (did ya expect any more?) (5,6,4,2,2,3,7,2,7)
- 19 Who? Yes . . .
- 20 See 9 across
- 21 Green or Baumann?
- 22 See 15
- 24 Wordy stuff?
- 27 Currently putting it about in *Bad Timing*

last week's ANSWERS

ACROSS: 5 'Snap Crackle And Bop'; 7 'Women And Children (First)'; 10 Noel (Edmonds); 11 'Moondance'; 13 'Strange Town'; 14 (Peter) Tosh; 16 (Boomtown) Rats; 17 'Geno'; 18 Steve (Jones); 21 Wailers; 22 (Suzi) Quatro; 23 Elton (John); 24 Linda Lewis; 27 (Steve) Jones; 29 '(Dear Miss Lonely) Hearts'; 31 'Horse (With No Name)'; 32 The Jags.

DOWN: 1 Bad Manners; 2 Magnet; 3 Kevin Coyne; 4 Johnny Cash; 6 'Candle In The Wind'; 'Wheels Of Steel'; 8 'Crime Of The Century"; 9 'Rhiannon'; 12 'Dear Miss Lonely (Hearts)'; 14 Ted Nugent; 15 'Something (Else)'; 19 (Brian) Epstein; 20 Dion; 25 Arista; 26 '(Women And Children) First'; 27 (Elton) John; 28 '(Something) Else'; 30 'Aja'.


The HITCH HIKERS GUIDE to the GALAXY

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WRITTEN BY DOUGLAS ADAMS DIRECTED BY KEN CAMPBELL
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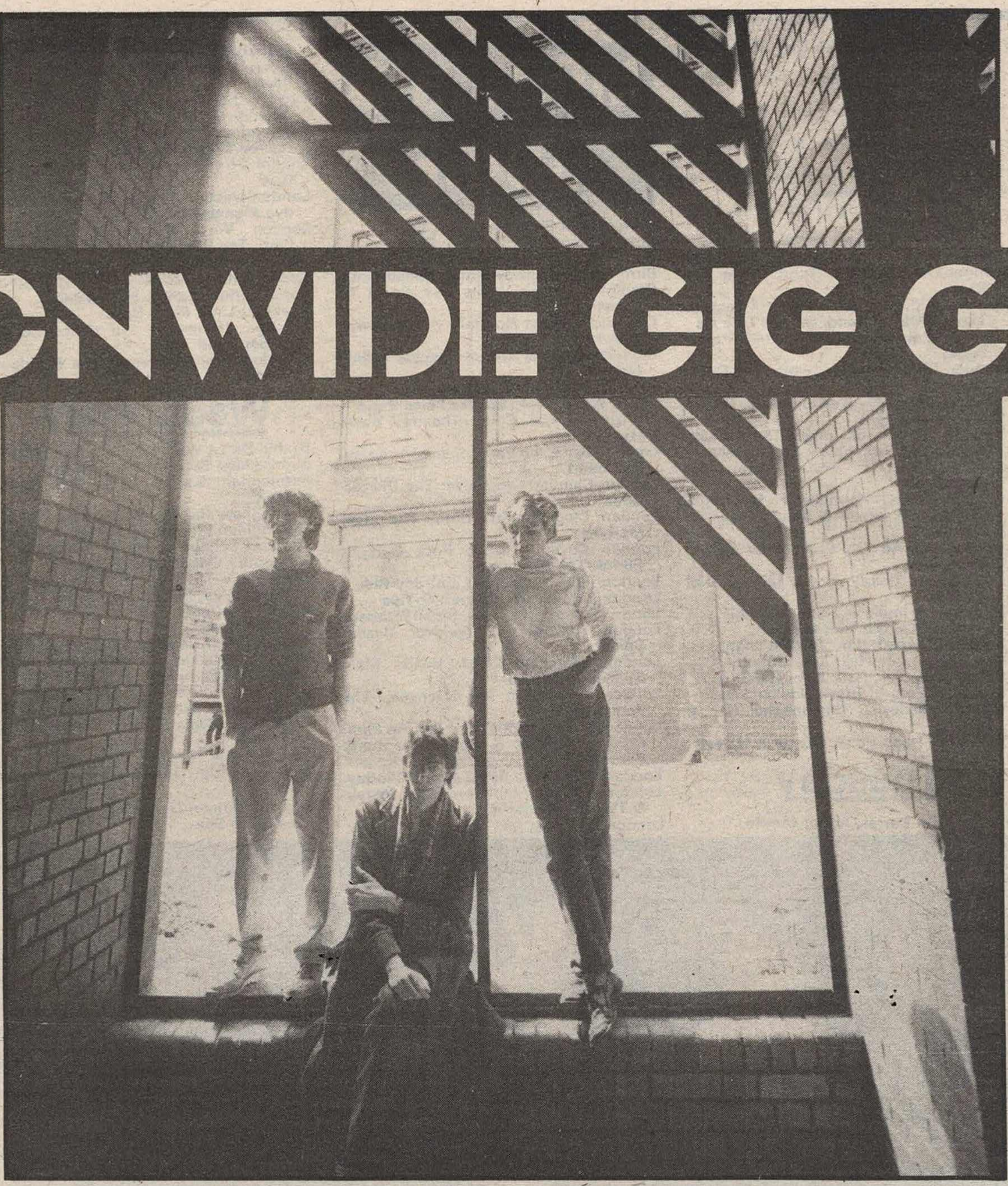
SINGLE
Die Laughing/Final Achievment

ECHO & THE BUNNYMEN (right) are currently engaged in their most important tour to date, promoting their debut album 'Crocodiles'. The highlight of their outing is a prestige London show on Saturday, but they're also in action this week at Leeds (Thursday) and Nottingham (Monday). Our Kevin Cummins picture shows — from left to right — Will Sergeant, Ian McCulloch and Les Pattinson. Not sure which one answers to the name of Echo, though.

NOT A SCINTILLATING week on the gig circuit, by any means. There's plenty going on, and a surprisingly large number of gigs for the time of year — but no major tours starting, and a pause in the plethora of summer festivals. Even so, there's a number of big-name tours already on the road, including Dexy's, The Photos, Steve Harley and Iron Maiden. And the week's outstanding one-off is the return of Mink De Ville (London, Friday).

NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE



Thursday

Bannockburn Tamdhu: **The Strides**
Barkingside Old Maypole: **The Cruisers**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Little Willy**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Sky Diver**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Titan**
Blackburn Cloggers: **Strawhead**
Bodmin Jail Club: **Metro Glider**
Bradford Queen's Hall: **Jedidiah Strutt**
Brighton Basement Club: **Delta 5**
Brighton The Centre: **Black Sabbath/Shakin Street**
Burntwood Troubadour: **The Amazing Dark Horse**
Carlisle Truck Inn Motel: **Johnny & The Roccos**
Cinderford Lion Hotel: **Johnny Coppin Band**
Clacton Barbarella's: **Shades**
Coventry Dog & Trumpet: **Denizens**
Coventry General Wolfe: **The Failed Romantics**
Coventry Warwick University: **Q-Tips/The Pencils/Splodgenassabounds/Boss**
Gloucester Crown & Anchor: **Otway & Barrett**
Gt. Wakering Youth Centre: **Steve Hooker Band**
Guildford Civic Hall: **Steve Hackett**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **White Lines**
Hucknall Miners Welfare: **Slade**
Hull Wellington Club: **The Au Pairs**
Leeds Fan Club: **Echo & The Bunnymen**
Lincoln Cornhill Vaults: **The Needles**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Fabulous Poodles**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Angelo Palladino/China Town**
London Catford The Squire: **Yakety Yak**
Lonodn Chiswick John Bull: **Telemacque**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Spectres/The Zeds**
London Deptford Star & Garter: **The Time Flies**
Lonodn Finchley Torrington: **Big Chief**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Danny Adler Band**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Manufactured Romance/The Far Cry**
London Fulham The Cock: **Afghan Rebels**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **D.A.F./Dome Cupol/Blurt/The Door & The Window**
London Hampstead Giovanni's Club: **Spartacus**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **The Cadillacs**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Gas**
London Kensington De Villiers Bar: **Gold Dust Twins**
London Kensington The Nasville: **X**
London Marquee Club: **Neil Innes**
London N.W.2 Hog's Grunt: **New Iberia Stompers**
London Old Kent Rd. Thomas A'Beckett: **Tenpole Tudor**
London Putney White Lion: **Johnny Mars 7th Sun**
London Shepherds Bush Trafalgar: **Speedball**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Bobby Rosengarden Quartet**
London Southgate Royalty Ballroom: **The Dominos**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **The O.K. Band**
London Victoria The Venue: **Steve Harley & Cockney Rebel**
London Waterloo Royal Victoria: **Freddy's Feetwarmers**
Lonodn Wembley Arena: **Fleetwood Mac**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Rent Boys/The Leopards**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **Allan Holdsworth Trio**
London W.14 The Kensington: **The 45s**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Iron Maiden**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Detour**
Newcastle Mayfair Ballroom: **Dexy's Midnight Runners/The Black Arabs**
Newcastle The Cooperage: **The Marks**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **The Drug Squad**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Gaffa**
Oxford University: **New Musik**
Oxford University College: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
Poole Arts Centre: **David Essex**
Poole Brockley Sands: **Joe Brown**
Port Talbot Troubadour: **The Photos**
Poynton Folk Centre: **Christine & Joe While**
Rayleigh Crocs: **Johnny Storm & Memphis**
Reading Monday Club: **Trance**
Scarborough Taboo: **Fashion/Wah! Heat**
Sheffield Limit Club: **Bad Manners**
Southampton Joiners Arms: **The Blazers**
Southend Scamps: **Outrageous Flesh**
Sunderland Old Twentynine: **Carl Green & The Scene**
Winsford Civic Hall: **Mike Harding**
Withernsea Grand Pavilion: **The Vapors**
Workington Rendezvous Club: **Delegation (for three days)**
Yeovil Johnson Hall: **Budgie**

Friday

Ayr Pavilion: **Dexy's Midnight Runners/The Black Arabs.**
Bath Moles: **Brian Damage Group**
Bath Pavilion: **Iron Maiden**
Birmingham Golden Eagle: **The Mods/The News.**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Situation Critical**
Birmingham Moseley Festival: **UB40**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Teuser**
Birmingham Top Rank: **The Beat**
Bournemouth Moat House Hotel: **The Scavengers**
Brighton Alhambra: **Sharafia**
Brighton Lewes Rd. Inn: **Black Cat**
Brighton The Centre: **David Essex**
Bristol Trinity Community Centre: **The Fabulous Poodles**
Bristol Turntable Club: **Yakety Yak**
Coventry Ryton Bridge: **Streetlite**
Dudley J.B.'s Club: **Fashion**
Dunstable Civic Hall: **Budgie**
Exeter University: **Matchbox**
Fakenham Community Centre: **The Stingrays**
Gateshead Ravenshill Club: **The Cruisers**
Harrogate Theatre: **Mike Harding**
Kettering North Park Club: **The Rebel Rousers**
Knighton Norton Arms: **The Stains**
Leeds Wigs Wine Bar: **Dodgy Tactics**
Leicester De Montfort Hall: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
Leicester Phoenix Theatre: **Captain Video**
Llandysul Blaedyffryn Hall: **Madax Man**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Stepaside/Soft Touch**
London Camden Music Machine: **Shakin Street**
London Camden Southampton Arms: **Jellyroll Blues Band**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Steve Hooker Band**
London Chiswick John Bull: **The Rookies**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Tranzista**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Lonesome No More/The Cadillacs**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Jackie Lynton's H. D. Band**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Distractions**
London Fulham The Cock: **Jazz Sluts**
London Greenwich Trident Hall Theatre: **Jacques Loussier**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Fad Gadget/Vice Versa/Clock DVA**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **Scene**
London Holborn Princess Louise: **The Scoop**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Famous 5**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **Manyana**
London Kensington Nashville: **The Vibrators**
London Marquee Club: **Nine Below Zero**
London New Cross Royal Albert: **Rubber Johnny**
London Putney Half Moon: **Chicken Shack**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Roger Brooks Band**
London Putney White Lion: **Danny Adler Band**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Kenny Davern Quartet**
London St. Bart's Hospital: **Flying Saucers**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Southside**
London Stratford North-East Polytechnic: **Dr K's Blues Band**
London Tottenham White Hart: **The Dominos**
London Tottenham-Court Rd. Scala Cinema: **Disco Zombies/The Mysterons**
London University: **The Salford Jets**
London University Union: **The Mistakes/The Straits/Jam Today**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **Manicou**
London Victoria The Venue: **Mink DeVille**
London Wembley Arena: **Fleetwood Mac**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Wasted Youth/The Apaches/General R & The Meanies**
London Westminster Bridge Rd The Towers: **The Cruisers**
London W.1 Portman Hotel: **The Riversiders**
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: **The O.K. Band**
Manchester Portland Bars: **The Backroom Boys**
Melksham Assembly Hall: **New Musik**
Newcastle New Tyne Theatre: **Pink Military**
Newton Abbot Seale Hayne College: **Chris Rea**
Nottingham Greyhound Stadium: **Bad Publicity**
Nottingham University: **Armpit Jug Band**
Oxford Oranges & Lemons: **Dangerous Girls**
Pontardawe Dynevor Arms: **Cromlech**
Reading University: **Twelfth Night**
Scarborough Penthouse: **Bad Manners**
Slough The Merrymaker: **Splodgenessabounds**
Southampton Gaumont Theatre: **Steve Hackett**
Southampton The Gryphon: **Otway & Barrett**
Southend Elms: **Dynamite**
St Austell Polgooth Inn: **Metro Glider**
Swansea University: **Slade**
Swindon The Grapes: **Roaring Jelly**
Wakefield Bretton College of Education: **No Dice**
Wakefield Unity Hall: **Gary Glitter/Cuddly Toys**
Watford Herts College: **Q-Tips**
Watford Wall Hall College: **The Hitmen**
West Malling Greenways: **Chris Barber Band**
Workington Carnegie Theatre: **Richard Digance**
Worthing Assembly Rooms: **Denny Laine Band**

Saturday

Baldock The Victoria: **Spud & The Fabs**
Barkingside Old Maypole: **Shades**
Barnsley Staincross Club: **Ada Wilson & Keeping Dark**
Basildon Double Six: **Cable Car**
Belfast Kings Hall Showgrounds: **Lindisfarne/Van Morrison/Mike Oldfield**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Handsome Beasts**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Mean Street Dealers**
Birmingham Sutton Carnival: **Helpless Huw/The Frets/Vedette**
Birmingham The Sydenham: **Remember This**
Bournemouth Jumpers Tavern: **The Scavengers**
Brighton The Centre: **David Essex**
Bristol Ashton Court Festival: **Dangerous Girls/The Directions**
Bristol Granary: **Dedringer**
Burton Transport Club: **Strange Days**
Cambridge Great Northern: **The Needles**
Cannock Troubadour: **Kicks**
Cardiff University Hospital College: **Roaring Jelly**
Carshalton St Helier Arms: **Gina & The Rockin' Rebels**
Coventry Dog & Trumpet: **Exit 13**
Cromer Kings Head: **Percy & Sid**
Cromer West Runton Pavilion: **Slade**
Dartford YMCA: **Triarchy/Scimitar**
Evesham Public Hall: **The Rage/Emotion Pictures**
Folkestone Leas Cliff Hall: **The Enid/Chalice**
Gosport John Peel: **Thieves Like Us**
Gravesend Red Lion: **Embryo**
Guildford Free Festival: **Johnny Coppin Band**
Harrogate Theatre: **Mike Harding**
Hastings St Clements Cave: **Richard Strange**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **Ray Dorset & The Insiders/Volunteer Subjects**
Hornchurch The Bull: **Spider**
Horsham Capitol Theatre: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
Liverpool The Old Police Station: **The Accelerators**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Jackie Lynton's H. D. Band**
London Camden Music Machine: **The Psychadelic Furs/The Soft Boys**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **No Dice**
London Chiswick John Bull: **Sad Among Strangers**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Tennis Shoes**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Valentines/The Works**
London Crystal Palace Hotel: **Splodgenessabounds**
London Deptford Star & Garter: **Void/The Prize Guys**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **The Bishops**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Voyager/The Fall Out**
London Fulham The Cock: **Johnny G Band**
London Hackney Adam & Eve: **Rockhouse**
London Hammersmith Lyric Theatre (lunchtime, free): **Bob Kerr's Jazz Friends**
London Hammersmith The Swan: **Jeep**
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: **Twelfth Night**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **Fashion**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Ricky Cool & The Rialtos**
London Kensington The Nashville: **The Go-Go's**
London Lewisham Concert Hall: **Chris Barber Band**
London Marquee Club: **Nine Below Zero**
London N.14 The Stapleton: **Sons Of Cain**
London N.W.2 Hog's Grunt: **Jass**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Trimmer & Jenkins**
London Rainbow Theatre: **The Vapors / The Chords**
London School of Economics: **Delta 5/The Vincent Units**
Londn Soho Pizza Express: **Kenny Davern Quartet**
London Southbank Polytechnic: **The Flatbackers**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Big Chief**
London Tottenham Ct. Road YMCA: **Echo & The Bunnymen**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **Manicou**
London Victoria The Venue: **Mickey Jupp**
London West Ealing Leyland Youth Centre: **The Decorators/Furniture**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Expressors/The Almost Brothers**
Luton Baron Of Beef: **Cinematix/Pneumania**
Manchester Midland Hotel: **The Cruisers**
Manchester Polytechnic: **The Distractions**
Manchester The Millstone: **Zanathus**
Manchester Zodiacs Club: **The Cadillacs**
Mansfield Swan Hotel: **The Jets**
Newbury College of Further Education: **Voyager/Sloan**
Newcastle New Tyne Theatre: **Cabaret Voltaire/The Fall**
Northampton The Paddocks: **Bad Manners**
Nottingham University: **The Hitmen**
Oxford New Theatre: **Iron Maiden**
Poole Arts Centre: **Steve Hackett**
Portsmouth Kings Theatre: **Denny Laine Band**
Reading Target Club: **Long Tall Shorty**
Rayleigh Travellers Joy: **Mad Chateaux**
Sheffield University: **Steve Harley & Cockney Rebel**
Shifnal The Star: **The Naked Housewives/Orinj/Yella Curtin Raylz**
Southampton Joiners Arms: **Lone Wolf**
Southampton Le Saint's College: **New Musik**
Southport Theatre: **Gary Glitter/Cuddly Toys**
Torquay Pelican Inn: **Metro Glider**
Tunbridge Wells Rolley's: **Otway & Barrett**
Warrington Lion Hotel: **White Spirit**
Warwick Red Lion: **Double Yellow Lines**
Wishaw Crown Hotel (lunchtime): **The Pests**
Worthing Pier Pavilion: **Die Laughing**

Sunday

Bath Pavilion: **Slade**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **The Out**
Birmingham (Yardley) The Swan: **Video**
Bradford College Vaults Bar: **Mysterious Footsteps**
Brighton Jenkinsons: **Bad Manners**
Bromley The Northover (lunchtime): **Bill Scott & Ian Ellis**
Buxton Opera House: **Chris Barber Band**
Cardiff Top Rank: **Steve Hackett**
Cork Macroon Castle: **Lindisfarne/Van Morrison/Mike Oldfield**
Cromer Pier Pavilion: **Acket Bilk Band**
Croydon Greyhound: **Shades**
Durham Rusheford Club: **Dave Berry**
Edinburgh Harvey's: **The Marks**
Exeter New Vic: **Metro Glider**
Glasgow Countdown Bar: **Restricted Code**
Glasgow Doune Castle: **H20**
Glasgow Tiffany's: **Dexy's Midnight Runners/The Black Arabs**
Ipswich Royal William: **The Needles**
Leeds Royal Park Hotel: **Windows**
Liverpool Mona Hotel: **Breakdown/Alexis Korner**
London Battersea Nags Head: **Jugular Vein**
London Brixton George Canning: **Southside**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Red Beans & Rice**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisbles (for four days)**
London Chiswick Ravenscourt Park Summer Theatre: **Traitor's Gait**
London Clapham Two Brewers: **Sad Among Strangers**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Dave/Birthday Party**
London Finchley Torrington: **Nine Below Zero**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Ricky Cool & The Rialtos**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Soulyard/The Heyday Players**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **Johnny G**
London Highgate The Wellington: **Trimmer & Jenkins**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Wasted Youth**
London Kensington The Nashville: **The Small Brothers/The Thompson Twins**
London Marquee Club: **The Merton Parkas**
London New Barnet Duke of Lancaster: **The Moonwalkers**
London N.W.2 Hog's Grunt: **Al Ward Band**
London Putney Half Moon: **Midnite Follies Orchestra**
London Putney White Lion: **Chicken Shack**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Keith Nichols**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **The Time Flies**
London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: **Budgie/Sledgehammer/Shakin Street-/Vardis**
London Tottenham-Court Rd. Dominion Theatre: **David Essex (for a week).**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **Max Collie's Rhythm Aces**
London W.1 Portman Hotel (Lunchtime): **Pamela Knowles Trio**
Manchester Portland Bars: **Zanathus**
Newbridge Memorial Hall: **Dedringer**
Newquay Central Hotel: **The Winners**
Norwich Cottage Tavern: **The Stingrays**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Medium Medium**
Nottingham Trent Bridge Inn: **Dangerous Girls**
Oxford Oranges & Lemons: **Otway & Barrett**
Pontefract Blackmore Head: **Knife Edge**
Poynton Folk Centre: **Johnny Silvo**
Reading Cherry's Bar: **Vox Pop**
Redhill Laker's Hotel: **The 45's**
Rotherham Wath & W. Melton Club: **Strange Days**
Scunthorpe Civic Hall: **Mike Harding**
Sheffield City Hall: **The Dooleys**
Slough Alexander's: **Black Cat**

CONTINUES OVER . . .

MORE GIG GUIDE

Mink's WILLY DE VILLE — London concert

The Photos' WENDY WU — on the road

Southampton Joiners Arms: **Sphere**
Southampton The Griffin: **The Scavengers**
Swansea Brangwyn Hall: **Iron Maiden**
Torquay Pelican Inn (lunchtime): **Metro Glider**
Wolverhampton Lafayette: **Q-Tips**

Monday

Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Gangsters**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Gentleman Jim**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **The Ramparts**
Birmingham Romeo & Juliet: **Ransom**
Birmingham Spa Centre: **The Photos**
Bradford College Vaults Bar: **Oral Sax**
Bristol Colston Hall: **Steve Hackett**
Buckingham New Inn: **Spud & The Fabs**
Burnley Inn Place: **Mysterious Footsteps**
Edinburgh St. Bride's Community Centre: **Capital Models**
Edinburgh Tiffany's: **Dexy's Midnight Runners/The Black Arabs**
Ilford Cauliflower Hotel: **Original East Side Stompers**
Kings Lynn College: **The Running Dogs**
Leeds Fforde Green Hotel: **The Cruisers**
Liverpool Everyman Bistro: **The Shattered Dolls/Brand New Heroes**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Exploding Seagulls/The Stingrays**
London Camden Music Machine: **The Paranoids**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Wasted Youth/Lonesome No More**
London Clapham Two Brewers: **The Flatbackers**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Sad Among Strangers**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Licence/The Far Cry**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Bob Kerr's Whoopee Band**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Snatch 22/Paris 9**
London Highgate Jackson's Rock Club: **Boss**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Small Brothers**
London Kensington The Nashville: **Sector 27 with Tom Robinson**
London Knightsbridge Pizza on the Park: **Lennie Felix**
London Marqee Club: **Shakin Street**
London N.4 The Stapleton: **The O.K. Band**
London N.W.2 Hog's Grunt: **'Alvin Roy Band**
London Old Kent Rd. Thomas A'Beckett: **Tony O'Malley Band/Thieves Like Us**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Penny Royal**
London Richmond The Castle: **The Directions**
London Ronnie Scott's Club: **Chico Hamilton (for a week)**
London Shepherds Bush The Wheatsheaf: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
London Victoria The Venue: **Ian Matthews**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Lydia Lunch & 8-Eyed Spy/The Brainiac 5**
Nottingham Ad Lib Club: **Echo & The Bunnymen**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Bad Publicity**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Gwaihir**
Poole Arts Centre: **Iron Maiden**
Reading Cherry's Bar: **Twelfth Night**
Reading Wessex Hall: **The Hitmen**
Scunthorpe Civic Hall: **Mike Harding**
Southend Zero 6: **Steve Hooker Band**
Watford Bailey's: **Champagne (for a week)**
Wollaston Nags Head: **Otway & Barrett**

Tuesday

Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Cromo**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **Brujo**
Birmingham Holy City Zoo: **Denizens**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **The Ramparts**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Speed Limit**
Bradford College Vaults Bar: **Coast To Coast**
Cambridge Great Northern Hotel: **Otway & Barrett**
Coventry Hope & Anchor: **Double Yellow Lines**
Fleet Fox & Hounds: **Nic Jones**
Leeds Warehouse: **Spyder Blues Band**
Liverpool Royal Court Theatre: **Steve Hackett**
London Battersea Park (open-air): **Kenny Ball Band**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Distractions**
London Clapham 101 Club: **The Elgin Marbles**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Shrink/The Balloons**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Joy Ride**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Q-Tips**
London Fulham The Cock: **Small Brothers**
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: **Spider**
London Hornsey Kings Head: **Main Avenue Jazzband**
London Kensington The Nashville: **The Paranoids**
London Knightsbridge Pizza on the Park: **Confrey Phillips & Phil Bates (until Saturday)**
London New Cross Royal Albert: **Mutiny**
London N.4 The Stapleton: **Brett Marvin & The Thunderbolts**
London Old Kent Rd. Thomas A'Beckett: **Manufactured Romance/The Apaches**
London Putney White Lion: **The Soul Band**
London Soho Pizza Express: **All Stars Jazz Band**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **Red Roll-on/Purple Hipsters**
London Streatham The Rookery: **Traitor's Gait**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **Positive Signals/The Strand**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Fay Ray/9½/The Verbs**
Maidstone College of Art: **The Photos**
Northampton Fanciers Club: **Dynamite**
Portsmouth Locarno: **Iron Maiden**
Sheffield Limit Club: **Boss**
St. Ives (Hunts) St. Ivo Centre: **Chris Barber Band**
Swindon Brunel Rooms: **The Fabulous Poodles**

Wednesday

Bexhill De La Warr Pavilion: **Dynamite**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Reality**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **M.S. Nightwork**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Ezra Pound**
Birmingham (Yardley) Bulls Head: **Roses**
Bradford College Vaults Bar: **Strandid**
Canterbury Odeon: **Steve Hackett**
Cheltenham The Plough: **Roadsters**
Coventry West Midlands College: **Q-Tips**
Gt. Chesterford Station Hotel: **Chris Barber Band**
Helensbrough Nepture Club: **Delegation**
Hereford Market Tavern: **The Wild Boys/The Samples**
Hull Coach House: **A Sudden Sway**
Ipswich Cinderella's: **Otway & Barrett**
Kings Lynn Regis Rooms: **The Smoking Beagles**
Liverpool The Masonic: **Asylum**
London Brixton Little Bit Ritzy: **Creation Rebel**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Lydia Lunch & 8-Eyed Spy**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Gods Toys/The Time Files**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Fabulous Reed Brothers**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Escorts/Fay Ray**
London Fulham The Cock: **Late Arrivals**
London Hornsey Town Hall: **Dexy's Midnight Runners**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Works**
London Knightsbridge The Grove: **Free Beer**
London Old Kent Rd. Thomas A'Beckett: **Japanese Toy/Cheap Perfume**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Dana Simmonds & Greig's Folk and Blues Showcase**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Joe Temperley/Brian Lemon Trio**
London Victoria The Venue: **Jimmy Cliff**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Roy Sundholm Band**
London Wimbledon Nelson's Club: **Tennis Shoes**
Manchester Beach Club: **Performance**
Morpeth YMCA: **Crawling Chaos-/Tyneside New Music Group**
Newbury Park Oscar's: **Crazy Cavan & The Rhythm Rockers**
Norwich Samson & Hercules: **The Stingrays**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Gwaihir**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Some Chicken**
Oxford Scamps: **The Mighty Strypes**
Reading Target Club: **Choc's**
Salisbury Technical College: **Nine Below Zero**
Southend Cliffs Pavilion: **Mike Harding**
South Woodford Railway Bell: **Original East Side Stompers**
Stanmore County Club: **The Fabulous Poodles**
Torquay 400 Ballroom: **The Photos**

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Saturday, June 28th £1
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Sunday, June 29th 75p
WASTED YOUTH
Monday, June 30th Free
THE SMALL BROTHERS
Tuesday, July 1st 75p
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Wednesday, July 2nd 75p
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THE PHOTOS
The Photos *(Epic)*

OH GOD, not another one. Not another faceless futile fashion-conscious and nondescript little pop band shoving out more shallow sleek and shoddy songs, all tidy trite and twee and about nothing and supposed to please everybody?

Well, right first time actually; it isn't. The Photos are *not* faceless futile and all the rest of it at all — in fact they're quite appealing in a modest sort of way.

Fronted of course by winsome Wendy Wu, The Photos are mostly about good tunes played fast. The crude punk rush of their earliest days — commemorated here on an extra giveaway album — got itself sophisticated and softened into pop, but not completely; for all the surface gloss of the production the band still give an impression of awkwardness that wants to sound slick. With the odd exception, the Wu vocals are pure and assured, nicely offset by the guitar-edged hardness of the group (Steve Eagles, Ollie Harrison on drums and Dave Sparrow on bass).

Everything really good seems to be on side one. 'Irene' and 'Barbarellas' are great: tough melodies and sadly nostalgic lyrics. And 'Friends' is a ballad that achieves a classic simplicity. In fact, for a band who boast they've "got nothing to say that hasn't been said before", all their lyrical pictures are finely drawn.

All the more reason to do without that limping version of Dusty's 'Just Don't Know What To Do With Myself' which closes side two.

Paul Du Noyer

Pictures of Wendy :. Pic: Steve Bell.

RANDY CRAWFORD
Now We May Begin *(Warner Bros)*

RANDY CRAWFORD'S was the voice on 'Street Life', last year's hit single from The Crusaders, and now Messrs Felder, Hooper and Sample renew the acquaintance by writing, producing and playing on the Cincinnati singer's fourth solo album.

The result, to my surprise, is a marvellous array of subtle shadings and textures. A record of muted power that exudes class and style with every note.

I've had my doubts about The Crusaders' recent work, which seemed often to stray beyond that narrow line dividing blandness from sophistication. In particular, they suffocated the bluesy attack of B.B. King on the two albums he did with them. But on 'Now We May Begin' their restrained, jazzy feel works perfectly and Randy Crawford sounds both a more relaxed and a more flexible singer than she did with the albeit impressive mainstream soul slant of her previous album, 'Raw Silk'.

Within the sumptuous ambience created by Felder's soft-core funky bass, Hooper's versatile drums and Sample's shrewd use of strings, there is a good deal of variety, from the smoky regret of 'Last Night At Danceland' to the suave bump'n'grind of 'Same Old Story (Same Old Song)', which received an earlier airing on the Blues Boy's 'Take It Home' LP.

Two other uptempo numbers, 'Blue Flame' and 'My Heart Is Not As Young As It Used To Be', indicate the strength of Crawford's voice, while a few plaintive ballads, including the self-penned 'Tender Falls The Rain', reveal a smooth sensuousness that almost coaxes emotion from every supple turn of phrase.

The album closes on a note of superb melodrama with 'When Your Life Was Low'.

Randy Crawford may be a refined taste but it's not a hard one to acquire.

Graham Lock

THE GLADIATORS
Gladiators *(Virgin)*

REBEL MUSIC veterans meet name funky producer in an all-out bid for rock-rack accessibility. The Gladiators gaze euphorically towards the sky, and in case we miss it in the music, the sides are labelled "flaming" and "glowing" respectively. Has someone been playing with matches while Babylon fiddles?

As it goes, 'Gladiators' consists largely of innocuous, hum-along regatta de bland. 'Feel Like A Star', for instance, has a typically infectious melody that unfolds lyrics as improbable as the title suggests. On 'Oh What A Joy' they sing in earnest praise of moderation and temperance against a backdrop of nasty syndrums. Songs like that are, to put it kindly, so-so.

But such atrocities as 'Behind Closed Doors' and 'Mine For All Time' (sub-Eurovision salsa and banjo-sodden weeperama respectively) only elicit incredulous winces. The rest just yields uncomfortably to Eddy Grant's insensitive production, typified by a flatulent and ever-present moog, megalomaniac horn arrangements, FM-perfect bass-runs, and all those sumptuous vocal harmonies relegated to aerosol value.

Compare Marley's 'Duppy Conqueror' and the Studio One perennial 'Hello Carol' (both recycled here) with the original versions, and Grant's quart-inna-pint-pot hallmark really springs into relief.

Unless one is seeking fresh illumination on how badly The Gladiators have succumbed to rockbiz colonisation, this album is pointless. With the Front Line now dismantled, perhaps The Gladiators' best option is to extricate themselves completely from Vernon Yard. Then we might see a return to earlier scintillating form. Meanwhile, I cannot recommend this current drivel (to Haile).

Rick Joseph

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CHART BACKLOG

UK SINGLES — May 17

This	Last Week		
1	(7)	What's Another Year	Johnny Logan (Epic)
2	(1)	Geno	Dexy's Midnight Runners (Parlophone)
3	(2)	Coming Up	Paul McCartney (Parlophone)
4	(3)	Toccata	Sky (Ariola)
5	(4)	Silver Dream Racer	David Essex (Mercury)
6	(5)	Call Me	Blondie (Chrysalis)
7	(10)	The Groove	Rodney Franklin (CBS)
8	(24)	Hold On To My Love	Jimmy Ruffin (RSO)
9	(15)	No Doubt About It	Hot Chocolate (Rak)
10	(18)	Golden Years (Live EP)	Motorhead (Bronze)
11	(14)	I Shoulda Loved Ya	Narada Michael Walden (Atlantic)
12	(6)	Check Out The Groove	Bobby Thurston (Epic)
13	(11)	My Perfect Cousin	The Undertones (Sire)
14	(26)	She's Outta My Life	Michael Jackson (Epic)
15	(–)	Mirror In The Bathroom	The Beat (Go Feet)
16	(22)	Don't Make Waves	Nolans (Epic)
17	(8)	King/Food For Thought	UB40 (Graduate)
18	(17)	Breathing	Kate Bush (EMI)
19	(–)	Just Can't Give You Up	Mystic Merlin (Capitol)
20	(30)	Let's Go Round Again	Average White Band (RCA)
21	(–)	Theme From Mash	The Mash (CBS)
22	(–)	You Gave Me Love	Crown Heights Affair (Mercury)
23	(28)	Fool For Your Loving	Whitesnake (United Artists)
24	(12)	Don't Push It Don't Force It	Leon Harwood (20th Century)
25	(9)	Sexy Eyes	Dr Hook (Capitol)
26	(13)	Working My Way Back To You	Detroit Spinners (Atlantic)
27	(–)	Police And Thieves	Junior Murvin (Island)
28	(19)	Wheels Of Steel	Saxon (Carrere)
29	(25)	This World Of Water	New Musik (GTO)
30	(–)	Staring At The Rude Boys	The Ruts (Virgin)

UK ALBUMS — May 17

This	Last Week		
1	(1)	The Magic Of Boney M	Boney M (Atlantic/Hansa)
2	(3)	Sky 2	Sky (Ariola)
3	(2)	Greatest Hits	Rose Royce (Whitfield)
4	(4)	Suzi Quatro's Greatest Hits	Suzi Quatro (Rak)
5	(9)	Bobby Vee Singles Album	Bobby Vee (United Artists)
6	(5)	Duke	Genesis (Charisma)
7	(20)	Sometimes You Win	Dr Hook (Capitol)
8	(8)	Hypnotised	Undertones (Sire)
9	(6)	Twelve Gold Bars	Status Quo (Vertigo)
10	(10)	By Request	Lena Martell (Ronco)
11	(17)	Heaven And Hell	Black Sabbath (Vertigo)
12	(7)	Empty Glass	Peter Townshend (Atco)
12	(15)	Off The Wall	Michael Jackson (Epic)
14	(12)	Barbara Dickson Album	Barbara Dickson (Epic)
15	(13)	Iron Maiden	Iron Maiden (EMI)
16	(11)	Snakes And Ladders	Gerry Rafferty (UA)
17	(–)	Just One Night	Eric Clapton (RSO)
18	(14)	Regatta De Blanc	Police (A&M)
19	(–)	Sports Car	Judie Tzuke (Rocket)
20	(18)	Wheels Of Steel	Saxon (Carrere)
21	(23)	One Step Beyond	Madness (Stiff)
22	(27)	Glass Houses	Billy Joel (CBS)
23	(24)	Ska 'N' B	Bad Manners (Magnet)
24	(25)	Tears And Laughter	Johnny Mathis (CBS)
25	(26)	17 Seconds	The Cure (Fiction)
26	(30)	Brand New Age	UK Subs (Gem)
27	(22)	Facades	Sad Cafe (RCA)
28	(21)	Wild Horses	Wild Horses (EMI)
29	(–)	The Correct Use Of Soap	Magazine (Virgin)
30	(–)	Animal Magnetism	Scorpions (Harvest)

UK SINGLES — May 24

This	Last Week		
1	(1)	What's Another Year	Johnny Logan (Epic)
2	(9)	No Doubt About It	Hot Chocolate (Rak)
3	(14)	She's Outta My Life	Michael Jackson (Epic)
4	(2)	Geno	Dexy's Midnight Runners (Parlophone)
5	(15)	Mirror In The Bathroom	The Beat (Go Feet)
6	(8)	Hold On To My Love	Jimmy Ruffin (RSO)
7	(3)	Coming Up	Paul McCartney (Parlophone)
8	(11)	I Shoulda Loved Ya	Narada Michael Walden (Atlantic)
9	(—)	Over You	Roxy Music (Polydor)
10	(16)	Don't Make Waves	Nolans (Epic)
11	(5)	Silver Dream Racer	David Essex (Mercury)
12	(21)	Theme From Mash	The Mash (CBS)
13	(7)	The Groove	Rodney Franklin (CBS)
14	(20)	Let's Go Round Again	Average White Band (RCA)
15	(4)	Toccata	Sky (Ariola)
16	(19)	Just Can't Give You Up	Mystic Merlin (Capitol)
17	(18)	Breathing	Kate Bush (EMI)
18	(10)	Golden Years (Live EP)	Motorhead (Bronze)
19	(13)	My Perfect Cousin	The Undertones (Sire)
20	(—)	You'll Always Find Me In The Kitchen At Parties	Jona Lewie (Stiff)
21	(6)	Call Me	Blondie (Chrysalis)
22	(12)	Check Out The Groove	Bobby Thurston (Epic)
23	(—)	Back Together Again	Roberta Flack/Donny Hathaway (Atlantic)
24	(22)	You Gave Me Love	Crown Heights Affair (Mercury)
25	(—)	Teenage	UK Subs (Gem)
26	(—)	Let's Get Serious	Jermaine Jackson (Motown)
27	(29)	This World Of Water	New Musik (GTO)
28	(23)	Fool For Your Loving	Whitesnake (UA)
29	(—)	Crying	Don McLean (EMI)
30	(30)	Staring At The Rude Boys	The Ruts (Virgin)

UK ALBUMS — May 24

This	Last Week		
1	(1)	The Magic Of Boney M	Boney M (Atlantic/Hansa)
2	(2)	Sky 2	Sky (Ariola)
3	(3)	Greatest Hits	Rose Royce (Whitfield)
4	(4)	Suzi Quatro's Greatest Hits	Suzi Quatro (Rak)
5	(19)	Sports Car	Judie Tzuke (Rocket)
6	(9)	12 Gold Bars	Status Quo (Verigo)
7	(17)	Just One Night	Eric Clapton (RSO)
8	(6)	Duke	Genesis (Charisma)
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15	(11)	Heaven And Hell	Black Sabbath (Vertigo)
16	(8)	Hypnotised	Undertones (Sire)
17	(18)	Regatta De Blanc	Police (A & M)
18	(16)	Snakes And Ladders	Gerry Rafferty (UA)
19	(15)	Iron Maiden	Iron Maiden (EMI)
20	(—)	Good Morning America	Various (K-Tel)
21	(—)	Eat To The Beat	Blondie (Chrysalis)
22	(24)	Tears And Laughter	Johnny Mathis (CBS)
23	(—)	War Of The Worlds	Jeff Wayne (CBS)
24	(—)	Happy Days	Various (K-Tel)
25	(21)	One Step Beyond	Madness (Stiff)
26	(26)	Brand New Age	UK Subs (Gem)
27	(22)	Glass Houses	Billy Joel (CBS)
28	(29)	The Correct Use Of Soap	Magazine (Virgin)
29	(20)	Wheels Of Steel	Saxon (Carrere)
30	(—)	Solo In Soho	Philip Lynott (Vertigo)

the LAMBRETTAS

THE LAMBRETTAS

new album
Beat boys in the jet age

The Lambrettas debut album 'Beat Boys in the Jet Age' is going places. It includes their new single 'DA-A-A-ANCE' which is already a hit, as well as their previous hit single 'POISON IVY'.

WATCH THIS ALBUM GO!

Lambrettas on tour.

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	15	Portsmouth, Locarno
	16	Torquay, Town Hall
	17	Bournemouth, Stateside Centre
	18	Cardiff, Top Rank
	19	Bath, Pavillion
	21	Norwich, Cromwells
	22	Birmingham, Top Rank
	23	Nottingham, Theatre Royal
	24	Skegness, Sands Showbar
	25	Withernsea, Grand Pavillion,
	26	Bradford, St. Georges Hall

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LIVE!

Provincial numbskulls make an exhibition of themselves

Another conceptual blur of Wah! Heat. Pic Peter Anderson.

Out of town sounds / ICA

Wah! Heat
Modern Eon

WAH! HEAT's leader Pete Wyley is the sort of person who wants to give out-of-towners a bad name, like Scottish football fans do when their team plays Wembley. Obviously believing he's got some heavy cross to bear, he spent most time between numbers haranguing a receptive ICA audience for their lack of response.

As they'd behaved as respectfully to Wah! Heat as they did to Modern Eon, it's difficult to know what was upsetting him, though judging by Adrian Thrills' feature last week, he makes a habit of insulting crowds. But why he should choose this moment to bare his provincial background like a livid scar is beyond me at a moment when most Northern bands are welcomed like liberating armies at this particular dull moment in London's rock'n'roll history.

Admittedly, the sight of colour supplement punks in expensive leathers, dog collars and leads turning out for the opening night of the ICA provincial rock week deserved some kind of rebuke, but he'd have done better just getting on with it.

Because Wah! Heat plainly don't need such arrogant bullying to win friends; their swaggering rhythms are tough enough to stand alone. Though not particularly inventive, they've fashioned some solid hard rock out of striving, probing bass and keen, sharp drumming, against which Wyley bounces some guitar playing as belligerent as his mouthing off.

Surprisingly effective, in a mad-bull-on-the-loose sort of way, Wyley displays a better understanding of dynamics than he does delicacy, and consequently their more melodramatic numbers, like 'You Better Scream' and one called, I think, 'Seven Minutes To Midnight' work best.

Their chosen encore of Dylan's 'Positively 4th Street' seems specially suited to Wah! Heat's, or at least Wyley's, aggressive stance. Spitting out words with a venom that would make present day Dylan think his judgement day had come early, Wyley obviously enjoyed the ferocity of the number's put-down.

But as yet, Wah! Heat aren't as good as their name.

Compared to their fellow Liverpudlians, Modern Eon are positively cute. They share with The Psychedelic Furs a predilection for mysteriously swampy atmospherics, but they avoid the Furs' occasional lapses into dirge-like blow-outs by keeping their songs within tighter frameworks.

They're more romantic, too, though that usually manifests itself in a sort of gloomy despondency, which turns out to be their best feature in 'Choreography' — a doleful song that opens with bitter sweet chordings before evolving into the moody refrain of *"Don't dance."*

The phased guitars and washes of synthesizer and sax make things all quite dreamy, even when the rhythms are more boisterous, but there's enough attack to prevent it all getting too wipsy.

Given the incongruity of the billing, Wah! Heat's acidic bitterness proved a better balance for Modern Eon's occasional flowery sweetness than one might have at first expected.

Chris Bohn

The Fall
Ludus

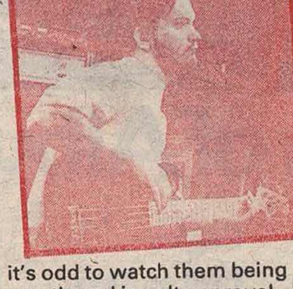
NEARING the ICA, we could see the sleek limousines and vast chauffeured Rolls come gliding to a halt outside . . . The Fall arriving, one supposed, but no — just the elite imbibing culture at an exclusive arts event next door. The ICA itself was playing host to another clique of a different sort.

First off were a band that I've often cared for in the past, the Linder-led Ludus, whose unusual music can really thrill sometimes. But not this time; short as the set was, I got bored and disappointed by the way they played. The welcome, hard ridges of solid sound only surrounded morasses of slop. Drums rumbled and bass grumbled, Linder hiccupped and warbled at random. Duelling saxophones squealed like trapped hamsters. It was dull, smug in its minority status and, like the audience, static. People looked on with studious frowns, dancing only with their eyebrows . . . jazz attitudes were everywhere.

I'd like to thank the DJ for playing Elvis' Sun Sessions straight after.

Save for a gay sprinkling of *Blitzniks*, the night's sartorial keynote was serious black; and the gig was feeling correspondingly sombre. But trust the wacky, irrepressible Fall to change all that. Mark Smith's men delivered a typical set — beset with paradox yet stimulating still; a set that actually happens, as opposed to a routine to be unveiled then put away till next time.

It's not easy passing judgements or offering consumer guidance on The Fall — Live At The *Which?* Trials, as it were. They're so idiosyncratic there's no way they'll become massively popular, so awkwardly individual it's impossible to guess their effect on anyone but yourself. I enjoy them well (although that's said not to be the response they want) but it's odd to watch them being smothered in cult approval.



The Fall attack and satirise rock'n'roll, but of course it absorbs them like everything else. They played some new songs, some old songs, and got called back for encores by a foot-stomping following. Just who felt genuinely disturbed or challenged I couldn't guess.

They sounded great: all surface un-attraction but quickly addictive. Smith sings like Eddie Waring toasting; the words are bizarre, the ideas kaleidoscopic; the guitars jangle, whine and drone. You can pogo to them.

The Fall are much better than they like to admit.

Paul Du Noyer

Glaxo Babies
The Diagram Brothers

THE NOISES of the north and west came to London last week not with a bang but an apologetic whimper, neatly shrinkwrapped in the cosy cocoon of a Capital Radio-sponsored 'rock week', the first of three at the ICA.

A laudable idea on paper, this platform for the provinces sagged under the weight of its polite packaging. Presenting up and coming bands as some sort of atrocity exhibition of bleak numbskulls from the north is not only patronising, it is also liable to breed a host of preconceptions.

Manchester's Diagram Brothers were at least aware of the hole they were being pushed into and did their best to combat it with their wry wit, introducing a song about seal-culling with the memo, "We're not an oppressive band . . . industrial Manchester, and all that, but this song is about something we feel pretty strongly about . . ."

The Diagram Brothers are the pop group that the likes of The Members and Piranhas never quite became. Titles like 'Bricks' and 'There Is No Shower' recall the celebrated sound of the suburbs. But the Brothers take things a stage further by welding their earthy, everyday lyrics to a more inventive musical approach.

Continues page 51

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Bette Midler	The Rose	**Blondie**	Blondie
Montrose	Montrose	**Ry Cooder**	Bop 'til You Drop
Jethro Tull	Thick as a Brick	**Doors**	Best Of
Frank Zappa	Hot Rats	**AC/DC**	If You Want Blood
Joni Mitchell	Hissing of Summer Lawns	**Narada Michael Walden**	Dance of Life
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From page 49

Not so appealing are their snobby put-downs of ordinary Joes like the disco kids ('Mr Wonderful') and scooter addicts ('Bikers'), although the cynicism is yet again tempered by their approachable good humour.

The same commodity (humour) probably ceased to exist a long time ago in the dreary, conceited world of Bath's rebels-without-a-clue, The Glaxo Babies, who delivered an overlong set of garbled funk, disjointed mechanical rock and psuedo-political claptrap.

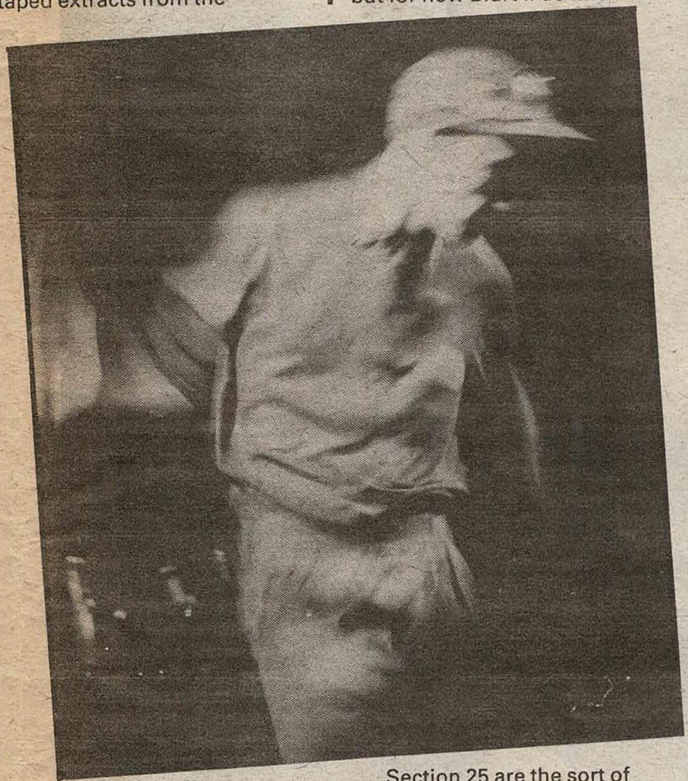
Their continual switching of instrumental roles — there are between three and a dozen people onstage at any given time — is more an empty gesture than any great blow for band democracy. They also slag off the venue and the audience so vociferously that it is some wonder that they condescended to play in the first place.

Plenty of 'relevant' snippets are thrown into the cauldron from a sub-Pop Group video of Third World suffering to taped extracts from the Iranian embassy siege to impassioned pleas to Carter, Thatcher *et al*. But, despite all the hot air, no new insights or answers are so much as hinted at.

I appreciate their concern. Their pompous, righteous manner of articulating it leaves a lot to be desired.

It's time The Glaxo Babies grew up.

Adrian Thrills



A Certain Ratio.

A Certain Ratio
Durutti Column
Section 25
Blurt

THE FACTORY roadshow has taken to bringing their own clown to put on between acts. His name's Kevin Hewick and he attacks his dopey revelations with the gall and disturbing naivety of Jonathan Richman.

His songs might be genuinely meant, but it's difficult to tell when his rhyming is so apallingly funny. At present the few songs he gets between sets is enough, unless you have the misfortune to cross him in the corridor.

Blurt are the other Factory oddballs. Led by performance artist Ted Milton on sax, the ungainly trio (made up by a loopy guitarist in oversize trousers and a ruthlessly rudimentary drummer), they cross Captain Beefheart's racing subterranean nonsense funk with the highbrown intensity of James White's over-the-top blowing, and still manage to amuse. That's down to Milton's facial contortions matching his heavily echoed sax mugging and mock primitive singing.

It's rumoured that Milton was at one point mooted as replacement for Mark Stewart in The Pop Group. Now that would have been fascinating, but for now Blurt'll do fine.

Section 25 are the sort of band that work well in theory but are less interesting actually to listen to. Their austerely wrought rhythms are minimally embellished by a guitarist more interested in sound than conventional technique, and their bass-playing singer intones monotonously mainly one-line songs with only slight variations. D.A.F. do this sort of thing far more exotically, but given their self-imposed limitations Section 25 can be surprisingly effective, as on one song that works up from a *"I want your body / I want your mind"* chant to an awesomely frightening intensity.

And their singer has a skull to match Eno's or Howard Devoto's — if that's any consolation.

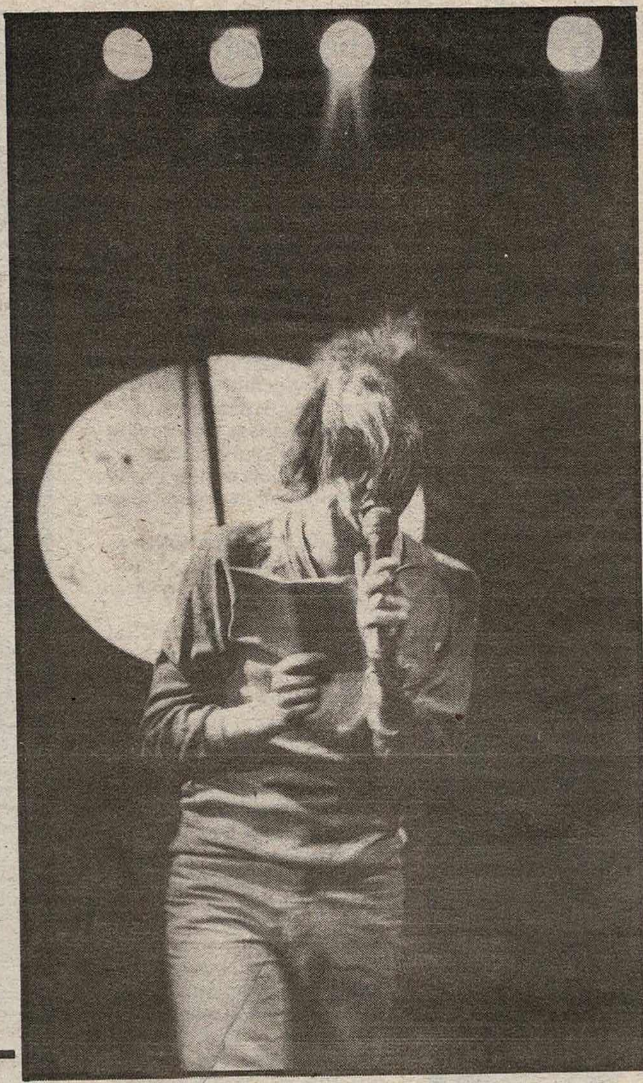
Durutti Column (a.k.a. Vini Reilly plus backing rhythm tape) perform guitar instrumentals that are on the surface as shy as their composer. But underneath, there's a subdued strength at work that draws the listener deeper into the pieces. Vaguely classical in approach, Reilly layers flurries of delicate notes onto restrained rhythms; most touching is 'Requiem For A Father', with its variable emotions fluctuating between anger and sadness.

A Certain Ratio's confidence has increased in proportion to their ability, a fact perhaps underlined by sensible Simon Topping's present willingness to dance about like Jerry Lewis auditioning for the Afrika Corps, what with his sombre uniform, goggles and cap.

They're great, much improved even since their enjoyable gig at the Scala only six weeks ago. Now their darkly fertile funk is more purposeful, perhaps losing some of its nagging amateur charm of old; but the resourceful adventurousness that lead earlier to brash experimentation of dual trumpets and / or whistles set against Peter Terrell's electric noise, is followed through to occasionally overlong, usually valuable improvisations.

And when they get too carried away, there's always Donald Johnson's intense, chatterfunk drumming to hook onto.

Chris Bohn



He Must Be A Russian.

Clock DVA
They Must Be Russians
Medium Medium

OVER the road in the park in the drizzling rain, the military band plays a sad 'Bali Hi' to pensioners in wet deck-chairs. Sunday night melancholy hangs heavy in the air. As it turns out, the last of the ICA gigs isn't much livelier than its rival attraction at the bandstand.

Opening the show are Medium Medium, a four-piece group who are at best no better than their name implies.

Things start off quite promisingly, every number exhibiting a strong rhythmic bias: at times the delivery is pure James Brown, and none the less welcome for being so unexpected, moving occasionally towards The Pop Group in overall feel. Medium Medium make useful use of cliffhanging rhythms punctuated by sudden drops into crypto-funk choppiness — and this effective use of resources goes some way to improving the poor impression left (a) by the guitarist's penchant for prefabricated angst, and (b) the singer/sax player's Ziggy Stardust haircut.

Next on stage were, among many others, John Wayne, Mr Kruschev, Robin The Boy Wonder and Yuri Gagarin the first man in space . . . and They Must Be Russians as well.

As with The Human League, this band contrive to offset a measure of visual tedium by the use of witty and eclectic slides — though the significance of those depicting mounds of war corpses I'm far too stupid to appreciate. TMBR come on uncompromisingly bleak (that word again), not to mention industrial, forbidding and forboding — a facade that's marginally undermined by the vocalists plaintive requests for "more echo, please" after every song.

Third and last of the groups (and how wrong the term *band* sounds now, so robust and jovial a word) were Clock DVA.

Hicks From The Sticks, like the two previous acts, Clock DVA promote their own strangeness with a dedication and care which borders on the fanatical, and I rather like them. Shrouded throughout in mysterioso darkness, they're illuminated but briefly by a sinister strobe, revealing the saxophonist's beard and precious little else. Their music growls fearsomely and conspires to make you feel like an intruder even though you did pay two pounds to come in (and 85p for a lager blah blah blah).

Clock DVA I do have time for, but the moral of the evening seemed to be: if you want to overturn the traditional rock format, discover which of its constraints are really limitations, and which are valuable disciplines.

Paul Du Noyer

Airkraft
The Distributors
Music For Pleasure

SATURDAY night and it is the turn of West Yorkshire. The three bands on the bill were all featured on the Rockburgh 'Hicks From The Sticks' compilation; a scrappy album, yet one which may come to be judged less harshly with hindsight.

Music For Pleasure, from Leeds, are an updated mid-'70s progressive glamrock quartet. They play with a spiky rush instantly reminiscent of The Skids or Ultravox! although their wet, squeaky synthesizer sound could do with the customary moderne-isation.

Only the vocalist, however, seems capable of injecting much wit or sparkle into the fray, jibing the small crowd over the numerous false endings in the set. The rest of the band seemed too concerned with looking cool.

Still, there is discernible promise in songs like 'No Buses To China', 'Tragic Minds' and the single 'The Human Factor'. Catch them in six months time and marvel at the improvement.

Wakefield's Distributors are altogether harsher and more intense, their set falling roughly 50-50 between austere instrumentals and chunkier, aggressive rockers in the Gang Of Four mould.

Unlike The Glaxo Babies two nights before, the four band members manage to change instrumental roles unselfconsciously and without jarring the overall mood of the set.

The best band on the night, their two recorded songs 'TV Me' and 'Wireless' (out as a single), suggest an infatuation with the communications industry, though their forthcoming 45 'Lean On Me' bears more than a passing resemblance to the Gang Of Four's 'Anthrax'.

Airkraft, who hail from Halifax, could hardly have been more of a contrast.

The most professional group over the three nights I spent at the ICA, they were also the most inspired and workmanlike. Whereas most of the bands walked that challenging tightrope between populism and a more leftfield outlook, Airkraft were dull and unambitious; a bad youth club band.

Their only asset is the occasional soaring guitar line that is a hallmark of the new pop but even in those stakes, Airkraft fail to get off the ground through their tendency to over-elaborate with flatulent, flashy solos; the extended live version of their single 'Move In Rhythm' being a prime offender.

While Airkraft are more proficient than The Distributors and Music For Pleasure, the erratic promise of the latter should stand them in better stead.

Adrian Thrills

A Blurt (above) and a Distributor.

All pix David Corio.

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Mythman In The Hammersmith Palais

The Clash
Holly And The Italians

Hammersmith Palais

AT TIMES The Clash appear so immersed in their own myth it's difficult for them and us to see each other straight. Ever conscious of their future position in the history books, they've fashioned their collective rock'n'roll persona to fit it even more prefectly since their American tour, where their less threatening traditional approach has now won them lots of new friends as well as influencing *Rolling Stone*.

Really, it's all too easy to sneer now at the returning heroes, immensely confident with their American conquests behind them. But, for better or worse, just another rock'n'roll group well versed in the mores amd manners of the genre seems to be all that people wanted, after all.

And as the distance in time from The Clash's forgotten days of cheap, if well-meant political sloganeering grows, they do seem to get better. America has obviously helped. The Clash of today are extremely polished and prepared, most every gesture and action pre-planned. And whenever the Clash play London, they do so as conquering heroes anyway, regardless of being away or not.

So to Hammersmith Palais, this step already immortalised in their best single 'White Man In . . .' The Clash are what you'd expect and more, not so much the last gang in town, as the only one left, all opposition obliterated in their own eyes. But as their playing has obviously strengthened with the passing of time, they've become less prone to error, and consequently more predictable.

While their music has been enriched by the assimilation of their roots, it does make them more conservative musically. Their lack of adventurousness is reflected in their programming, which followed the pattern established on their last tour.

'Clash City Rockers', 'Brand New Cadillac' and 'Safe European Home' are rapidly performed by a band at their most winning. Simonon's great curved bass lines combined with Headon's drumming to create a prefect springboard for Jones and Strummer's cross-cut chording. Strummer's voice, as garbled as ever, battered this listener at least into temporary submission.

As usual Micky Gallagher came on for 'Jimmy Jazz', but wasn't really effective until the dubby effects of 'Revolution Rock'. This time more songs from 'London Calling' were included, which become The Clash far better than their earlier stuff, but the brace of new songs they showcased was largely too inaudible to be properly assessed.

The Clash. Pic Bryn Jones.

'White Man In Hammersmith Palais' was prefaced with "Let's not get too sentimental about this," from Mick Jones, but they seemed conscious of another myth being completed, by their presence.

While maintaining a high level of professionalism they were OK, but they're too far gone to be forgiven for the forced endearing amateurism that surfaced for an impromptu 'Hit The Road Jack' that fell into a lazy version of 'Police And Thieves'.

Strummer later accidentally dropped his mikestand into Topper's drumkit and the gig

hear me

had suddenly degenerated into a shambles. I got bored, well wishers got confused.

Holly and The Italians share The Clash's trad rock leanings, but have yet to attain their sharpness. Whereas the billtoppers are always colourful, the Italians make hard work of their dull, grey music based around well-churned over riffs. Since adding an extra guitarist they've forsaken heppy poppiness for more determined power chording, and have consequently lost the reedy charm they once had. Holly upfront is their one contact with the new age, but her yawning accent apart, they have nothing new to offer.

But then, neither have The Clash.

Chris Bohn

Fleetwood Mac

Wembley

SAT IN the Grand Tier South of Wembley Arena it's hard not to feel both a hardening and softening of the old cultural corpus. One's responses grow weak and flabby through being subject to three hours of popular middle-brow entertainment; one's neck grows stiff through constant craning to one side, as if caught in an expanded moment at a tennis match.

But to digress a moment: it strikes me as rather absurd that rock groups, unlike other consumer items, get more costly as they get more popular. Why do 10,000 people have to pay up to a tenner a head to endure the inferior acoustics and seating of the Arena when 3,000 people only have to pay £3-odd for a relatively intimate time in places like the Rainbow? It can't all be down to operational costs.

Some people, somewhere, must be getting *very* fat. Bigger groups mean bigger profits.

Fleetwood Mac more or less top the current season of arena rock largesse live in inflation-ridden, recession-bitten Blighty. The Beach Boys, Santana, Mike Oldfield, Pink Floyd and others are all appearing about this time. All these blazing names in the AOR canon . . . how is a poor adult to choose?

I chose Fleetwood Mac. It was easy. I like their singles. Always have. Remember 'Man Of The World'? One of the saddest records ever made. A record that came from the bottom of a bottomless well of despair, from the end of a rope. Sadder than Billie Holliday. More forlorn than Skip James. A record that really *hurt*.

I wanted to make this known somehow, but how do you tell 50,000 people that they're getting short changed? That there was something more here, the vestiges of which I still respect, something far more sublime and moving than that 'Rhiannon' song that everyone was expecting to make them tremble? Who the hell am I anyway? Didn't even pay for a ticket.

Fleetwood Mac nowadays is Lindsey Buckingham and Stevie Nicks, who were the architects of their revival and are the mainstay of their appeal. In a contemporary American frame of reference, Nicks is a cypher for Linda Ronstadt and Buckingham used to be a cypher for Tom Scholtz but is now one for Tom Petty. He is very new wave; he throws a lot of new wave shapes and uses up a lot of new wave energy.

Of the cultivated individual identities that the band have learned to project — an important aspect of arena rock is highly visible and distinct role models for the kids, as one American rock manager calls them; sort of 'who's yer favourite Fleetwood?' — of these separate characters that take turns to act as focal point for the band, Buckingham is almost tolerably human compared to the precious Nicks.

Having written the bulk of the music that comprised their set, he worked hard to put it across and seemed to be enjoying the effort as much as the foregone response. To their credit, however, it was put across with a minimal amount of the fuss and gimmickry usually endemic to this kind of event. What contrivance there was revolved around Nicks, who obviously had no doubt in her mind that she was the star of the show; worse still, she was probably right.

She and Christine McVie both wore wispy chiffon creations that made them look like butterflies in the distant footlights. Stevie Nicks kept leaving the stage when she had nothing to do, only to re-appear with her hair re-arranged and some new layer of translucent apparel presumably spun by the wraith-children she consorts with when not creating music. A red scarf tied to her mike stand marked her absence.

I believe this is known as 'the enigmatic Stevie Nicks'.

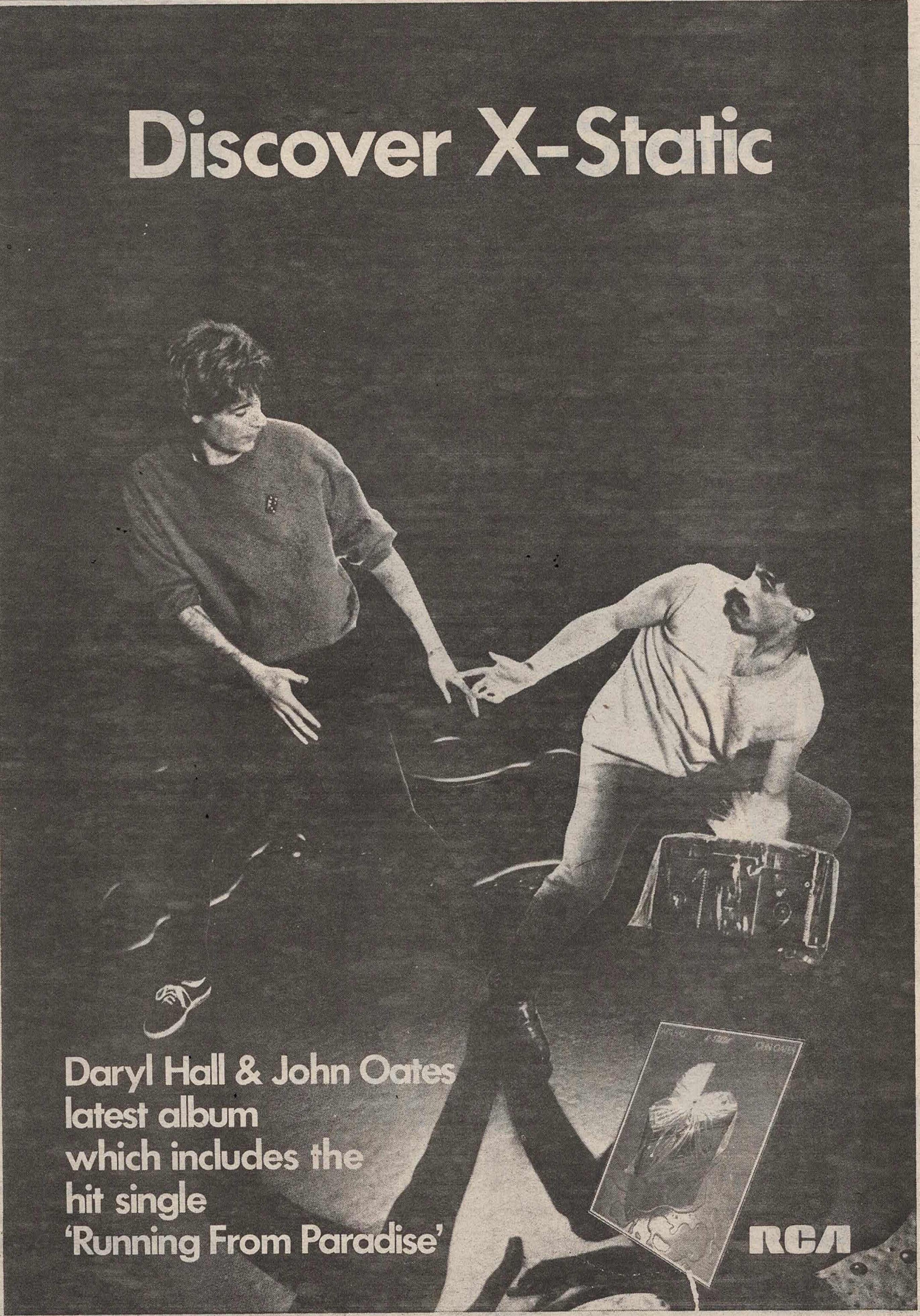
At one point she even spoke to us, quite breathlessly. "I don't know what it is about you tonight, but you're special. You're making us really nervous, so you must be special."

Aw shucks, Stevie. Bet you say that to all the crowds.

Anyhow, the silly conceited little fawn was shown the door with her limited talents when Christine McVie took the lead for the finale of 'Songbird'. If we're talking about mere technical range then McVie puts Nicks to shame, let alone qualities like passion, authority, warmth, depth and gentleness, all of which McVie's voice seems to possess as second nature. I would have settled for hearing her sing all night, but I left contented after one song, wondering if she doesn't feel any ignominy or injustice at having to play second fiddle to the hideous Nicks.

And that was an evening with Fleetwood Mac. A polite, professional and almost perfunctory affair. I wasn't quite as bored as you thought I would be.

Paul Rambali



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Pic Bryn Jones

Beat without the heat

UB 40

Nottingham

IT ISN'T an auspicious start to the evening. As I wait at the entrance an apologetic student announces there are "objections" to my presence. An employee of UB 40 arrives, airs the unsolicited opinion that *NME* is "the worst music paper in the world"; then, having first refused to admit me later berates me for missing the support act.

It isn't much better inside: a lofty sports hall with a basketball net suspended incongruously over the stage and behind a blank window high in the wall a blue-shirted security guard paces quietly, surveying the students.

But as UB 40 appear on stage a strobe cuts across them, smashes the air into fleeting fractions so that the group are caught in countless vital frames. It's an inspired blitz of black and white that successfully sharpens their stage presence. Unlike the best of the 2-Tone bands, UB 40 invite rather than attack; instead of the formers' fierce frontal assault, their stage act emits a steady, spreading, lateral warmth.

Visually it's hard to imagine a band more diverse. A closely-cropped, fresh-faced, college-clean guitarist flanks each side of the stage. The back is bounded by the be-suited keyboards player, the singing, grinning drummer and the hatted percussionist who periodically joins the movement that stirs the middle of the group. An orange-haired, red-shirted, thin-shaded saxophonist stands beside a dreadlocked bass player who swops smiling chat with the crowd.

And behind the front line the group's official umpire skanks with light, deliberate delicacy: eyes shut, half-smiling, his hair a stringy halo round his head, he moves like a visionary lost amongst the private intricacies of an aural ecstasy.

UB 40 differ from other multi-racial line-ups in that they haven't incorporated so much of rock's hard heat. Yet neither is their sound characteristic of most contemporary reggae: it's denser and more driving; there's less space for the imagination; it's more tangible than teasing. And although their music is awash with its influences, these have been moulded into a coherent whole so that their sound is individual and authentic.

It's the strong, sad swell of melody matched with their strangely inflexible rhythmic structure that results in music tailor-made for the feet. The opening edict: "We no want to see no-one standing still. We just want to see you dancing" is immediately obeyed. The first song sets the hall seething and viewed dispassionately it's like watching a ritual juggling act as each acrobat attempts to execute maximum manoeuvres without causing insufferable annoyance to his neighbours. Of course there are several members of the audience who resort to the time-honoured practice of sitting on each others shoulders thus successfully obscuring almost everyone else's view; still, at least all six of them can see.

The group's set is similar in structure to their sound — not so much building to a series of high-spots as maintaining a constant quiet heat. Each number sounds similar: a hard, healthy pulse of bass and percussion beneath a smooth skin of keyboards and guitars, the whole pierced by liquid sax that wells up from the soulful centre of each song. But in the high hall the sound spirals upwards and most of the lyrics and announcements are irretrievably lost.

Sax curls like cigarette smoke round 'Burden Of Shame': *"I'm a British subject and proud of it/But I carry a burden of shame."* And one of the best numbers, announced as 'Rocking Against Thatcher', has sparing sax that skates on its surface as Noram Hassan and Jim Brown rain down blows of brilliantly broken percussion.

Perhaps as they gain confidence it's the encores that are the best part of the evening; more biting and fiery, more spirited and soulful as UB 40 are hauled back three times by a crowd who are now delirious with dancing.

Me? I went home miserable. Maybe it was just the mood I was in.

Lynn Hanna

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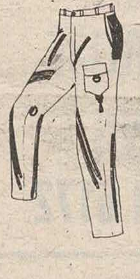

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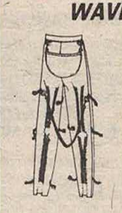

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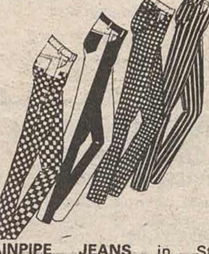

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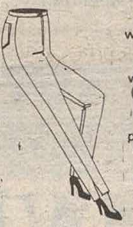

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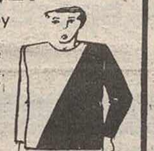

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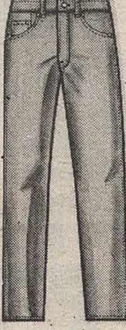

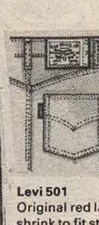

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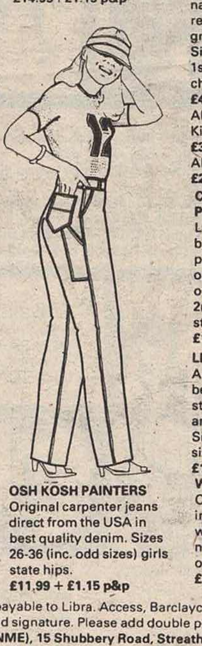

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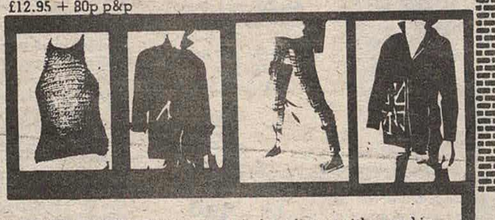

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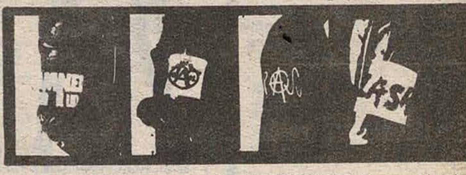

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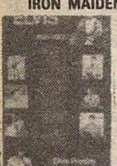
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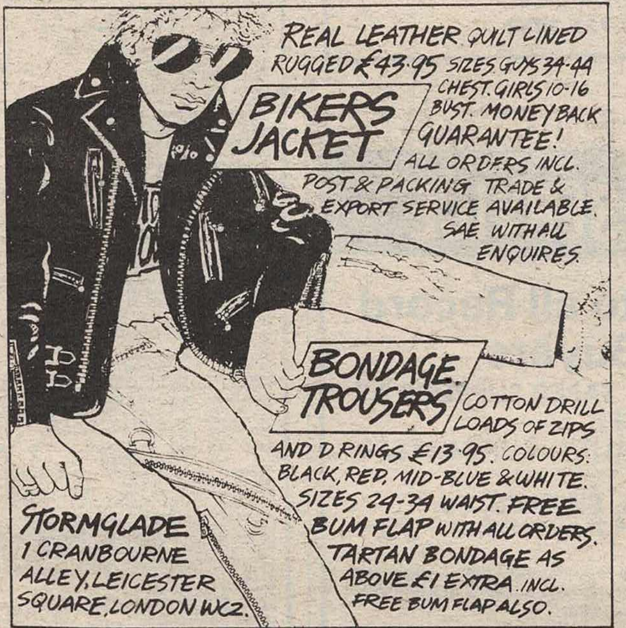

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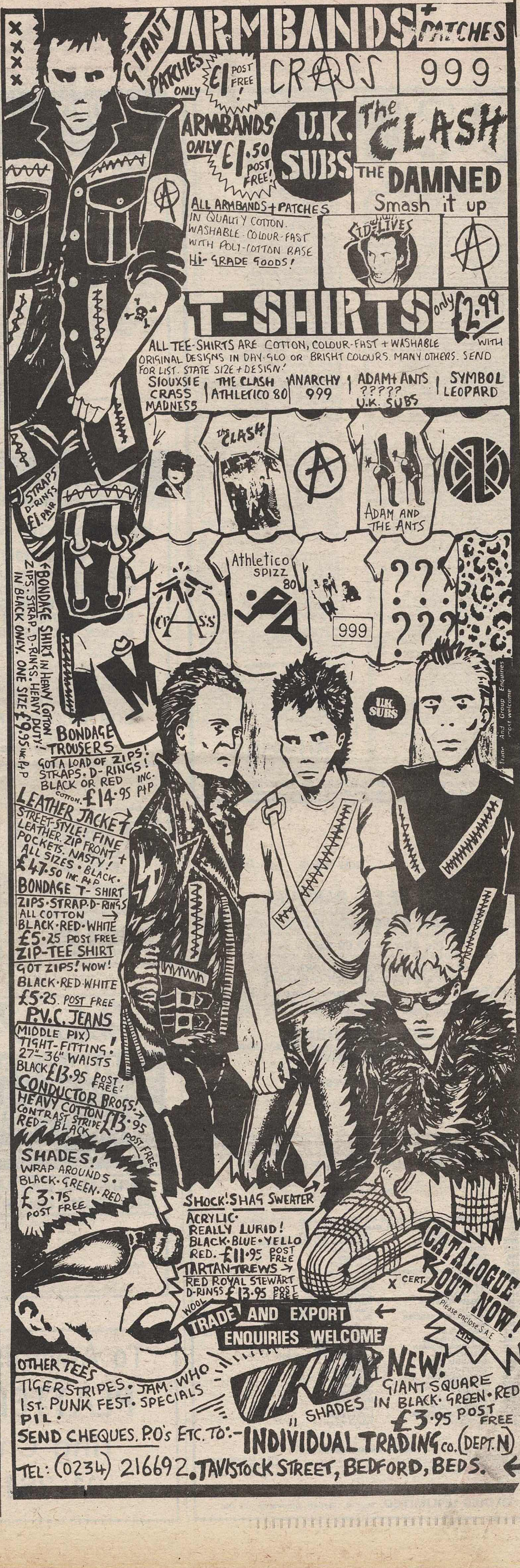

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DAF IDOLS

From page 21

Lopez says: "The idea is really that there's such a heavy thing happening in the East and the West, and they're also the personal things, like heavier and heavier love relationships and things. And we want to show them to people, but in a way that they can dance to it..."

D.A.F. HAVE come as close to shaking themselves free of the American cultural domination in Europe as any band is ever likely to, making their name German-American-Friendship doubly ironic.

Their monicker, derived from the red banners stretched across walls in East Germany declaring Soviet Russian Friendship, is meant as a jibe at all forms of imperialistic cultural colonisation, be it from the east or the west, but somehow the name recognises its impotence, too.

Lopez comments, "What is life without American TV! (Laughs). It's like all these European countries have no chance of conserving their own culture — they'll all mix under the American influence. It's like we're making a last ditch attempt to stop it (laughs)".

Yet they're not unaware of the negativity of nationalism. Their new album sleeve, designed by Gorl, ridicules nationalistic pretension.

Gorl says: "I've used a poster from the Soviet Union about the Olympics, which has all three winning places going to good-looking Russian girls. It's surreal, you know, the poster, showing such things on the street to make the Soviet Union look good. For me it's as bad as Adolf Hitler's Olympics ..."

Lopez interrupts: "For us it's a joke. We want to show that normally nationalism is associated with Germany, but it's everywhere really, and in some countries it's even stronger."

Currently working in London, they hope to set up base here and perhaps in Berlin ("We know it's trendy, but there's more happening there than Dusseldorf," says Lopez), where noted underground film maker Rosa Von Prauheim has shown interest in working with them. They're confident that the spirit that makes their music so new to English ears won't flag away from home; hopefully not.

But just as I nervously look forward to seeing what newly-exiled German movie directors Wim Wenders, Werner Herzog and Hans Jurgen Syberberg come up with away from home, I eagerly anticipate D.A.F.'s next step.

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GASBAG

Must be addressed to GASBAG, NME, 5 — 7 Carnaby Street, London WIV 1PG, and may be printed with a smartass reply.

HAIL Paul Rambali, for the correctness and ideological credibility of his 'Booshwah Blues' article. At last, someone else understands the alienation caused by the unchangeable elitism of the liberal intelligentsia. However, at the same time it shows the pathetic state of a multi-factionalised Left. All I want to know is how to tie in the Clash's 'Give 'em Enough Rope' to this argument.
John Kidiscord, London E14
'Seasy. Just shove it right in there. — M. S.

Paul Rambali's article 'The Booshwah Blues' on the self-defeating nature of preaching to the converted needs questioning in two respects.

The educated liberal middle class can be more of a hindrance than a help it is true. There has always been an uneasy relationship between worker and intellectual on the Left, but, remember that workers and students together brought France to a virtual standstill in 1968. To claim, as Rambali does, that the right wing skinheads' *real* enemy is the liberal intelligentsia is ridiculous. His real enemy is the parasite who rules and exploits him in the name of patriotism and profit.

Secondly, is it correct to state that angry liberals 'given a lighted match they would most likely drop it in case it burned their fingers'? Recently angry educated persons have dropped the lighted match in my part of the world in order to burn down the summer houses and cottages of the educated English middle classes. Ironic?
P. Roberts, PenyGroes, Gwynedd.
Terribly ironic. — M.S.

I'm not writing this out of some misbegotten urge to belittle the efforts of Paul Rambali, or even the people who listen to him, although they are the ones who least need to. They will hear indignation, feel the wrath and put him in the bin. Outside their confines, the paranoid, half-hearted hacks burst like balloons. Good innit!
Gary Wirch, Romford, Essex.

Can I be the first, or even the second or third, to suggest that if Paul Rambali — who you sometimes, when drunk, admit is a member of your staff — is related to/knows/has ever seen/or more specifically originates from the same country as Claudio Gentile (well known 'footballer') that he be sentenced to death. Come on rock hacks, I know that this is the excuse you've all been waiting for — make Rambali your whipping boy.
Evel 'n' Hairy, Thrumpton, Nottingham.
You won't believe this but Rambali, his swarthy features breaking into a grin as wide as the Mediterranean as he slyly pops an olive atop his pistachio, insists he's English. You won't believe it 'cos we don't believe it. And we suspect *he* doesn't really believe it, either. Mind you, it's a fact that he detests football so exactly what kind of wop that makes him is open to debate. — M.S.

I was surprised to see the article in your June 14 edition about The Undertones at Guildford by Neil Norman, where he referred to The Undertones as "Derry Micks".

Being Irish I was offended. I would also notice that your paper would not refer to the negro people as niggers.
Paul, Fulham SW6.
That's right. We here at *NME* abhor racial distinctions. Except in the case of wops. — M.S.

Listen — how the hell can we do without nuclear arms? They are the only thing to stop the Russians coming over here. Their foreign policy is aggressive. Every kid with an 'altruistic' system wants to let everyone else in on it. Our small, under-equipped, token army just won't have a hope.

The Romans got bored with security, the first German Jews didn't believe it.

They won't like your paper.
Jab S, Victory College, Camberley, Surrey.
So? We don't like your letter. Big deal. — M.S.

The pro-nuclear disarmament article-cum-ad for the Labour Party's march made a refreshing change from the usual media line. But what's this? "Since the CND all but expired in the mid-'60s . . ."

OK, maybe it did, but this (as you never tire of telling us) is the '80s. CND today is not merely surviving, it's thriving, rapidly gaining support as the stupidity of the government's weapons policy becomes more obvious. What's more, even Youth CND has been resurrected. Admittedly, it's a bit shaky so far but I expect it took Lazarus a bit of time to adjust, too.

Anyway, look out for YCND's paper *2nd Generation*. And CND, for anyone who's interested, is at 29 Great James St, London WC1N 3EY.
Graham McCaffrey, Taunton, Somerset.

I read every last word of the 'Red Alert' piece in last week's *Thrills* . . . most of them for the first time. Despite the whole wad being attributed to me I, in fact, wrote perhaps 30 per cent of the total, the rest being written by some kind of communist aged nine . . . a person(s) I've never met. While I too yearn for a nuclear free future I reserve the right to say so using my own mouth.
The Real Andrew Tyler

I was a bit disturbed to read the *Thrills* article on Crass the other day (June 14 issue). I've not heard much stuff by Crass, certainly none of the tracks in question, so I'm not really writing about them. However it may surprise you to learn that some of us out here are actually Christians — I am, though I don't exactly shout about it much.

By all means, if you don't believe in something, you've every right to say so as loudly as you like. But there comes a point when making sick, obscene comments about Jesus, Christianity, or anything else that people believe in deeply, gets beyond a joke.

So maybe it's not trendy — sorry, street-cred. — to believe in God, but more so to believe in rock music which you take so seriously. If I was to make a sick joke about Ian Curtis (I wouldn't — I hold a lot of respect for him actually) you'd condemn me soon enough. I take Curtis just as an example; think of the many 'martyrs' of rock — it just 'isn't done' to make obscene and potentially upsetting remarks about them.

By now you probably think I'm a total square with no sense of humour. I hope not. This is the first time I've ever really complained about 'blasphemy'; I laugh as much as anyone at plenty of 'God' jokes but there is a limit. Actually, I thought the pic. from 'Bloody Revolutions' was rather good but the closing comment of the article wasn't. It was more than "pretty sick", if I may quote.

So to all those who derive enjoyment from taking the piss out of Christians and Christianity: don't just slag off something you don't understand, just because it's the thing to do, rebellion, stuff the middle-classes and all the rest. *True* 'anarchy and peace' could never be achieved until people learned to respect other people's beliefs and feelings — even if they disagree with them.
Christine, St. Annes, Lancs.
Oddly enough, I agree with you. And I'm an atheist. — M.S.

How wonderful it is to see your marvellous mag 'back on the streets' again (maaan). It's been so tough to determine what's credible and what isn't over the six week absence.

Whilst reading the 'Anarchy held at bay — again' piece in *Thrills* lately I could hardly fail to miss what is becoming an oh so frequent dig at H.M.V. Record Shops being . . . "the most expens... sorry biggest chain in the world" (yo ho!).

It seems to me that your whole opinion of H.M.V. Records is formed on the view of the Oxford Street Store, which, although probably one of the best stocked and most diverse stores in London, is hardly typical of H.M.V. in the provinces.

The H.M.V. Record Shop in Derby is probably the most price-competitive shop in town and one which, we hope, is integrated into the local scene.

The people decide what records are wanted/needed and ultimately which records are stocked. Local bands are given full support (eg. debut singles by local heroes Asti Pasti sold at no distribution cost or profit — all proceeds going directly to the band).

It is one thing making a snide, generalised slagging of the H.M.V. chain — but you should see what some of the more individual provincial shops are providing before tarring everyone with the same brush.

We *care* about the kids who come in to see us. We are prepared to back up our promises with action. We refuse to be censors of the public taste — and if you want to know how many Crass records we have destroyed 'phone Rough Trade or ask the fans in Derby!

Freedom of speech means printing this letter! Ta.
Keith Armstrong, Manager H.M.V. Records, Derby.
You're welcome. And thanks for the record tokens. — M.S.

Monty Smith, you are a wanker. You printed my letter about *Whistle Test* being better 'cos of the Musicians' Union strike, but you changed my name to Bob Harris! I know by doing that you made it funnier, but my mum doesn't believe it was my letter.
Bob Harris, New Barnet.

Thank you for being the only music paper to decently pay tribute to Britain's most awe-inspiring rock band. Your cover and feature not only shows your superior taste, but it clearly defines the weakness of *Snouds* (who stuffed a hypocritical tribute between the H.M. punky uglies).

Yours is a very fine music paper.
Mick Middles, Cheshire.

Alright, so Ian Curtis is dead. I'm not a bastard but I just want to say your article on Joy Division was the most pretentious load of crap ever written. "In the early hours of the Sunday morning, he hung himself. He was 23." Sorry, but that's it. That is all there was to the story. The rest of it was drivel.

I saw Joy Division in Nottingham when they supported John Cooper-Clarke. The crowd weren't "transfixed", weren't "eloquent enough to inspect and judge". No, they were pissed. Sorry if this attacks your art school intellect. O.K. I liked Joy Division. I'm sorry Ian Curtis is dead but are you?

You are bastards. It's a wonder you didn't call him "The King of Rock 'n' Roll". You succeeded in making a show out of it. Sorry, but you are all tits. Ian Curtis was a neat guy who killed himself and you're a load of pseudo intellectuals who can't report truth, only pretentious shit taken from your 'Rogets Thesaurus'. I do hope you sold extra copies, you money grabbing parasites, on the Ian Curtis tragedy.

Anyway, I'm sorry Ian Curtis is dead. I'm sorry you make money out of it. But most of all I'm sorry for you and the people who listen to you.
Charles Littlelord, Ar Werth, Nottingham.
What sort of letter would you have written if we'd ignored his death, Charlie? — M.S.

Back in March '79 I bought the Pistols' 'Swindle' album. They've since released five singles from it and I've bought all of them. Am I the kind of person Richard Branson dreams about?
A. Punter, Outer Hebrides
Zzzzzz. — R.B.

Yes, if they advertised peanut butter in the *NME* I'd go out and buy some.
Ricardo, Sussex Coast.

I dunno. With inflation at 30%, nuclear alerts every three days and *Melody Maker* back on the streets, the BBC have now put *Popeye* on at 4.15pm — and I'm not home by then. What the *hell's* the world coming to?
Beaker, Rhayader, Powys.

Dear M.S., can you honestly tell me you understand half the letters printed in *Gasbag*, 'cause I'm damned if I can. Maybe I'm studying the wrong subjects?
O.B., Thetford, Norfolk.
Sure, I can understand half the letters. Probably the same half that you can. — M.S.

PAPA'S GOT A BRAND NEW BAG!
STOP
PACKARD

Turning the crystals green: Monty Smith

Vodka, tonic, and graph-hics: Jill Mumford

T-ZERS

"Cricket, lovely cricket
Hit the ball before it reach de wicket." — **Jah Thomas**

Pic: Jean Bernard Schiez

SIR LLOYD COXSONE, sound system operator extraordinaire, faces up to a googly of a British summer.

FUNNILY ENOUGH the big news of the week is NOT, repeat NOT, the fact that **David Bowie** has completed an album for release in September. Nor is it quite true to insist that Charlie Records' soon come **Lee Dorsey** album, with sleeve notes by one **Joe Strummer,** is the veritable bees knees of this here column-a-fun. Nope, nuh-huh and hang on to yer tooth picks you worthless bunch of scumbags it's well worn Dutch rock bore **Herman Brood** who captures today's gutsiest headline.

If you want sex and smut and sordid gossip, look elsewhere. We bring you facts and the facts are that after a sultry liaison with Los Angeles and **Orchids** person **Laurie McAllister** (15) Herman took the daffy morsel back to sensual Amsterdam, toyed with her fancy awhile and then ditched her, oot the door. As night fell Hermy felt the familiar pangs of guilt ricochet through his manly frame and promptly mailed Ms. McAllister a massive rubber member as a form of intimate keepsake. Imagine Brood's surprise now to receive a daily letter from Ms McAllister with a fragment of said dildo enclosed . . .

But rather than harp on this sort of thing we prefer to draw attention to two Rhino Records discs. One of 'em is a 'Best Of **Love**' that promises to cheer up these psychedelic '80s, t'other's a release by the **Bakersfield Boogie Boys** whose influences are **Devo, Flying Lizards,** late **Marianne Faithfull, Vanilla Fudge** and **Merle Haggard** . . .

This week's *Fun Factory* includes a video of **Joy Division** singing 'Love Will Tear Us Apart' and J.D.'s manager **Rob Gretton** is producing demos for former **Spizz** sideman **Pete Petrol**'s new band . . .

Feeling the pinch? Virgin this week axed a part of their ambitious rosta. Said **Members' J.C.** on hearing of his group's imminent departure, "This is the happiest day of my life." **Nicky Tesco** quoth simply: "They were lucky not to get their ass sued..." Who's next? **Mike Oldfield?** (we wish, we wish) . . .

Aye, but there's life in the old dog yet as the following riddle will vouchsafe. Question: Which record business mogul, when informed of the state of his company's business, said "It's about time we got ourselves one of those spa groups!" Answer: Hirsute philanthropist **Richard Branson**. Thank you, **Al Clark** . . .

AND IT'S good to know that success and money haven't spoilt sensitive rock personality **Chrissie Hynde** who joined **The Heartbreakers** on stage in New York in what eye-witnesses kindly describe as a state of mental undress. Chrissie wasn't too sure of the words to obscure chestnuts like 'Do You Love Me', 'Great Big Kiss' and 'Johnny B. Goode', but made up for it by grabbing the mike from **Johnny Blunders** and informing onlookers that they were "Qualuuded-out hippies . . . stupid ass-holes who wouldn't know a good rock band if you saw one. I'm glad that now I'm a rich rock star I don't have to put up with people like you." Ms Hynde then spent the second set lying face down on stage, interfering with Thunders poise (not good at the best of times), and throwing glasses and bottles at the ungrateful audience. After the Heartbreakers left stage she continued to hurl abuse at the docile patrons, despite attempts to bring the curtain down on her debacle. The end came when Chrissie collapsed in tears. Bit of a **Grace Slick-Janis Joplin** type situation, what? . . .

Back in beleagured Britain, unfortunately the country responsible for harbouring this precious minx, weary hacks were seen scuttling out of a press preview of *Where The Buffalo Roam* (a film based on the twisted legend of **Hunter S. Thompson** with music by **Neil Young)** muttering that t'was not such good value as the good Doctor's *Great Shark Hunt* . . .

Thank **God** that **Siouxsie Sioux** conducts herself in a favourable and seemly manner. This star of stage and screen has been implementing her new album of late with guest appearances from ex-**Pistol Steve Jones** . . .

Glad to see **Derek Jewell** is in full control of his aesthetic faculties. The bewildered old fool is this week at the very centre of a plot designed to overthrow the Western World as we know it. Writing about the group **Japan** in last week's *Sunday Times* magazine, Jewell gives his wholehearted consent to the effeminate ones, compares them with **Lemon** and **McCartney** ("Twenty years on, Japan have that **Beatles'** calm, almost magisterial presence. They have, they think, worked it out; they sit like wise men blah blah"), accuses the music press of ignoring them at their peril, and draws on a lineage that includes **Miles Davis** and **John Coltrane.** We'll ignore Jewell's priceless comment that the staff of our fair organ is composed of "mewling, puking infants" because **Shakespeare** beat him to it (nice one, **Bill**) but we will point out that **Steven Ward** of the *Sundry Grimes* phoned this office to ask us, "Who are Japan? Only we've got these super pix of them and we wondered if it would be worth running some wordettes with the glossies." How much was Derek paid for this latest masterpiece? Perhaps it was the standard NUJ rate, perhaps it wasn't . . .

And talking of Japan, *NME* smudge **Pennie Smith** has nipped over to the land of Nippon to unveil an exhibition of her inimitable snaps. Expect plenty of pix of visiting Brit rock stars peeing against pagodas in these pages soon . . .

Pic: Andre Csillag

Who are these men and why aren't they smiling?
Left, Mick Fleetwood and Wembley Arena. Right, Skafish's calling card.

While we're casting aspersions (there goes one now) who could possibly have bought enough **Photos** albums to put it straight into the top twenty? . . .

THAT loveable veteran of the capital's literary coterie **Charles Smash** autographed a **Madness** LP for a kid in hospital recently, adding the legend "I don't like Mods — (**Secret Affair** Wank)." We're sure they do, Chaz . . .

Chart topping honchos **Dexy's Midnight Runners** are still in dispute with EMI over the release of their imminent album 'Searching For The Young Soul Rebels'. Unhappy with their royalty rate, the band are holding their recently finished tapes to ransom. Good thinking lads, stick it out as long as possible . . .

And trouble for **The Beat**: **Roy Jenkins'** favourite band **Ranking Roger** and Co found themselves powerless at Coventry's Tiffany's recently when management switched off at the stroke of midnight, thus rudely interrupting 'Ranking Full Stop' and turning The Beat into pumpkins . . .

ALL-GIRL band **The Spiders** just lost their singer when she ran off with a **Nipple Erector** and was never seen again. Anyone who thinks they can assist should call **Sally** on 01-629-7348 . . . And **The Bodysnatchers** suffered a similar slice of pod-like invasion when their drummer quit to finish her 'A' levels. Interested replacement drummers of the tender gender *(Sexist!* — Ed) can call up Chrysalis and ask for **Hugh.** No drag artists, please, unless they're extremely convincing . . .

In case you're wondering why we aren't covering Knebworth, well we didn't think you'd be interested in the antics of a lot of boring old has-beens. And that goes for the Loch Lomond festival which *Live!* is consigning to selective reportage. That festival attracted 5,000 drunken Glaswegians who spent the entire time chucking bottles at **S.L.F.** while a fierce wind whipped up the Khyber . . .

Anyone for a quick hoot? **Gary Numan** returns to the world of vinyl with 'We Are Glass' (zzz) which has a B-side called 'Trois Gymnopedies (First Movement)'. It's unavailable anywhere according to this press release. 'Cepting that **Erik Satie** does it pretty good . . .

NME will announce the results of Beggars Banquet's New Logo Competition shortly . . .

And a farewell to **Bert Kaempfert,** whose mellifluous melodies soothed many careworn Britons nary two weeks ago. After his UK tour Bert went to Spain on hols and promptly dropped dead. Bert was the bloke who sold **The Beatles** to **Brian Epstein** back in Hamburg Star Club days. Still, he did write 'Spanish Eyes' and 'Strangers In The Night', so he must've had his moments . . .

Following the suggestion of appealing anti-intellectual **Ian Penman** (real name **Lon Pinmoon**), our editor dug deep, man, into a fascinating book by **Dick Hebdige** called *Subculture: The Meaning Of Style,* one of the witty little New Accents series which includes stuff like *Structuralism And Semiotics* and *Formalism And Marxism* and *Bert Thrumper's Guide To Homebrewing (Shurely shome mishtake here? — Ed).* Pray sample a snippet of Mr Hebdige's extraordinary insight: "Thus it was that the punks turned towards the world a dead white face which was there and yet not 'there'." We think we know exactly what he means; after all, poor Bert Kaempfert was there one minute and yet the next, not 'there'. Anyway, at least we now know from whence Lon gets his 'ideas' . . .

More sordid stories: Our Bad Boys Of Rock Correspondent (East London division) reports that **The Cockney Rejects** allegedly at daggers drawn — literally! — with support band **Kidz Next Door** in a recent Birmingham gig fracas situation . . .

At last the truth can be told: **Charlie Watts,** ashen-faced drummer with **The Rolling Stones** pop group, says he hates rock'n'roll. "Rock'n'roll is a load of old rubbish, isn't it?" he told a startled *Daily Mail* writer. "I like the people involved, but not that whole showbiz thing." Well done, Charlie Watts! We here at *T-Zers* have long thought of rock'n'roll as a load of old rubbish. In fact, we're never going to mention it again. Bye . . . ! !

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8 (—) Dexy's Midnight Runners 20p
9 (7) Never Trust A Hippy 20p
10 (—) Crass — Dove 20p

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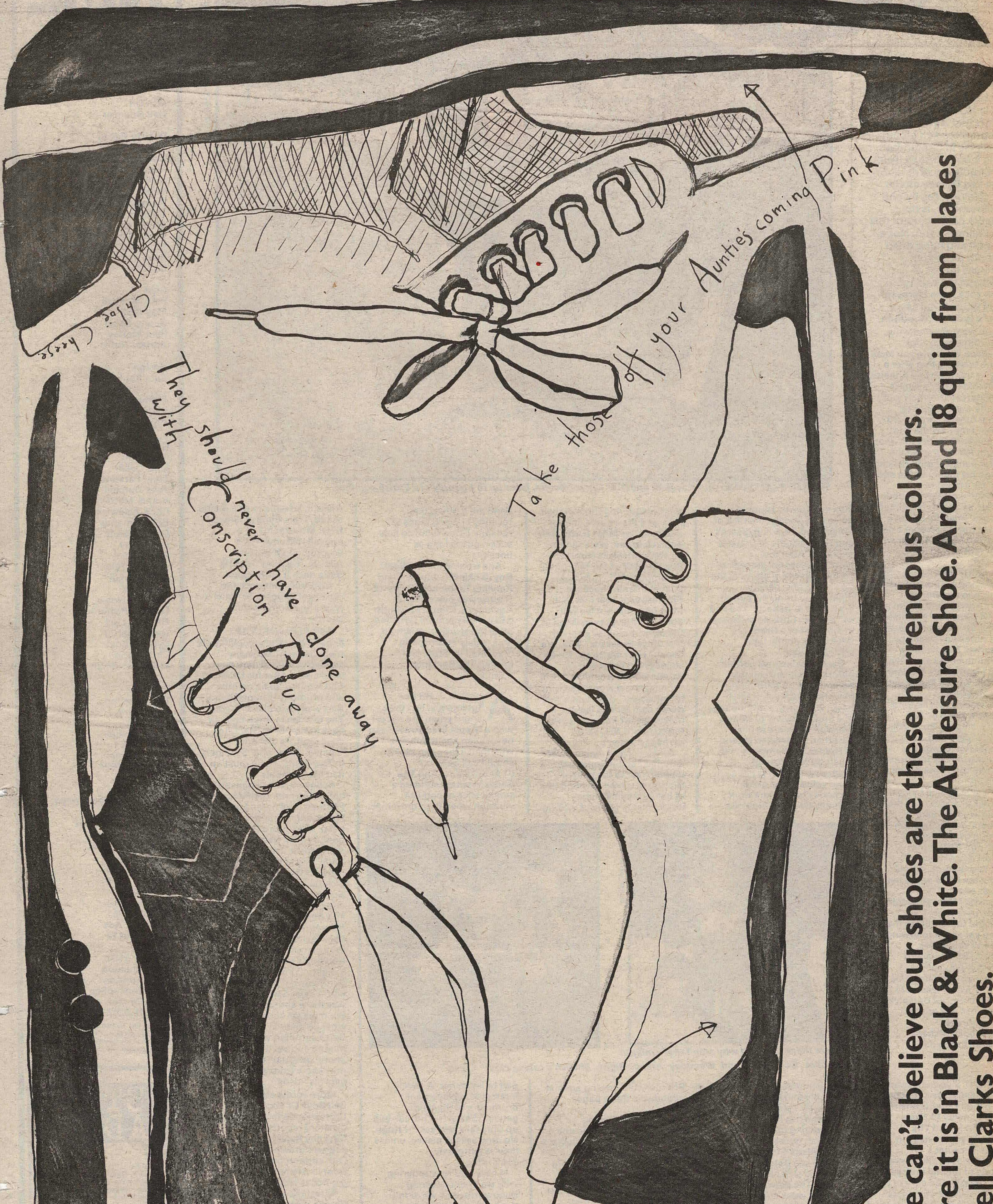
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